FAVORITE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE

SCHOOL, HOME AND COMMUNITY SONGS AND CHORUSES

OLD AND NEW

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

THEODORE PRESSER CO.
1712 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

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PATRIOTIC READING

from "WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS"

LEADER: *The unity of Government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you.*

ALL: It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize.

LEADER: *But as it is easy to forsee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.*

ALL: Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens.

LEADER: *The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.*

ALL: Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice; and let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion.

LEADER: *Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure; reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.*

ALL: Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great Nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a peoples always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

from the "RECESSIONAL"

ALL: God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

—*Rudyard Kipling*

PSALM CL.—LAUDATE DOMINUM

LEADER: *O Praise God in His holiness:*
Praise Him in the firmament of His power.

ALL: Praise Him in His noble acts:
Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

LEADER: *Praise Him in the sound of the trumpet:*
Praise Him upon the lute and harp.

ALL: Praise Him in the cymbals and dances:
Praise Him upon the strings and pipe.

LEADER: *Praise Him upon the well-tuned cymbals:*
Praise Him upon the loud cymbals.

ALL: Let every thing that hath breath:
Praise the Lord.

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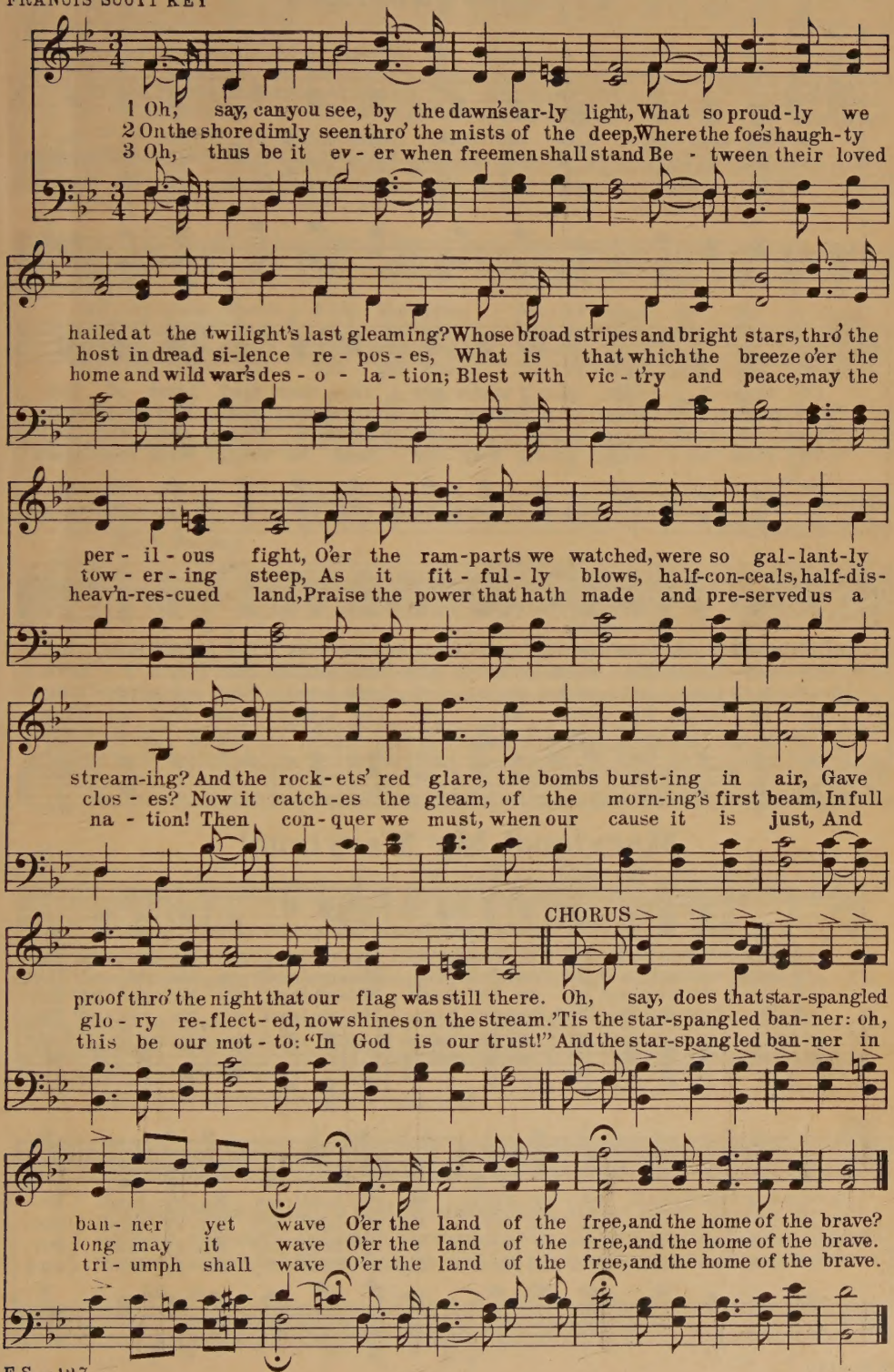
The Star-Spangled Banner

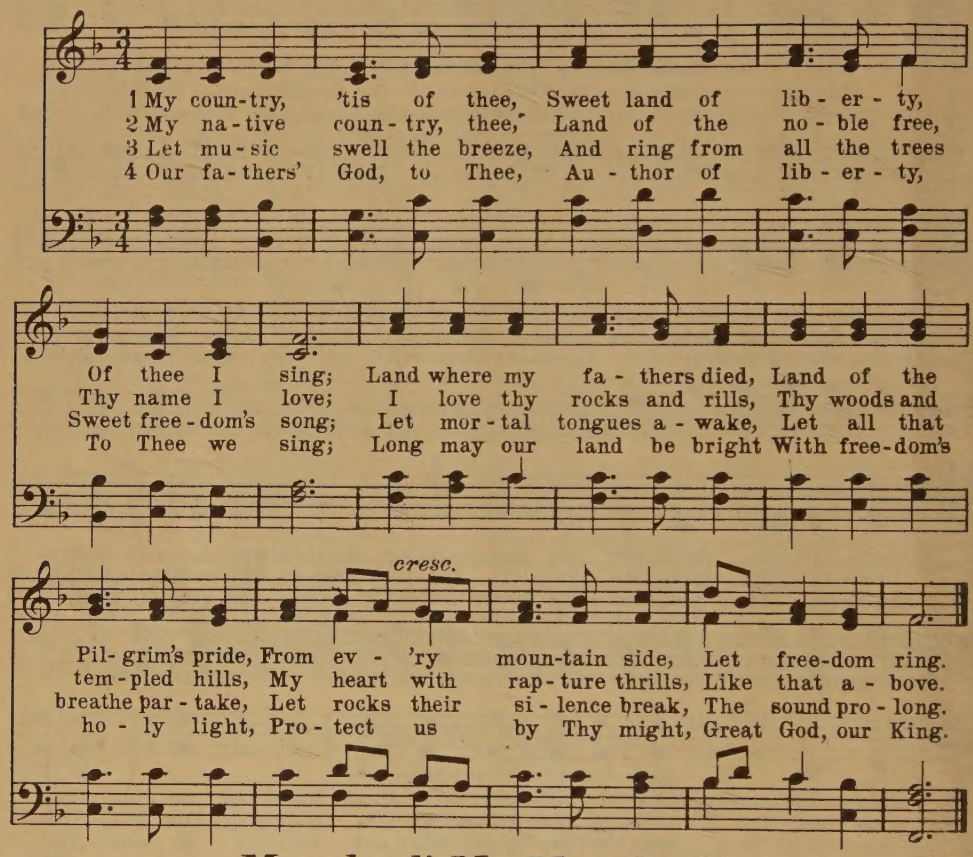
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY


1 Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2 On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3 Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the
home and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half-con-ceals, half-dis-
heav'n-res-cued land, Praise the power that hath made and pre-served us a
stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam, of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
CHORUS
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled
glo - ry re-flect - ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled ban-ner: oh,
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled ban-ner in
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

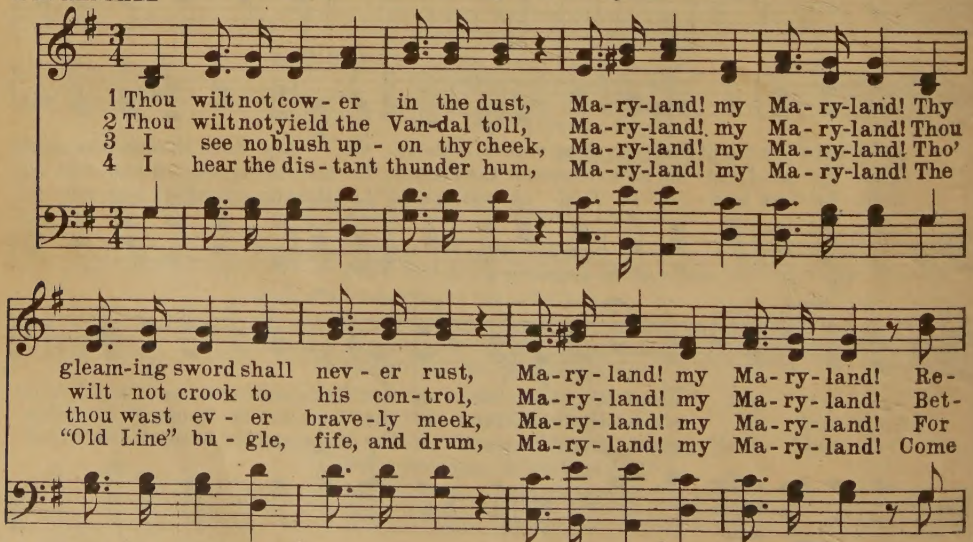
America

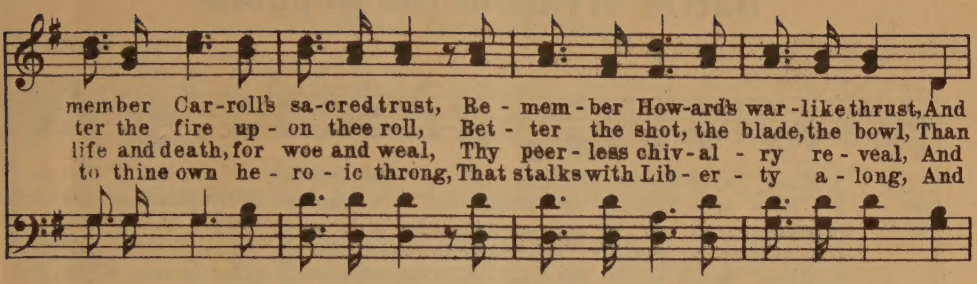
My Country 'Tis of Thee

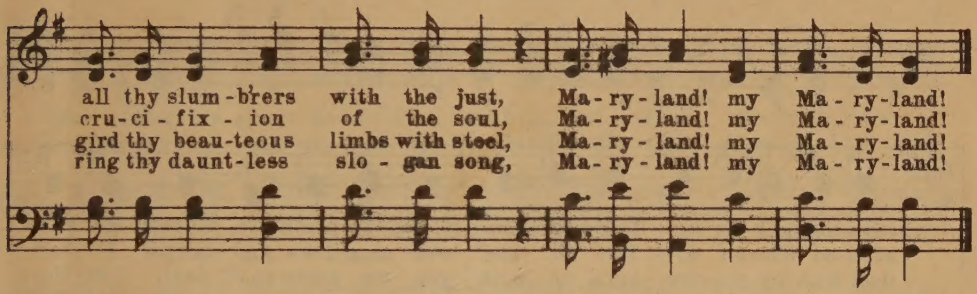
S. F. SMITH HENRY CAREY


1 My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2 My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3 Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4 Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
cresc.
Pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Maryland! My Maryland!

J. R. RANDALL

1 Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thy
2 Thou wilt not yield the Van-dal toll, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Thou
3 I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Tho'
4 I hear the dis-tant thunder hum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! The
gleam-ing sword shall nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Re-
wilt not crook to his con-trol, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Bet-
thou wast ev - er brave-ly meek, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! For
"Old Line" bu - gle, fife, and drum, Ma-ry-land! my Ma-ry-land! Come

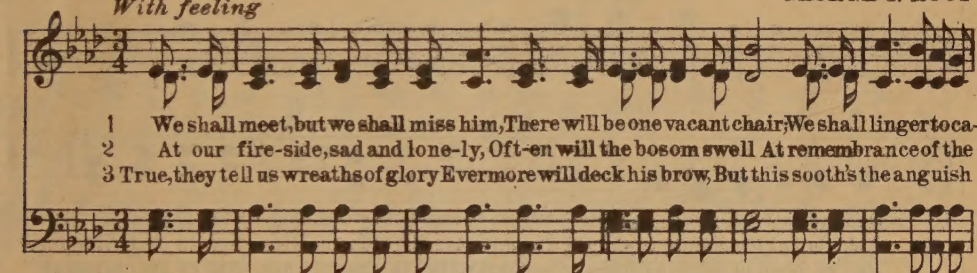

member Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re - mem - ber How-ard's war - like thrust, And
ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal, And
to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long, And

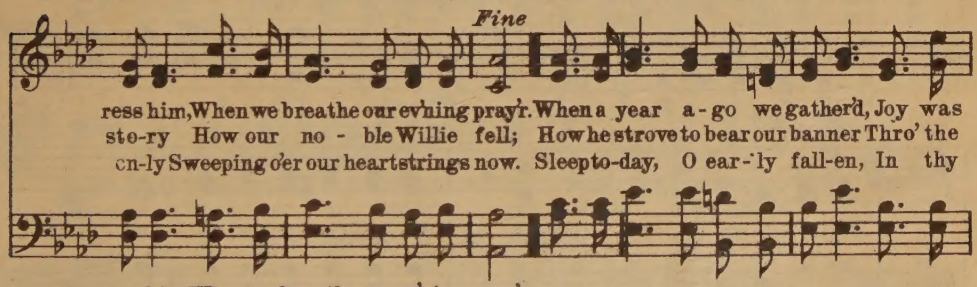

all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

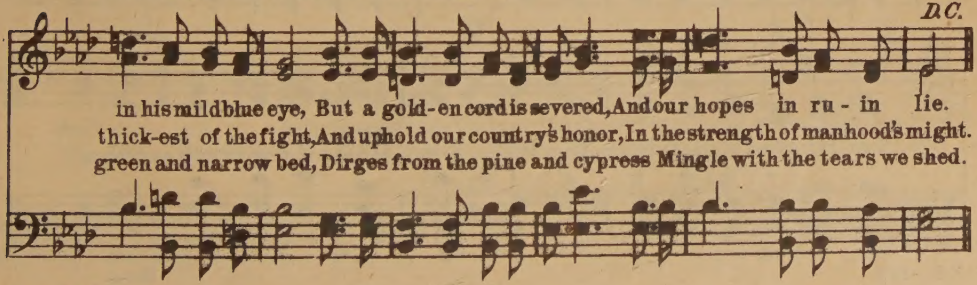
H. S. WASHBURN

The Vacant Chair

GEORGE F. ROOT


With feeling
1 We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-
2 At our fire-side, sad and lone-ly, Oft-en will the bosom swell At remembrance of the
3 True, they tell us wreaths of glory Evermore will deck his brow, But this sooth's the anguish
D.C. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to ca-

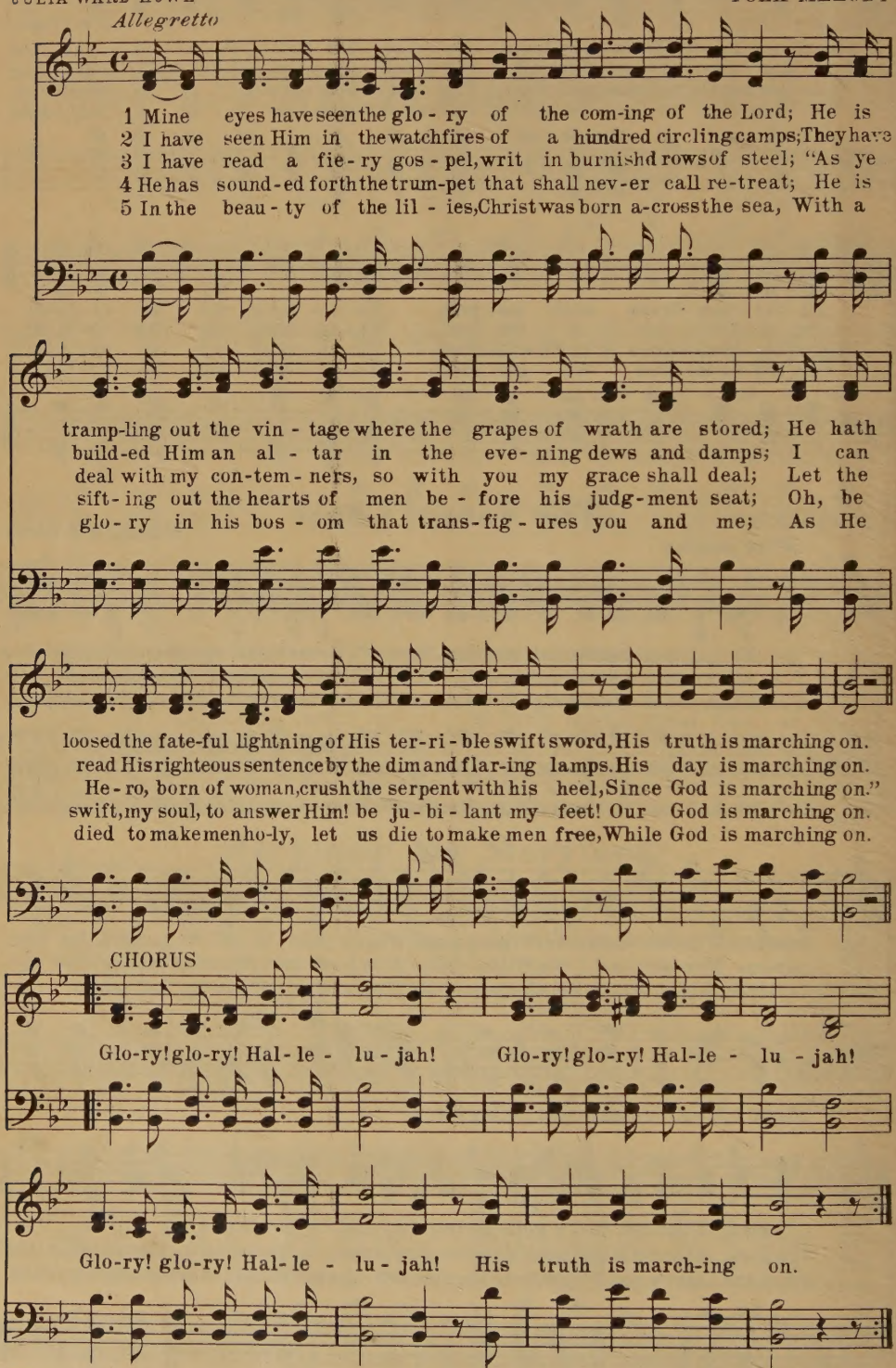

Fine
ress him, When we breathe our ev'ning pray'r. When a year a - go we gather'd, Joy was
ste-ry How our no - ble Willie fell; How he strove to bear our banner Thro' the
en-ly Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now. Sleep to-day, O ear-'ly fall-en, In thy
ress him, When we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.


D.C.
in his mild blue eye, But a gold-en cord is severed, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
thick-est of the fight, And uphold our country's honor, In the strength of manhood's might.
green and narrow bed, Dirges from the pine and cypress Mingle with the tears we shed.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — FOLK MELODY

Allegretto


1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2 I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3 I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnish'd rows of steel; "As ye
4 He has sound - ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5 In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build-ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con-tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg-ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in his bos - om that trans-fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate-ful lightning of His ter-ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps. His day is marching on.
He - ro, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."
swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju - bi - lant my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
CHORUS
Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo-ry! glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

March of the Men of Harlech

Welsh Patriotic Song

J. TILLEARD

ANCIENT HARP MELODY

Con fuoco

mf

1 Har-lech, raise thy ban-ners o'er us, See the foe ar-ray'd be-fore us,
2 Swords are redd'ning, life-blood pour-eth, Loud the din of bat-tle roar-eth,

mf

f

Men of Mei-rion shout the cho-rus, Cam-bria live for aye! Shout un-til the
Loud-er still the war-cry soar-eth, Cam-bria live for aye! Spears and ar-rows

f

cry is sounding To our land's re-mot-est bounding, And E-ry-ri is resounding,
swift are glancing, Trumpets sounding, charges prancing, Serried ranks with shout advancing,

cresc.

Cambria live for aye! He-roes, soldiers, rally; On the foe we'll sally; We will chase the
Cambria live for aye! Fierce his spir-it rages Who with foe en-gages Hand to hand for

rit.

cresc.

f

hostile race From stream and hill and val-ley; Conquest's ban-ner proud-ly bearing,
Father land, With hon-or held for a-ges: Wild the con-flict, see they're reeling,

f

ff

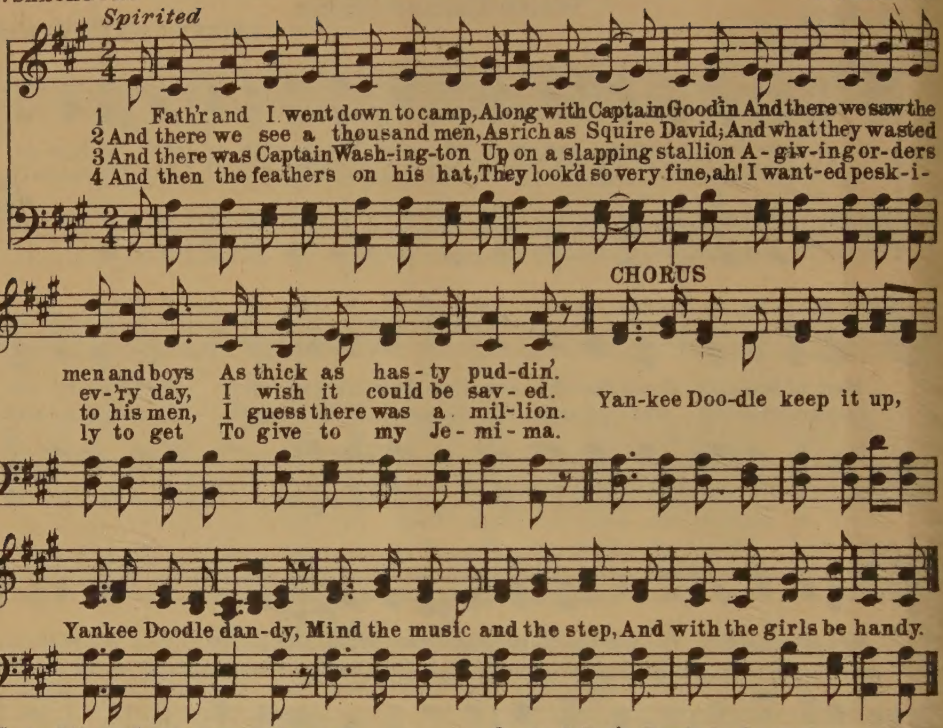
We'll ex-ult in their despairing; Victory the shout declaring, Cambria live for aye!
Vengeance now the sword is dealing: Victory in thunder pealing, Cambria live for aye!

ff

Yankee Doodle

Dr. SHACKBURG — UNKNOWN

Spirited


1 Fath'r and I went down to camp, Along with Captain Goodin And there we saw the
2 And there we see a thousand men, As rich as Squire David; And what they wasted
3 And there was Captain Wash-ing-ton Up on a slapping stallion A - giv-ing or-ders
4 And then the feathers on his hat, They look'd so very fine, ah! I want-ed pesk-i-
CHORUS
men and boys As thick as has-ty pud-din'.
ev-'ry day, I wish it could be sav-ed.
to his men, I guess there was a mil-lion.
ly to get To give to my Je-mi-ma.
Yan-kee Doo-dle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dan-dy, Mind the music and the step, And with the girls be handy.

5 And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6 And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun
Only a nation louder.

7 And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks
To call the folks together.

8 And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o'clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

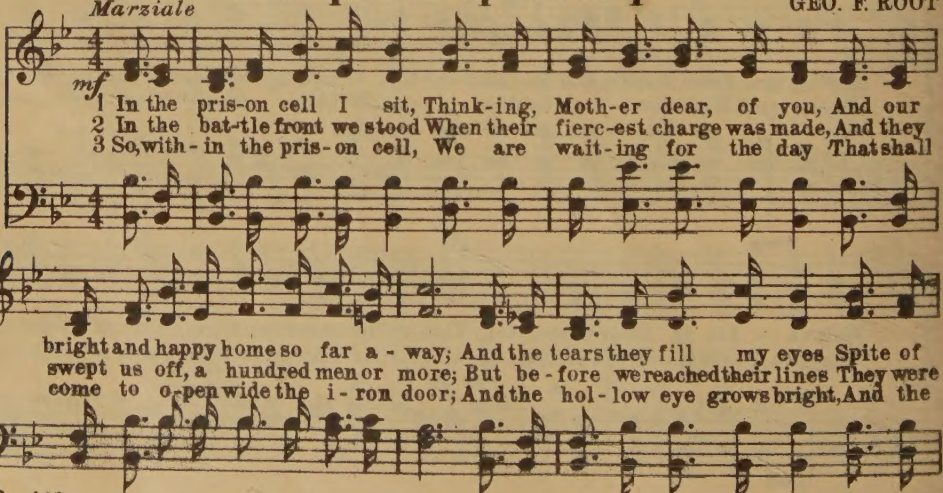
9 The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death.
To see them run such races

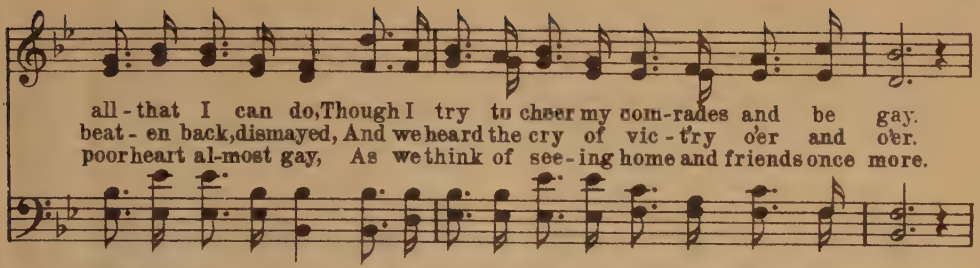
10 It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

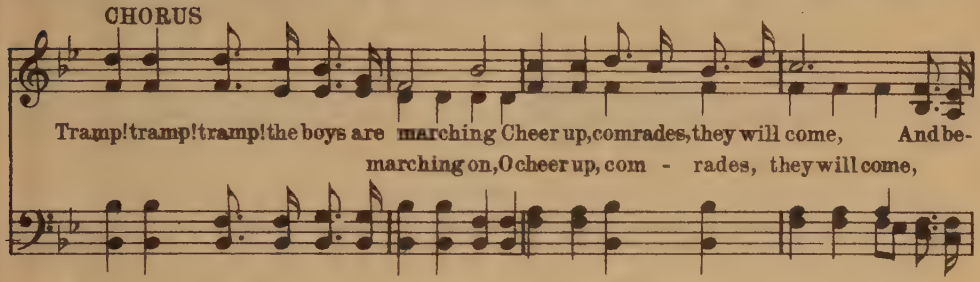
G. F. R.

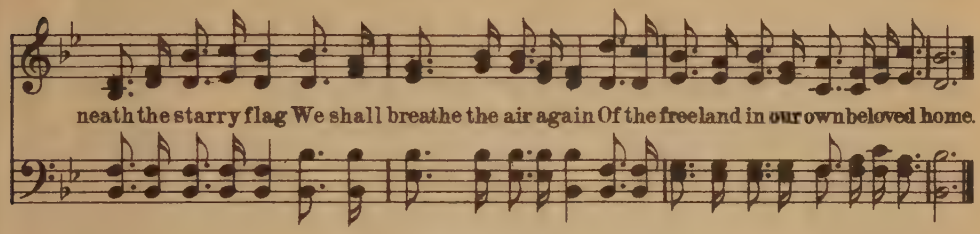
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Marziale — GEO. F. ROOT


mf
1 In the pris-on cell I sit, Think-ing, Moth-er dear, of you, And our
2 In the bat-tle front we stood When their fierc-est charge was made, And they
3 So, with-in the pris-on cell, We are wait-ing for the day That shall
bright and happy home so far a-way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hundred men or more; But be-fore we reached their lines They were
come to o-pen wide the i-ron door; And the hol-low eye grows bright, And the

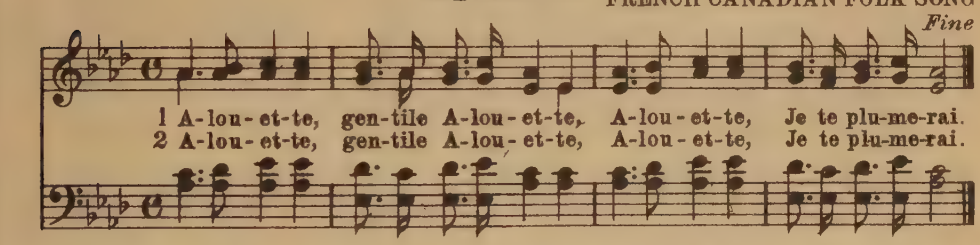

all - that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dismayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al-most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

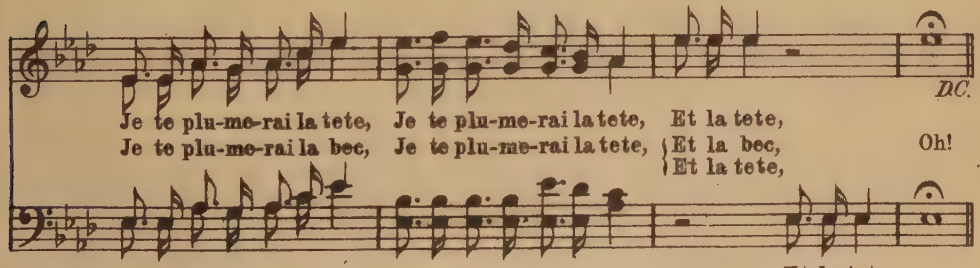

CHORUS
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And be-
marching on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,



Alouette

FRENCH CANADIAN FOLK SONG





3 Le nez. 5 Les pattes.
4 Le dos. 6 Le cou.

Et la tete.
Et la bec.
Et la tete.

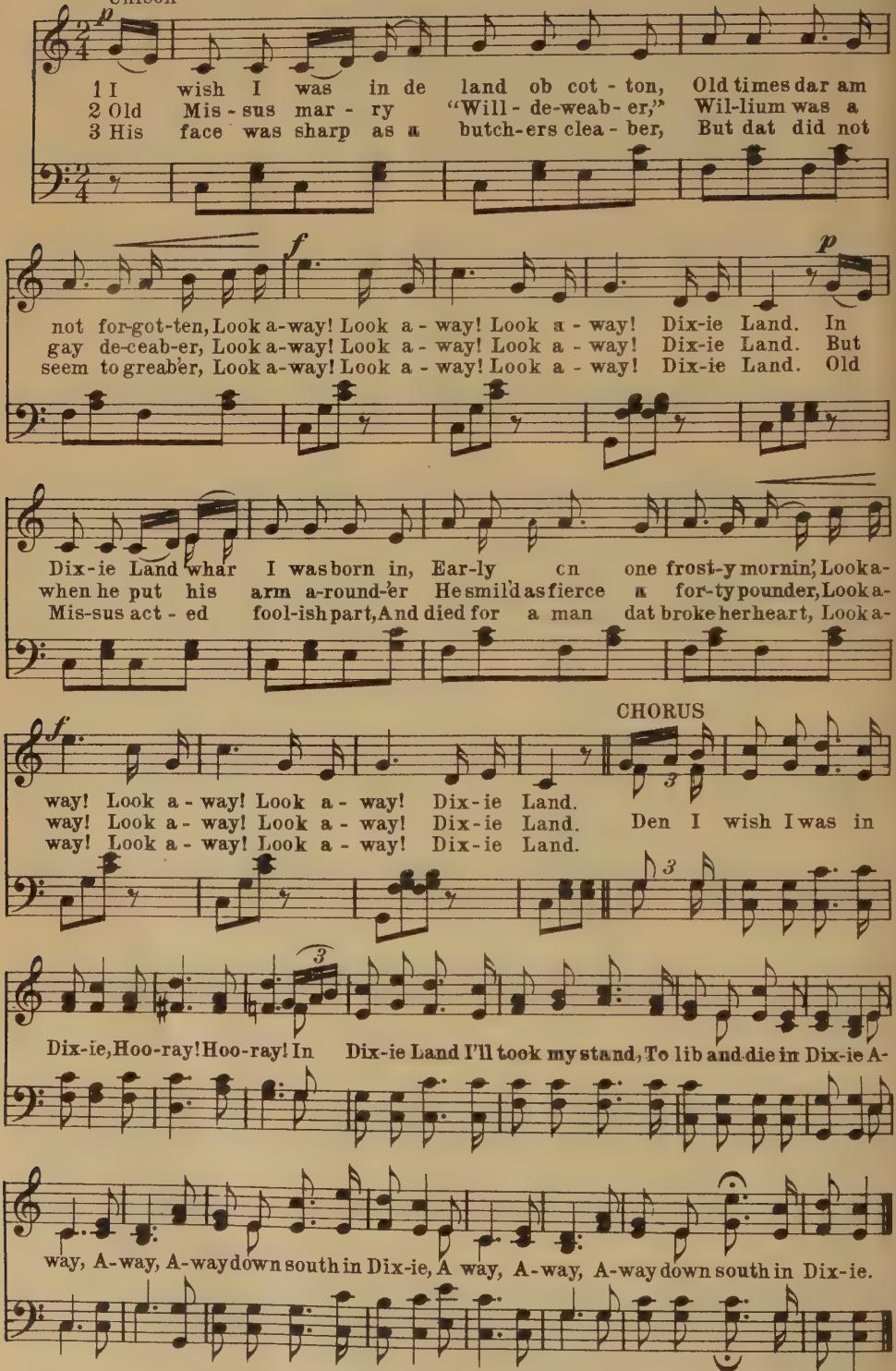
In the measure before the Oh! and the *D.C.* where the women's voices are echoed by the men's, a word is added as each verse is sung and the words of preceding verses are sung in reverse order. Thus, in the last verse, the duet between women and men would run as follows:

Et le cou, et le cou; et les pattes, et les pattes; et le dos, et le dos; et le nez, et le nez; et la bec, et la bec; et la tete, et la tete; Oh! and then back to the beginning to the *Fine*.

Dixie

Allegretto
Unison

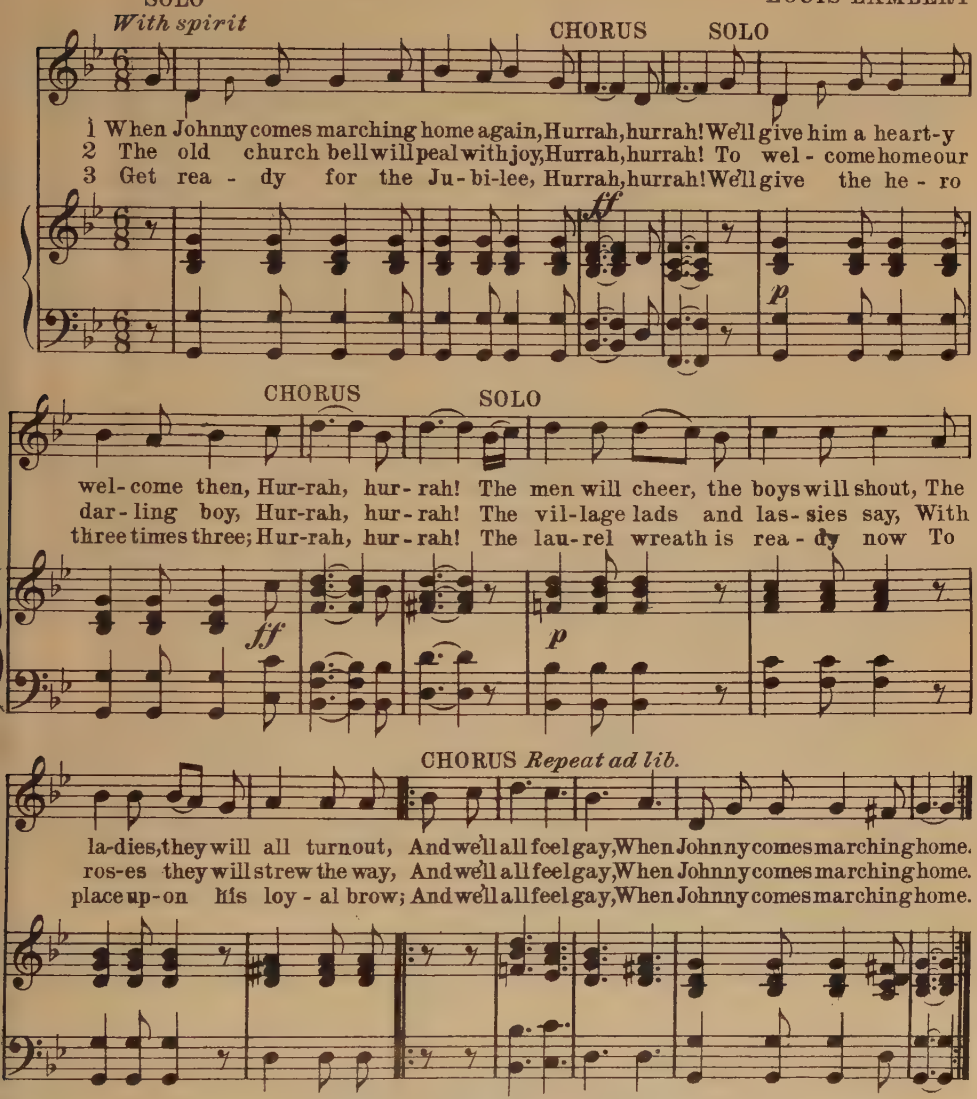
DAN D. EMMETT


p
1 I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
2 Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de-weab - er," Wil-lium was a
3 His face was sharp as a butch-ers clea - ber, But dat did not
f
not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land. In
gay de-ceab-er, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land. But
seem to greab'er, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land. Old
p
Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-
when he put his arm a-round-'er He smil'd as fierce a for-ty pounder, Look a-
Mis-sus act - ed fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-
CHORUS
f
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land.
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix-ie Land.
3
Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll took my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie A-
way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

L.L.

LOUIS LAMBERT


SOLO
With spirit
CHORUS
SOLO
1 When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give him a heart-y
2 The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah, hurrah! To wel - come home our
3 Get rea - dy for the Ju-bi-lee, Hurrah, hurrah! We'll give the he - ro
ff
p
CHORUS
SOLO
wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar-ling boy, Hur-rah, hur-rah! The vil-lage lads and las-sies say, With
three times three; Hur-rah, hur-rah! The lau-rel wreath is rea-dy now To
ff
p
CHORUS Repeat ad lib.
la-dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
ros-es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

John Brown's Body

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic *See page 6*)

1

ohn Brown's body lies amould'ring in the grave,
ohn Brown's body lies amouldring in the grave,
ohn Brown's body lies amouldring in the grave,
is soul goes marching on!
horus:

2

he stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
he stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
he stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
n the grave of old John Brown!
horus:

3

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

4

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus:

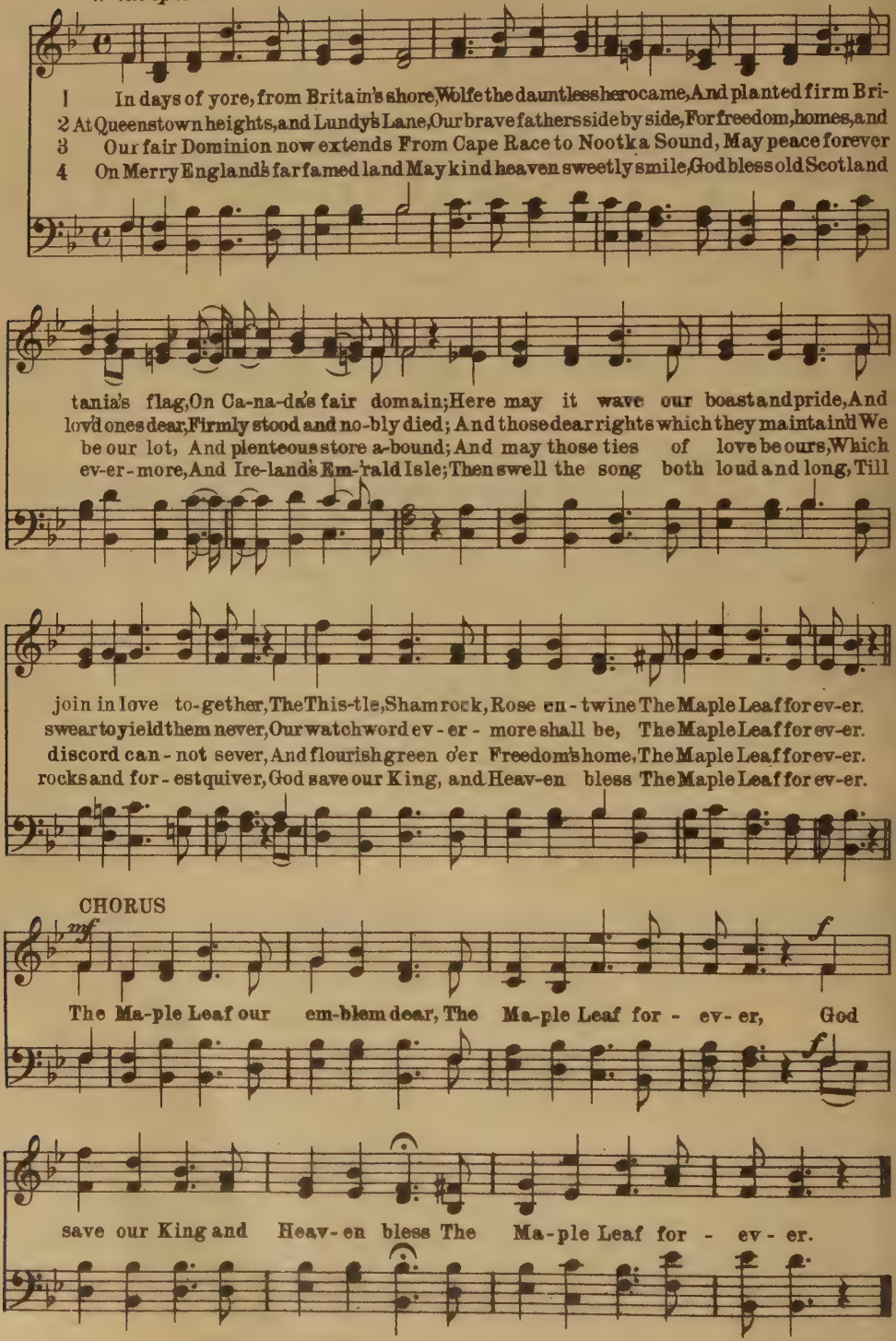
Chorus: Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His soul is marching on!

The Maple Leaf Forever

(National Song of Canada)

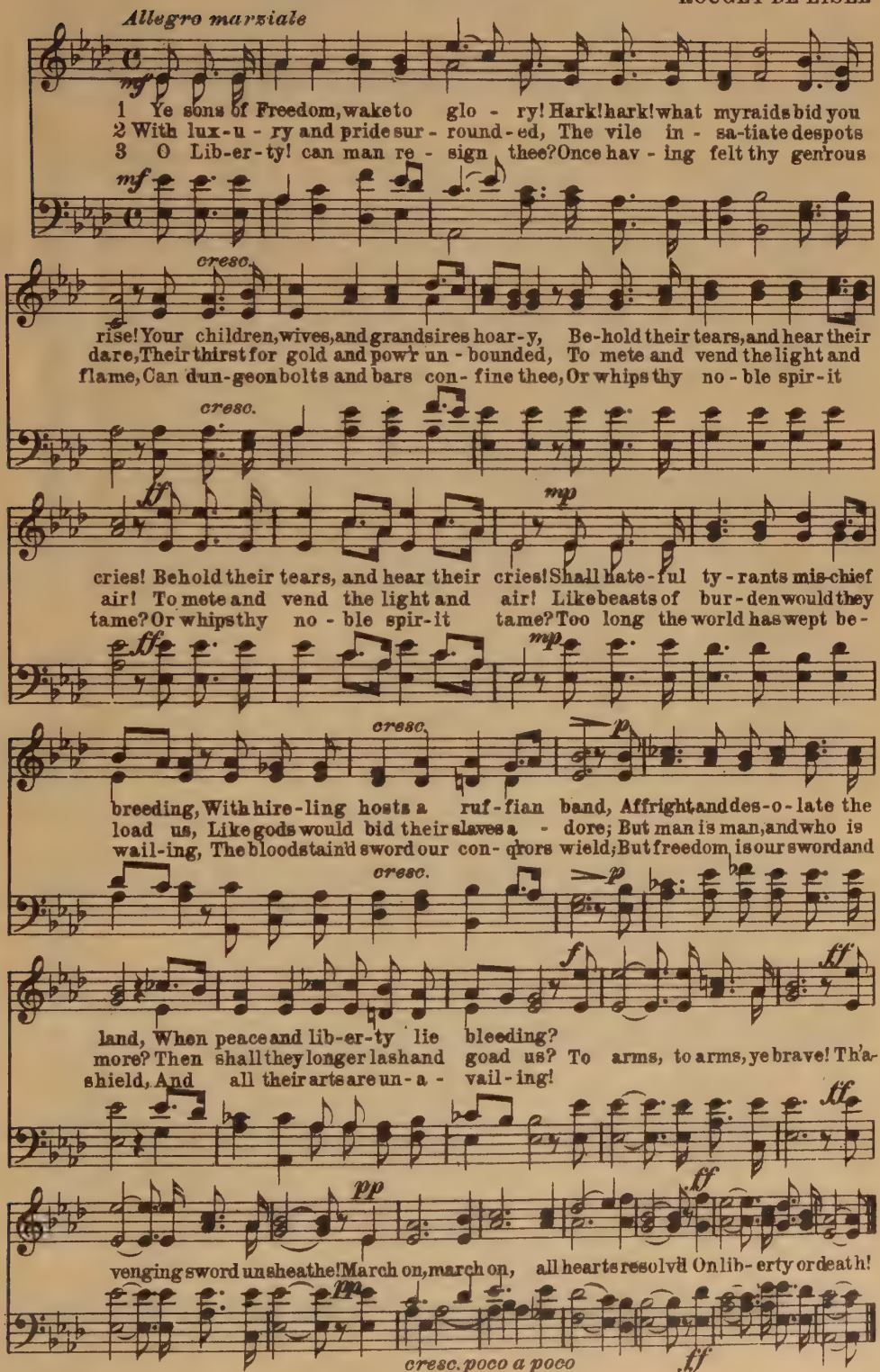
ALEXANDER MUIR

With spirit


1 In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came, And planted firm Bri-
2 At Queenstown heights, and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers side by side, For freedom, homes, and
3 Our fair Dominion now extends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound, May peace forever
4 On Merry England's far famed land May kind heaven sweetly smile, God bless old Scotland
tania's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair domain; Here may it wave our boast and pride, And
lov'd ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And those dear rights which they maintain'd We
be our lot, And plenteous store a-bound; And may those ties of love be ours, Which
ev-er-more, And Ire-land's Em-'rald Isle; Then swell the song both loud and long, Till
join in love to-gether, The This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
swear to yield them never, Our watchword ev-er-more shall be, The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
discord can-not sever, And flourish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
rocks and for-est quiver, God save our King, and Heav-en bless The Maple Leaf for ev-er.
CHORUS
mf
The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er, God
f
save our King and Heav-en bless The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er.

Marseillaise Hymn

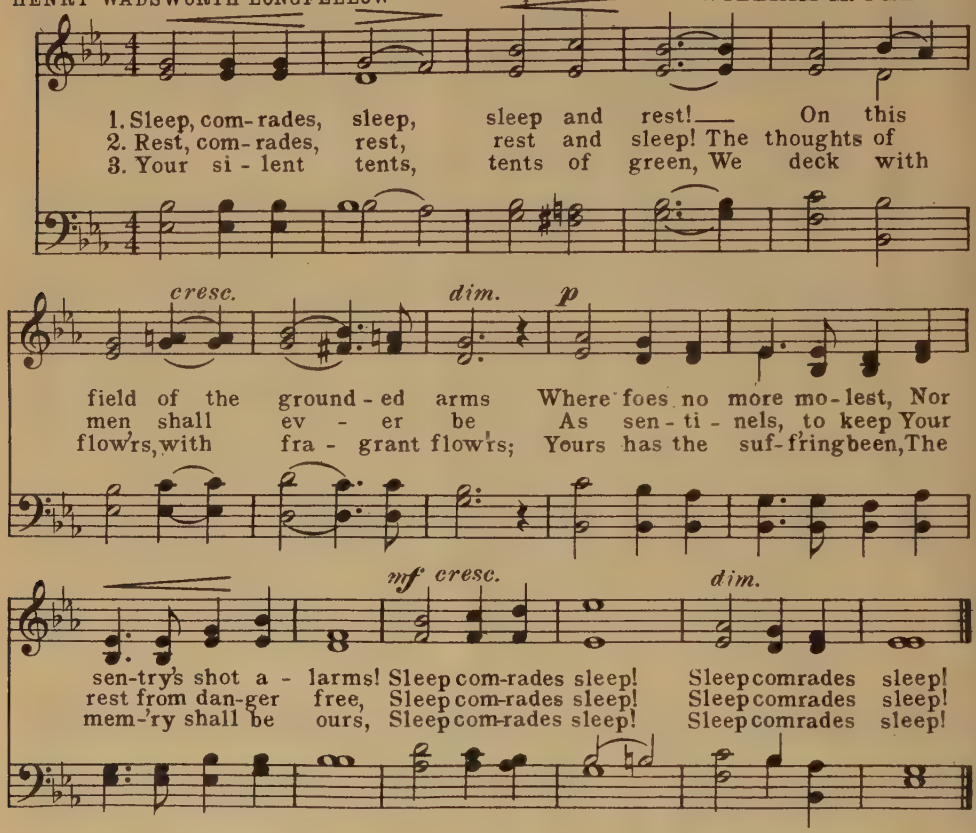
ROUGET DE LISLE


Allegro marziale
mf
1 Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myraids bid you
2 With lux-u - ry and pride sur - round-ed, The vile in - sa-tiate despots
3 O Lib-er-ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing felt thy genrous
cresc.
rise! Your children, wives, and grandsires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their
dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bounded, To mete and vend the light and
flame, Can dun-geon bolts and bars con- fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir-it
ff
mp
cries! Behold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants mis-chief
air! To mete and vend the light and air! Like beasts of bur - den would they
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir-it tame? Too long the world has wept be -
breeding, With hire-ling hosts a ruf - fian band, Affright and des-o-late the
load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man, and who is
wail-ing, The blood-stain'd sword our con- qrors wield; But freedom is our sword and
f
land, When peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding?
more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-
shield, And all their arts are un-a - vail-ing!
pp
venging sword unsheathe! March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd On lib-erty or death!
cresc. poco a poco

Sleep, Comrades Sleep!

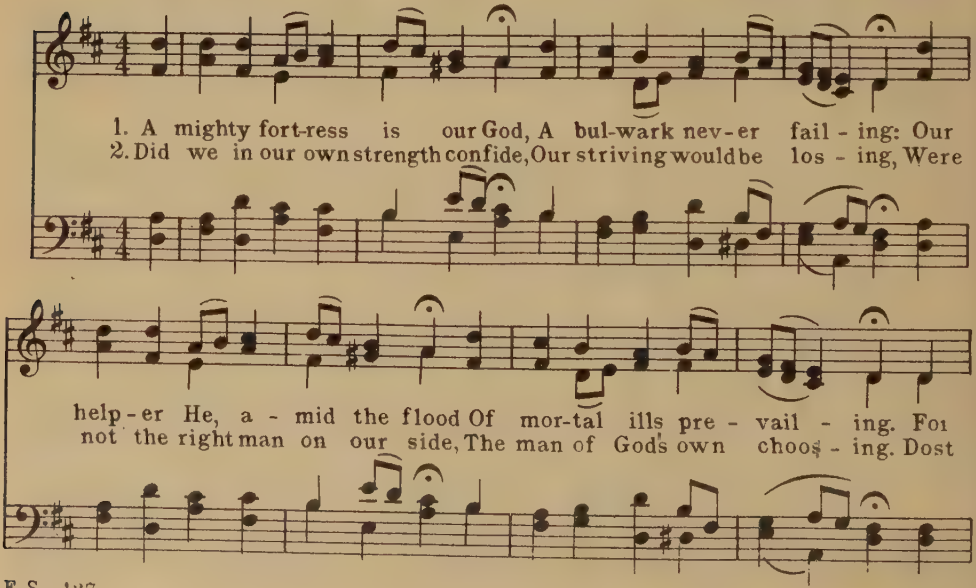
Hymn for Memorial Day

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW — WILLIAM M. FELTON


1. Sleep, com-rades, sleep, sleep and rest! On this
2. Rest, com-rades, rest, rest and sleep! The thoughts of
3. Your si-lent tents, tents of green, We deck with
cresc.
dim.
p
field of the ground-ed arms Where foes no more mo-lest, Nor
men shall ev-er be As sen-ti-nels, to keep Your
flow'rs, with fra-grant flow'rs; Yours has the suf-f'ring been, The
mf cresc.
dim.
sen-try's shot a-larms! Sleep com-rades sleep! Sleep comrades sleep!
rest from dan-ger free, Sleep com-rades sleep! Sleep comrades sleep!
mem-'ry shall be ours, Sleep com-rades sleep! Sleep comrades sleep!

Ein' Feste Burg

MARTIN LUTHER


1. A mighty fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing: Our
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los-ing, Were
help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For
not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing. Dost

still our an-cient foe, Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Saba-oth is His

great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.

Let All Men Praise The Lord

Chorale From Hymn of Praise

Andante con moto. J. CRÜGER-MENDELSSOHN

mf

1. Let all men praise the Lord, In wor-ship low-ly bend-ing, On
2. O blessd are they that hope, The dark night is de-part-ing, For-

His most ho-ly word; Re-deem'd from woe de-pend-ing, He
ev-er raise ac-claim, The bright day is ap-proach-ing, Gird

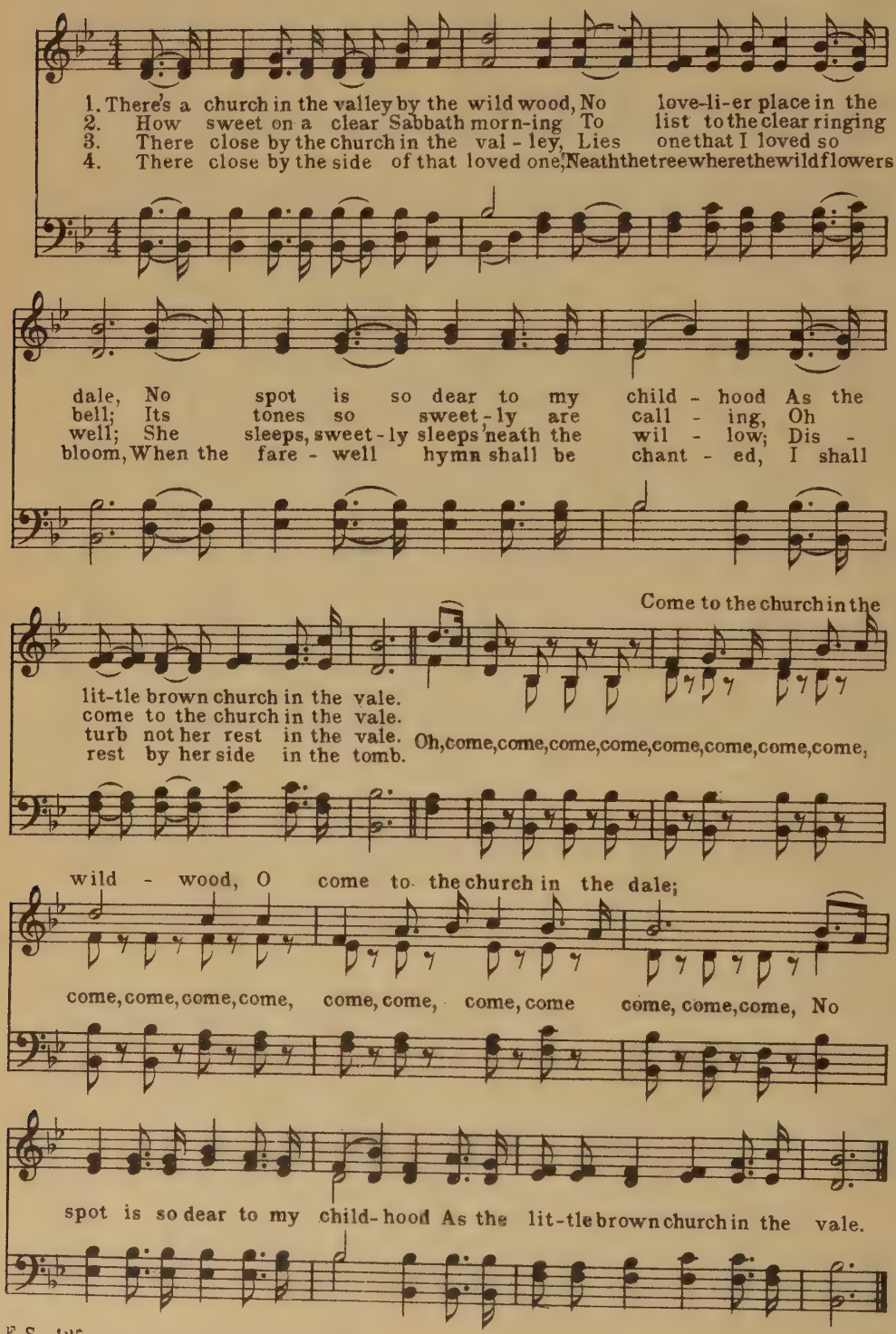
cresc.

gra-cious is, and just, From child-hood He doth lead, On
on the sword of light, With joy our voic-es raise, Pro-

Him we place our trust, And hope in time of need.
tec-ted by Thy might, We come to Thee in praise.

The Little Brown Church

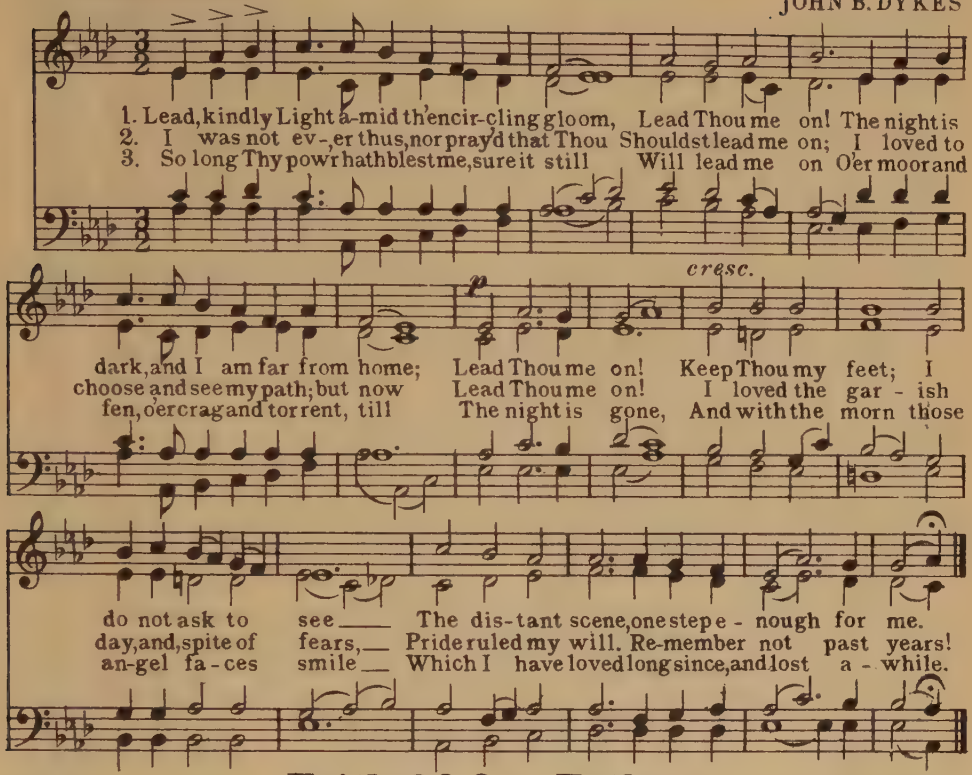
WM. S. PITTS


1. There's a church in the valley by the wild wood, No love-li-er place in the
2. How sweet on a clear Sabbath morn-ing To list to the clear ringing
3. There close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I loved so
4. There close by the side of that loved one, Neath the tree where the wild flowers
dale, No spot is so dear to my child - hood As the
bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh
well; She sleeps, sweet - ly sleeps 'neath the wil - low; Dis -
bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall
Come to the church in the
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb.
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
wild - wood, O come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, No
spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

Lead, Kindly Light

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

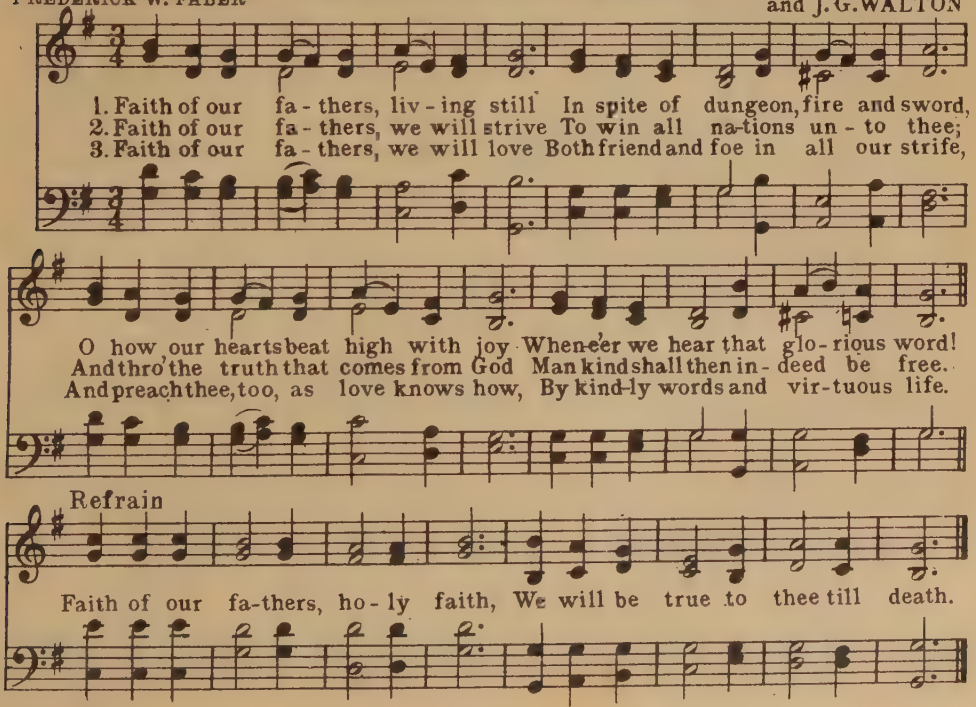
JOHN B. DYKES


1. Lead, kindly Light a-mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
cresc.
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene, one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-member not past years!
an-gel fa-ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Faith Of Our Fathers

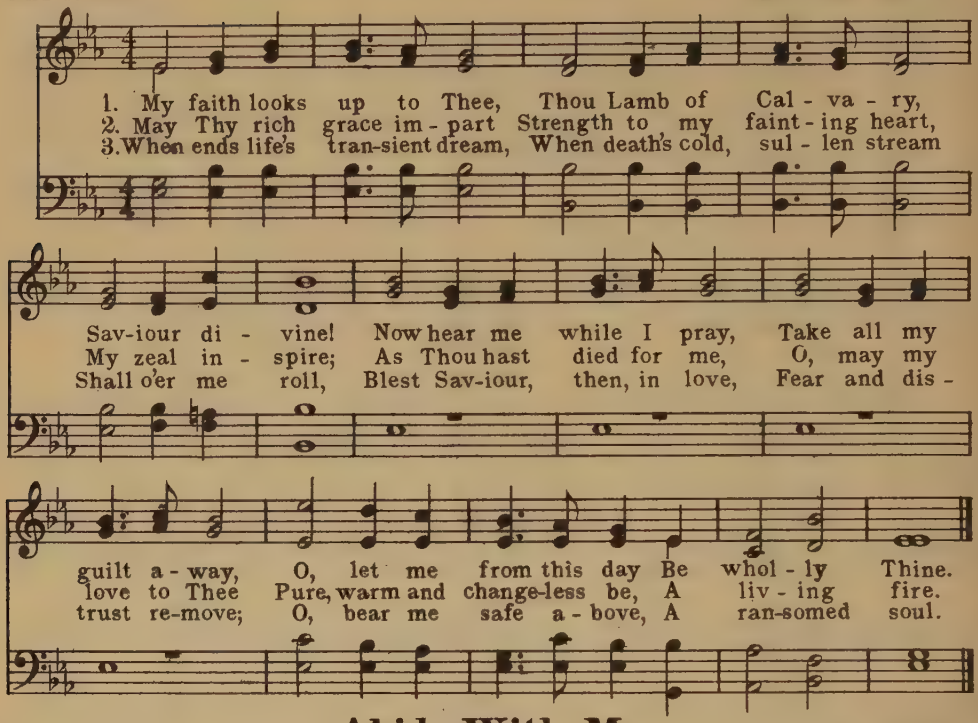
FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRY F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON


1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na-tions un - to thee;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then in - deed be free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.
Refrain
Faith of our fa-thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

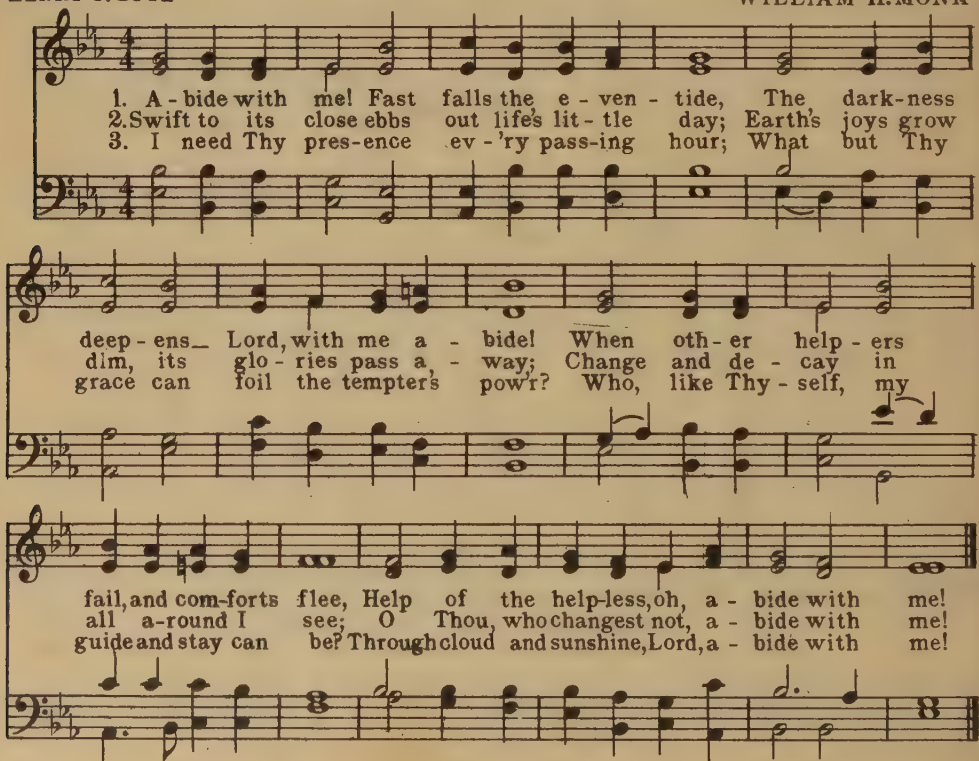
My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER — LOWELL MASON


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -
guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

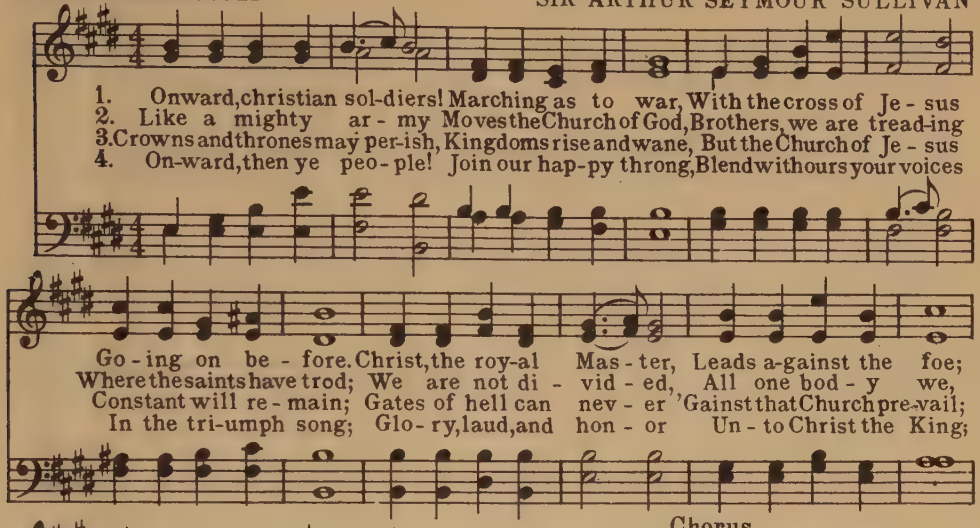
Abide With Me

HENRY F. LYTE — WILLIAM H. MONK


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!

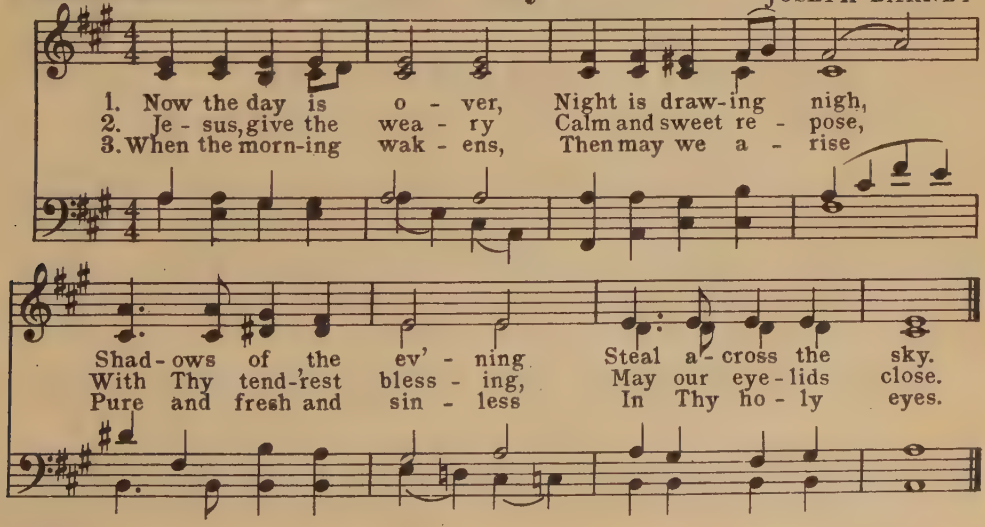
Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN


1. Onward, christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;
Chorus
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
One in hope and doc-trine One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.

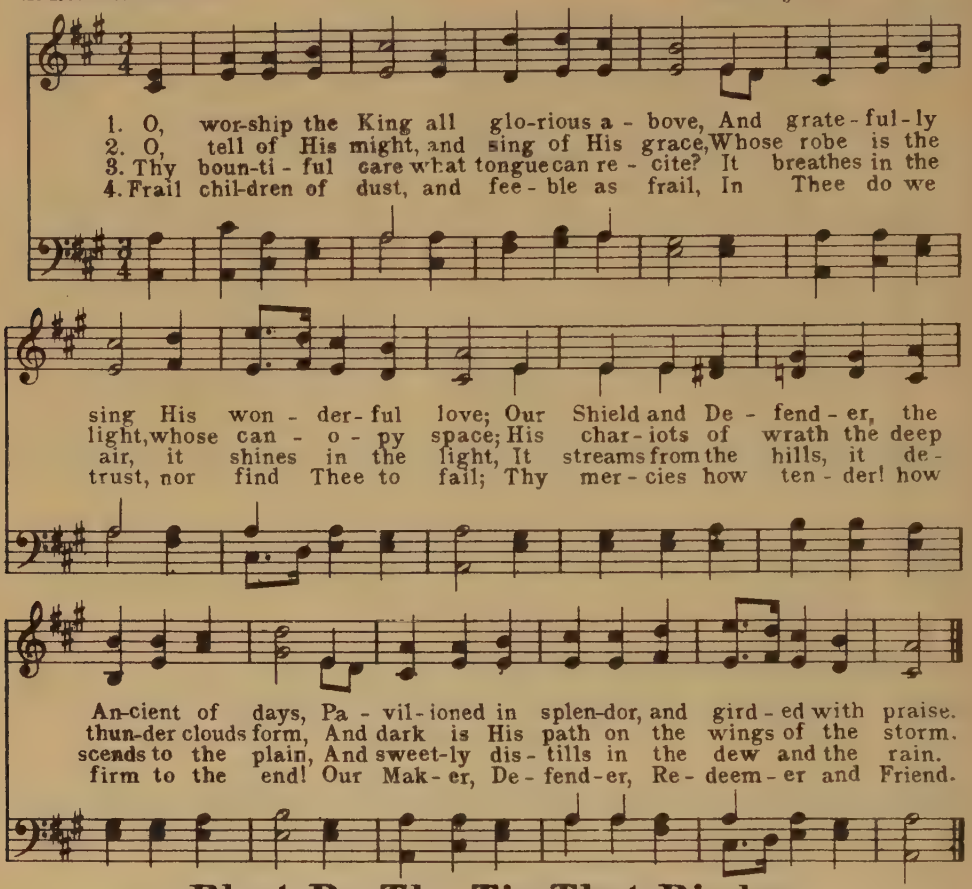
SABINE BARING-GOULD

Now The Day Is Over

JOSEPH BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise
Shad - ows of the ev' - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend-'rest bless - ing, May our eye-lids close.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

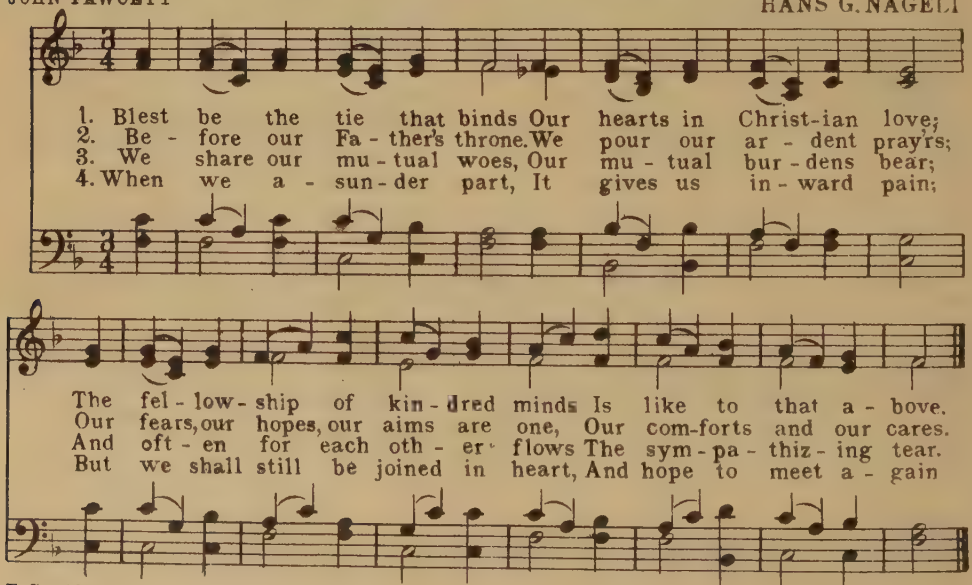
O, Worship The King

SIR ROBERT GRANT — FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN


1. O, wor-ship the King all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won - der-ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how
An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend-er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

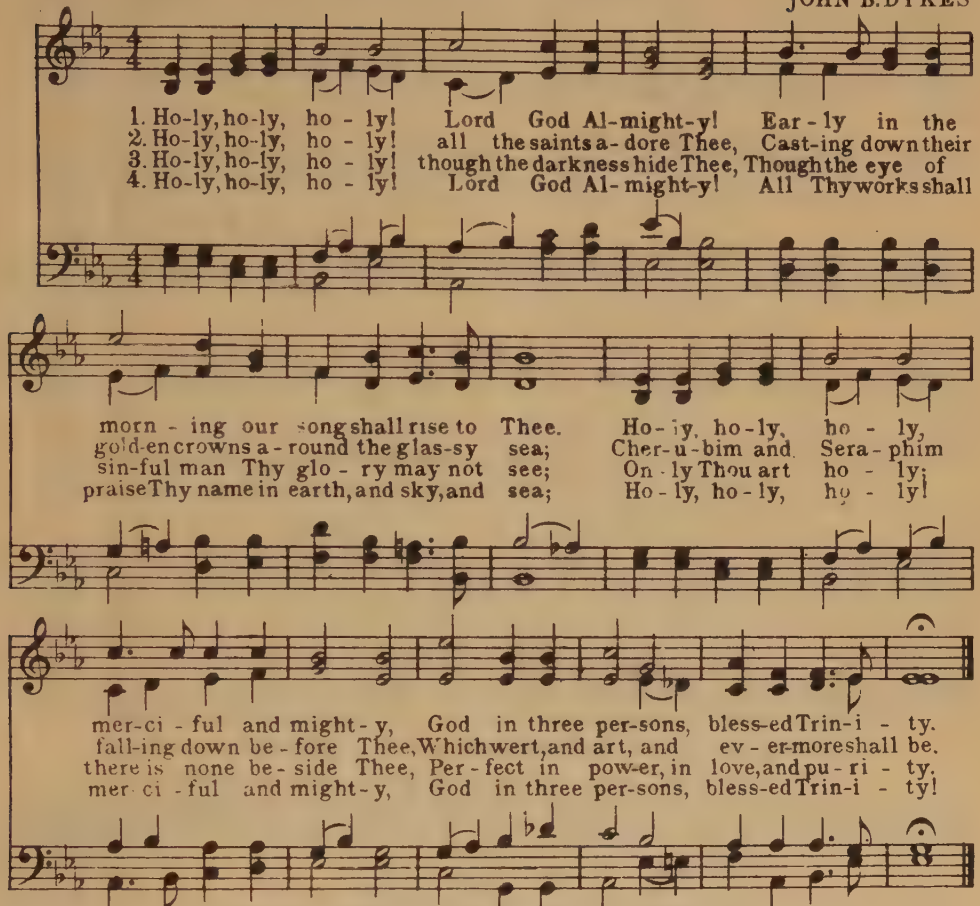
Blest Be The Tie That Binds

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAGELI


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayrs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain

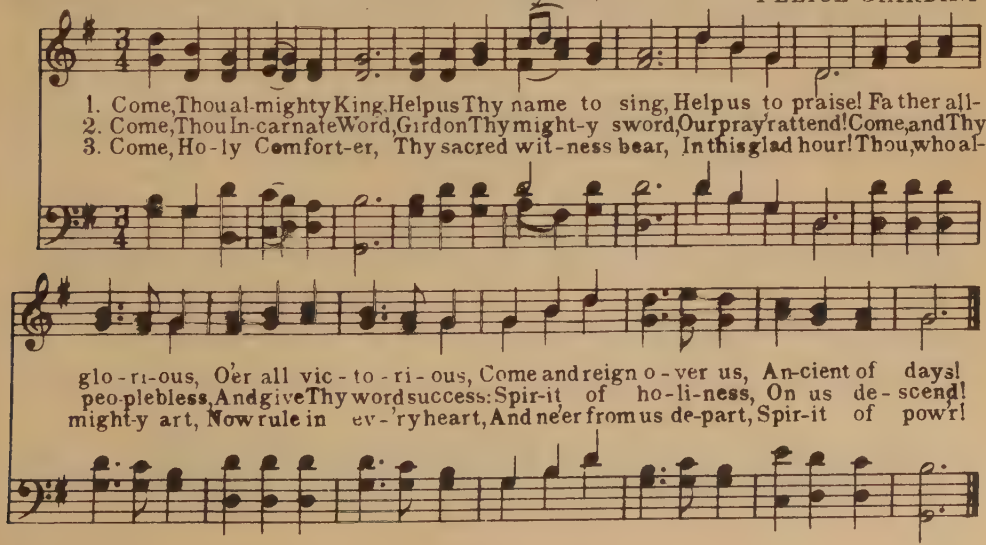
Holy, Holy, Holy

REGINALD HEBER — JOHN B. DYKES


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns a - round the glas-sy sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly!
mer-ci - ful and might - y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty.
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shall be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer-ci - ful and might-y, God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

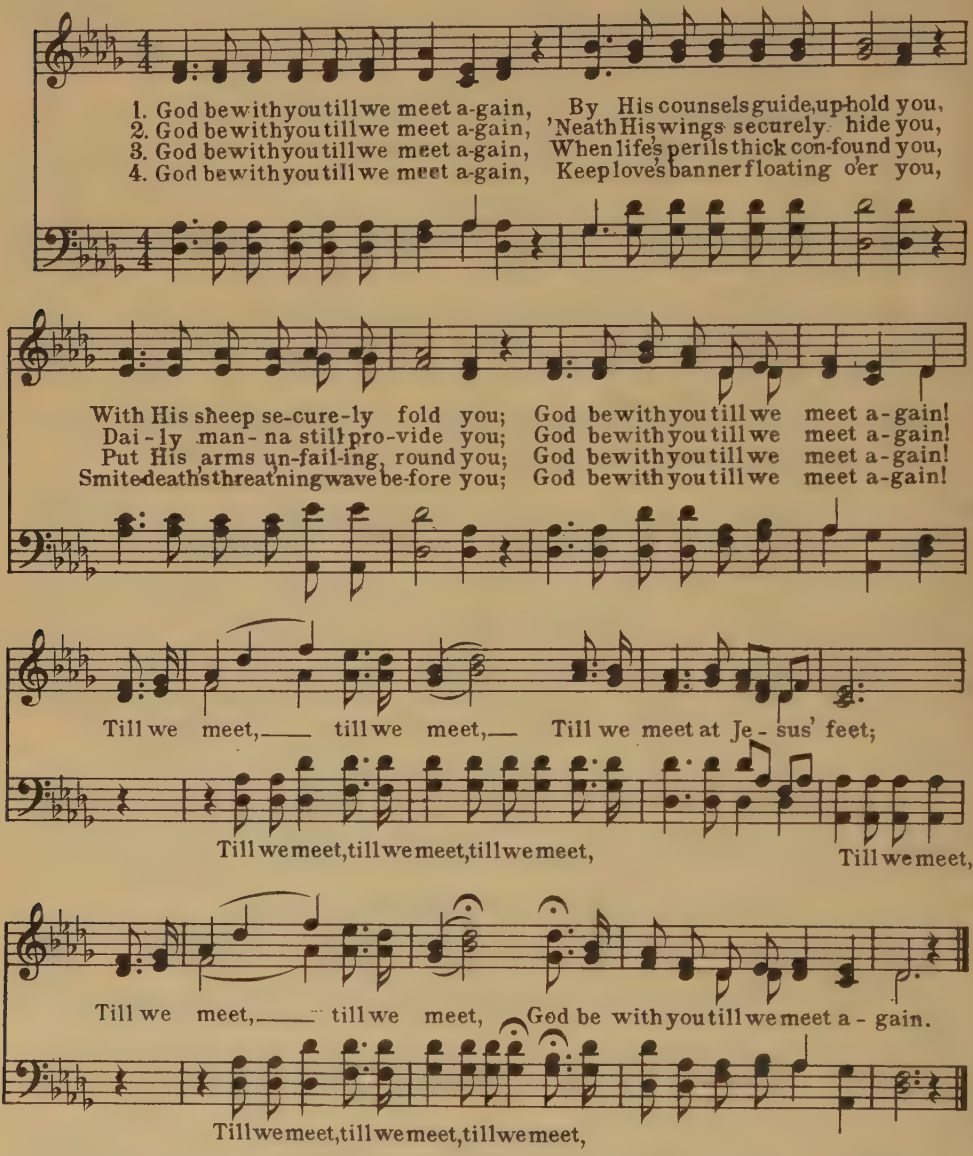
Come, Thou Almighty King

CHARLES WESLEY — (Italian Hymn) — FELICE GIARDINI


1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa ther all-
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer attend! Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Comfort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de - scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

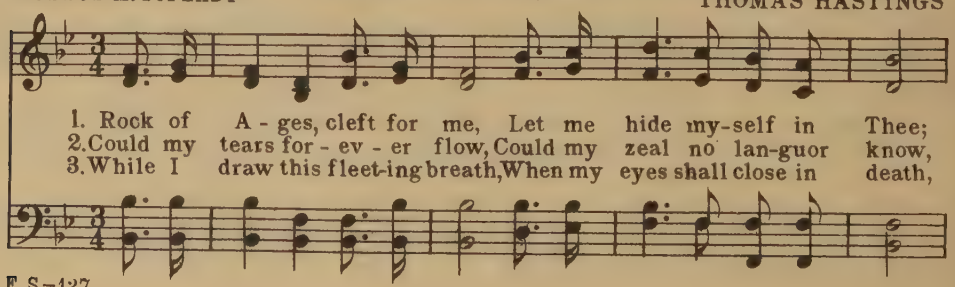
God Be With You Till We Meet Again

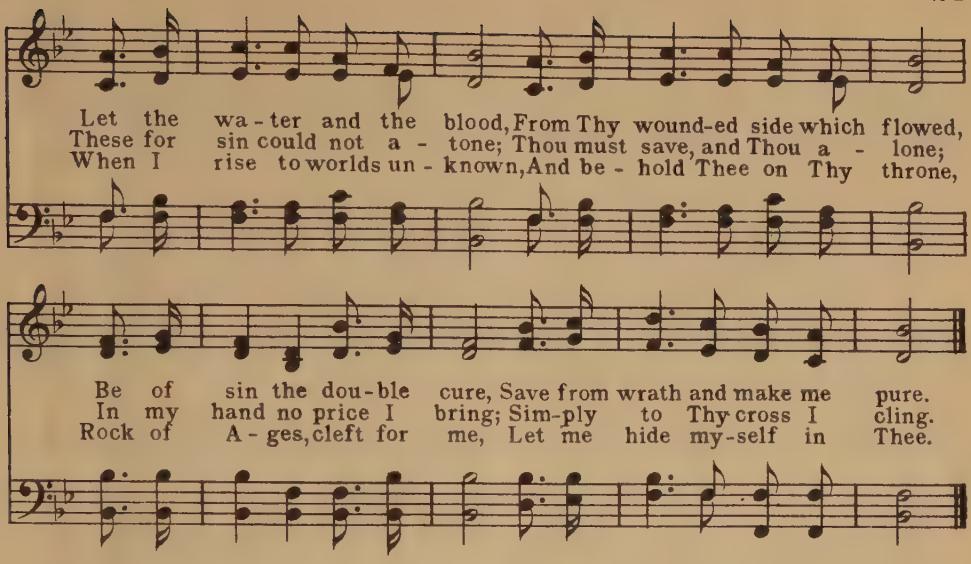
JEREMIAH E. RANKIN — WILLIAM G. TOMER


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet, — till we meet, — Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet,
Till we meet, — till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Rock of Ages

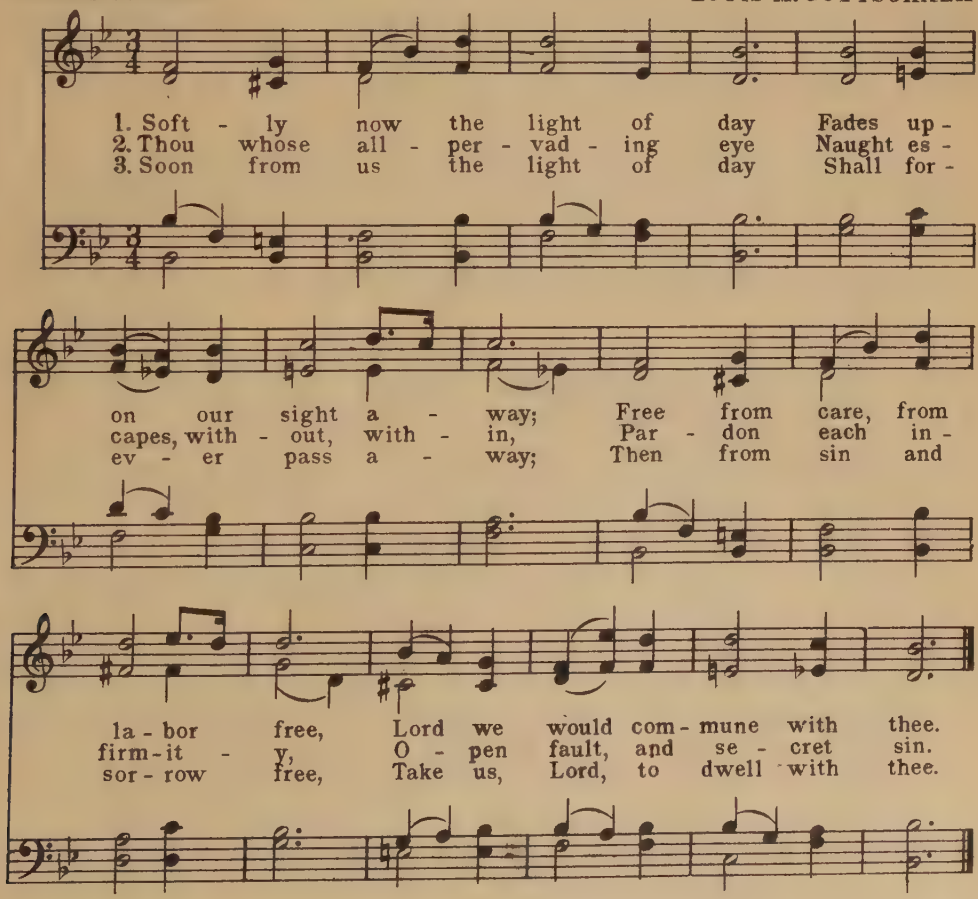
AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

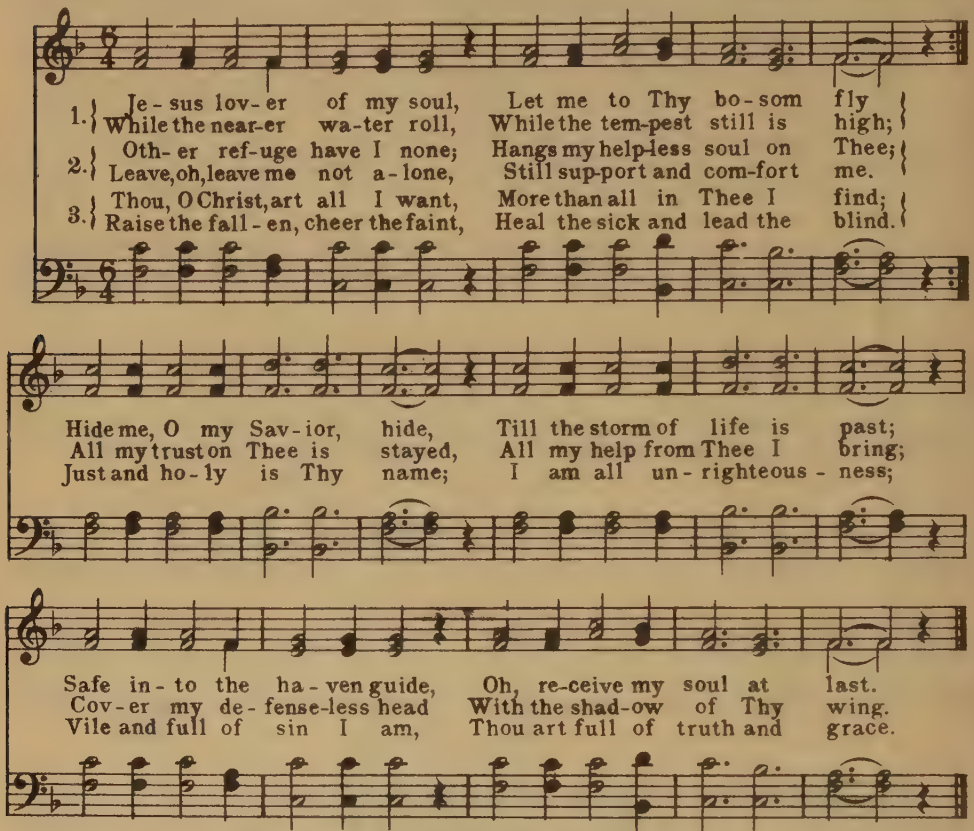
Softly Now The Light Of Day

GEORGE W. DOANE — LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up -
2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es -
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for -
on our sight a - way; Free from care, from
capes, with - out, with - in, Par - don each in -
ev - er pass a - way; Then from sin and
la - bor free, Lord we would com - mune with thee.
firm - it - y, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

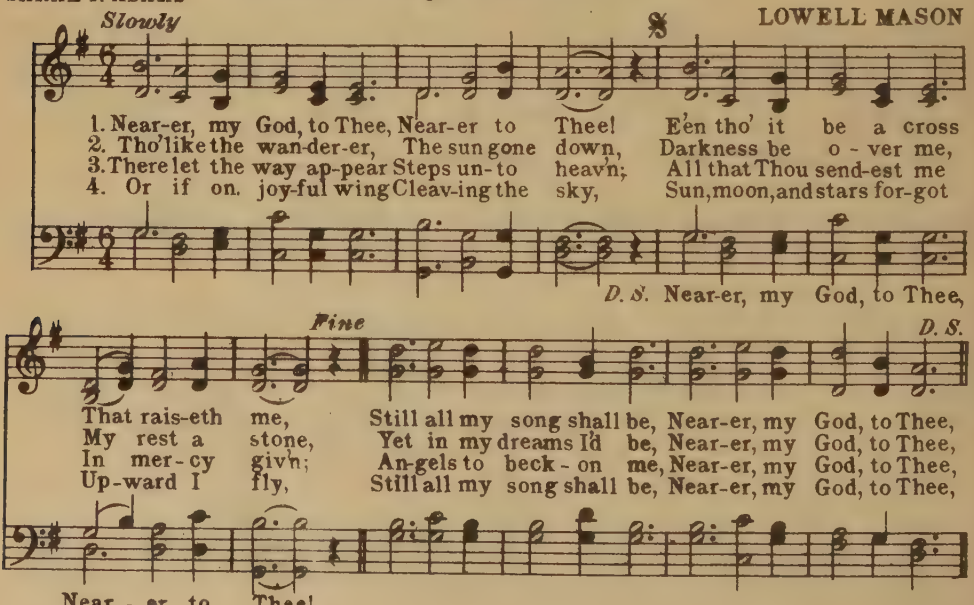
Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY — SIMEON B. MARSH


1. Je-sus lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly
While the near-er wa-ter roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name; I am all un-righteous-ness;
Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

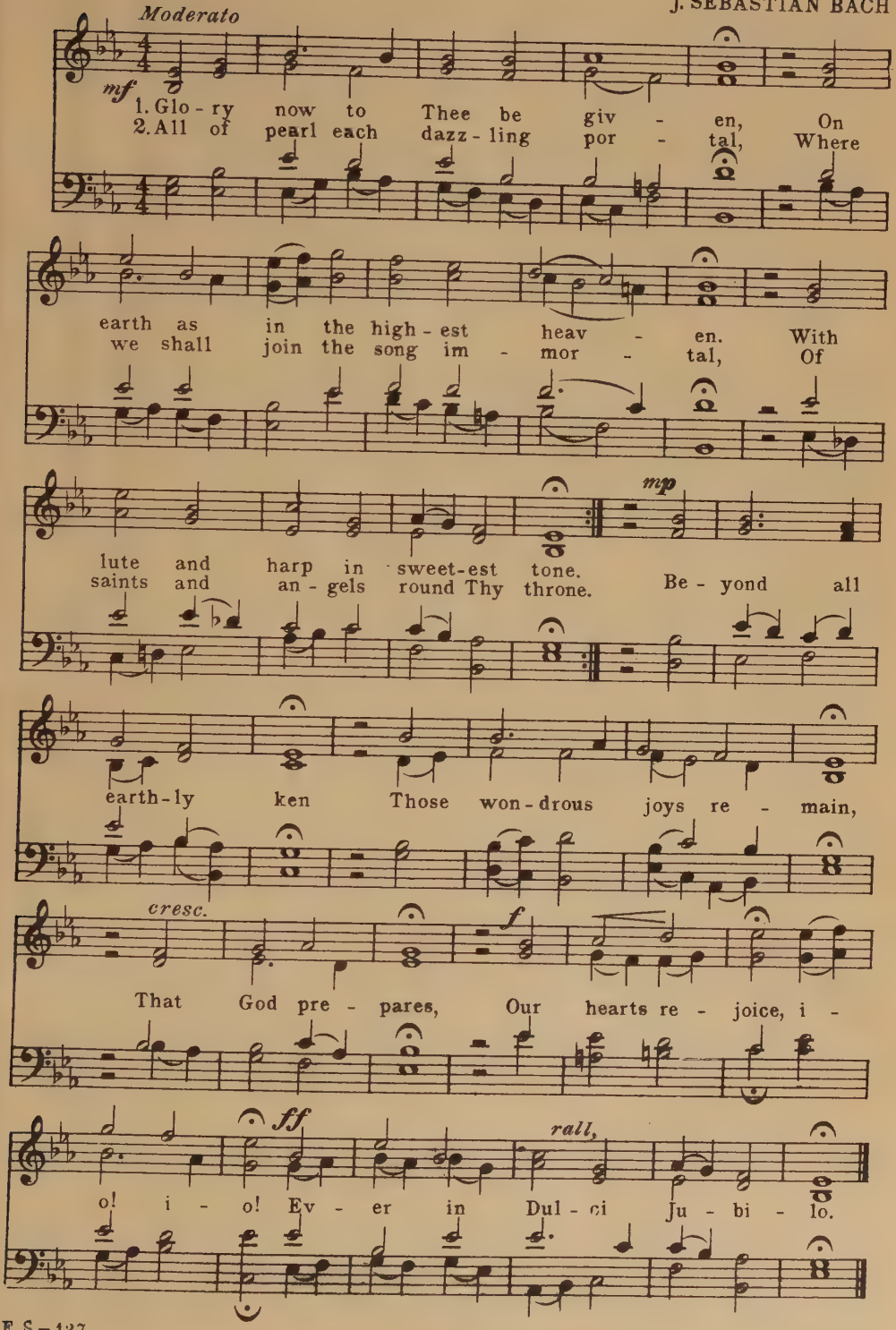
Nearer, My God, To Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON


Slowly
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Or if on joy-ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got
D. S. Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Fine
D. S.
That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee!

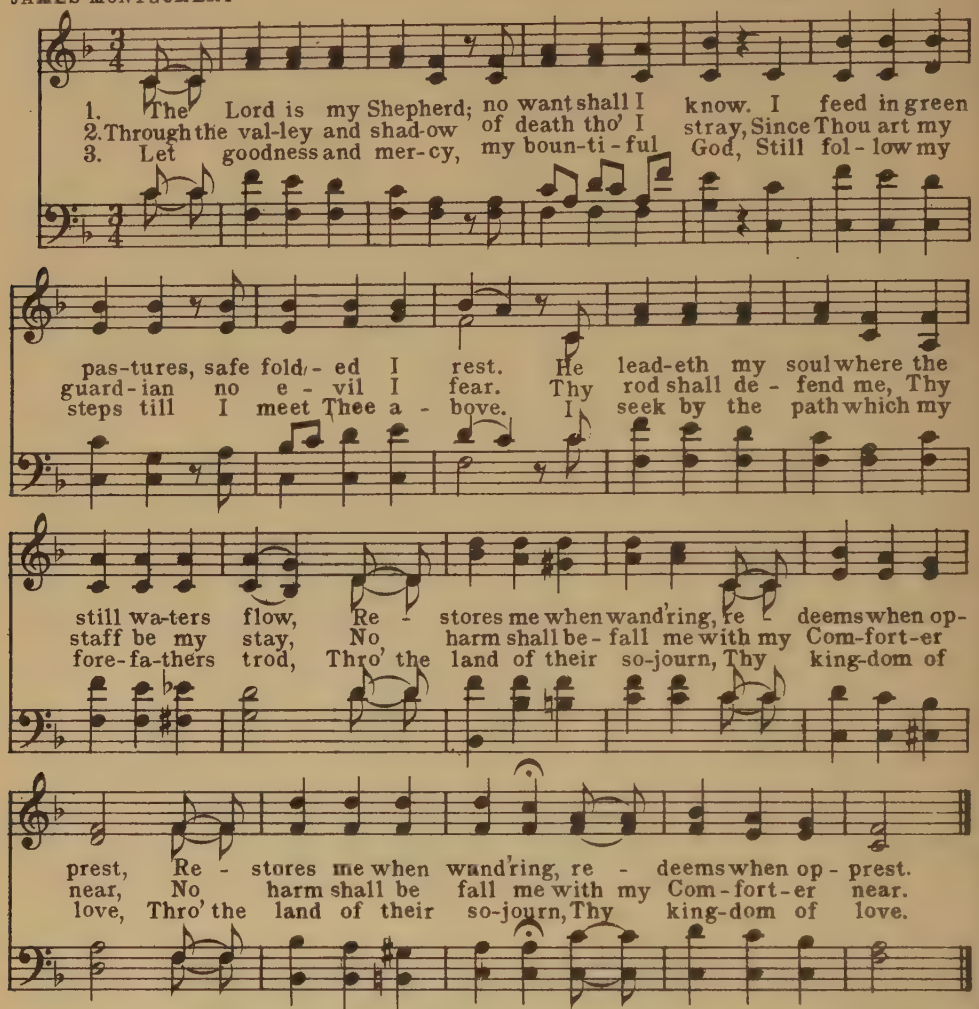
Glory Now To Thee Be Given

J. SEBASTIAN BACH


Moderato
mf
1. Glo - ry now to Thee be giv - en, On
2. All of pearl each dazz - ling por - tal, Where
earth as in the high - est heav - en. With
we shall join the song im - mor - tal, Of
mp
lute and harp in sweet-est tone.
saints and an - gels round Thy throne. Be - yond all
earth-ly ken Those won-drous joys re - main,
cresc.
f
That God pre - pares, Our hearts re - joice, i -
ff
rall,
o! i - o! Ev - er in Dul - ci Ju - bi - lo.

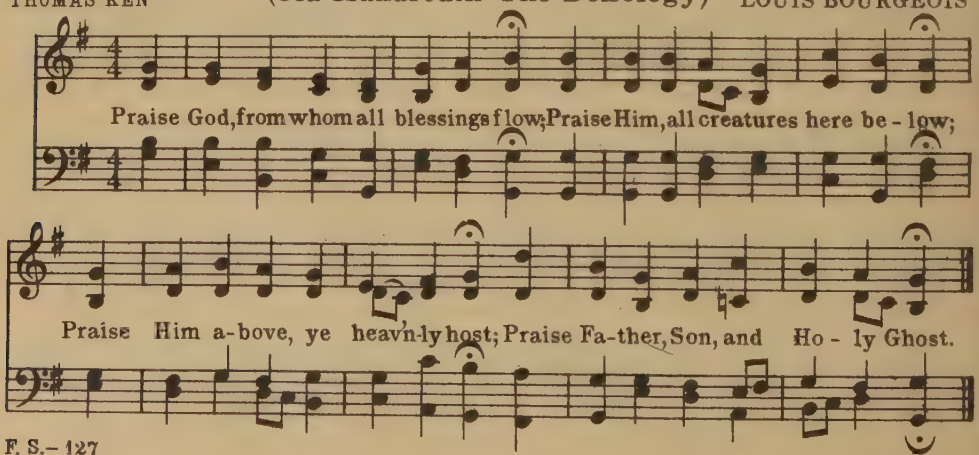
The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY THOMAS KOSCHAT


1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green
2. Through the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest. He lead-eth my soul where the
guard-ian no e-vil I fear. Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay, No harm shall be-fall me with my Com-fort-er
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of
prest, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-prest.
near, No harm shall be fall me with my Com-fort-er near.
love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

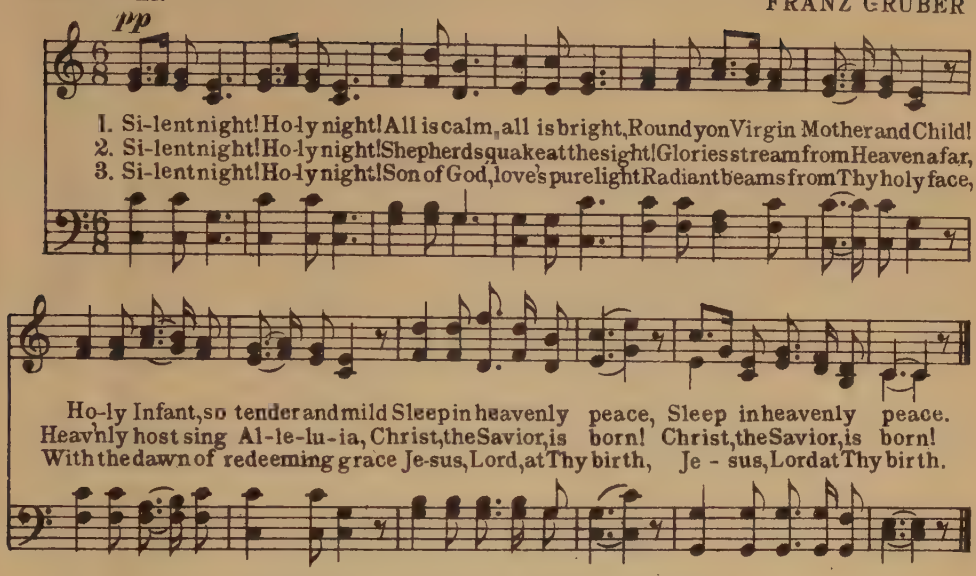
Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

THOMAS KEN (Old Hundredth-The Doxology) LOUIS BOURGEOIS


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

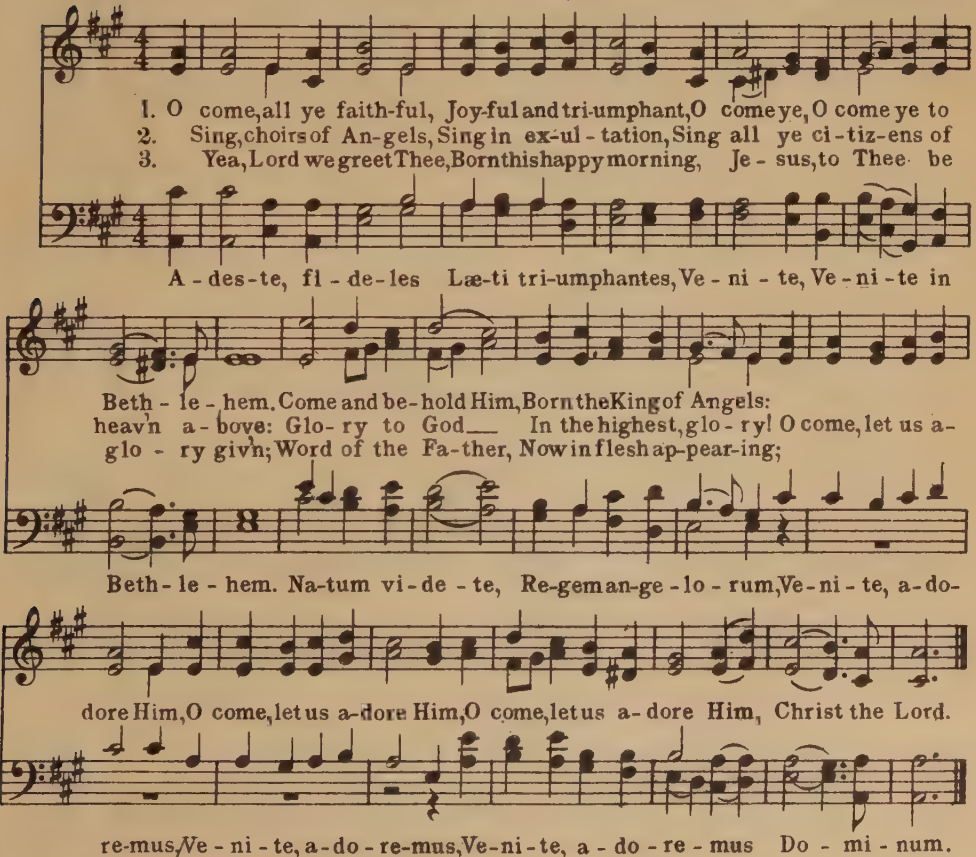
Silent Night

JOSEPH MÖHR — FRANZ GRÜBER


pp
1. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
2. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven afar,
3. Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
Ho-ly Infant, so tender and mild Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace.
Heav'nly host sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord at Thy birth.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

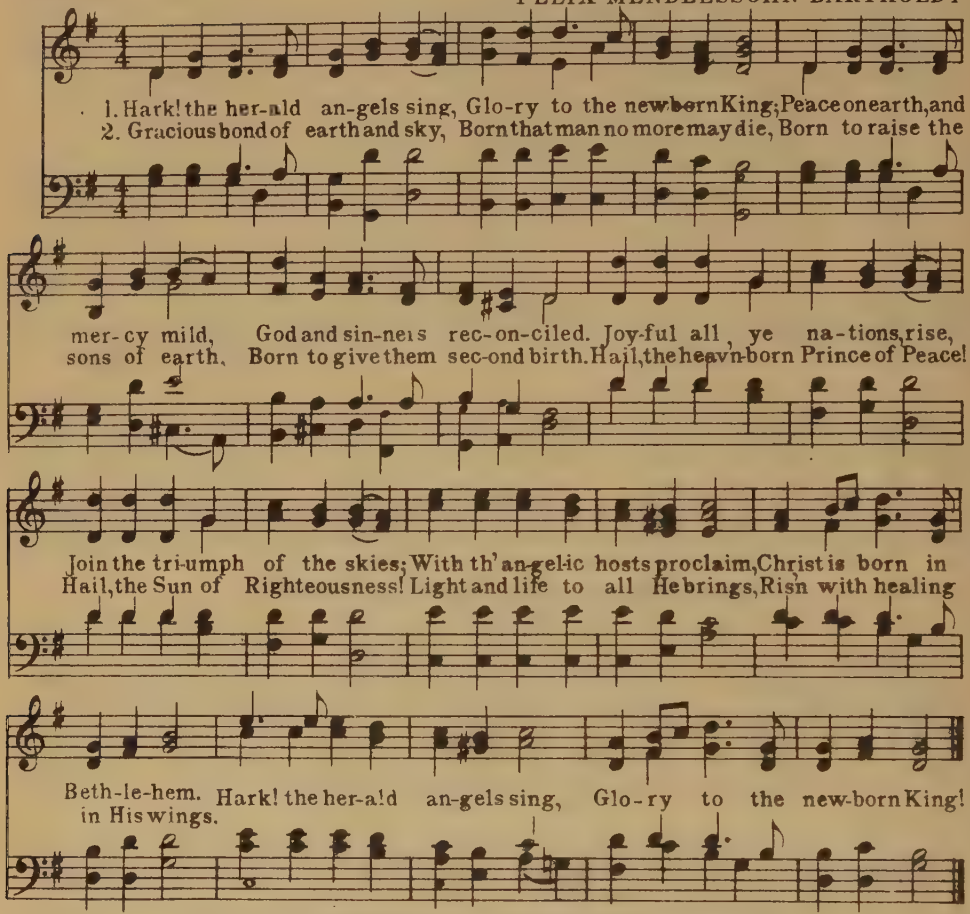
(Adeste Fideles) — 13th CENTURY


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul - tation, Sing all ye ci-tiz-ens of
3. Yea, Lord we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, Je - sus, to Thee be
A - des-te, fi - de-les Læ-ti tri-umphantes, Ve - ni - te, Ve - ni-te in
Beth - le - hem, Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of Angels:
heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God In the highest, glo - ry! O come, let us a-
glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-pear-ing;
Beth - le - hem. Na-tum vi-de - te, Re-ge man-ge - lo - rum, Ve-ni - te, a-do-
dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
re-mus, Ve - ni - te, a-do - re-mus, Ve-ni - te, a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

C. WESLEY

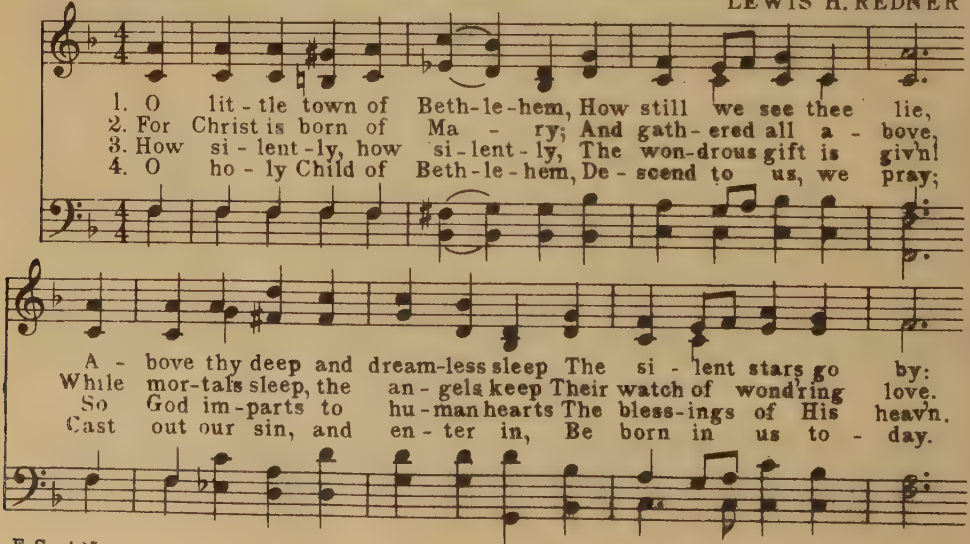
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

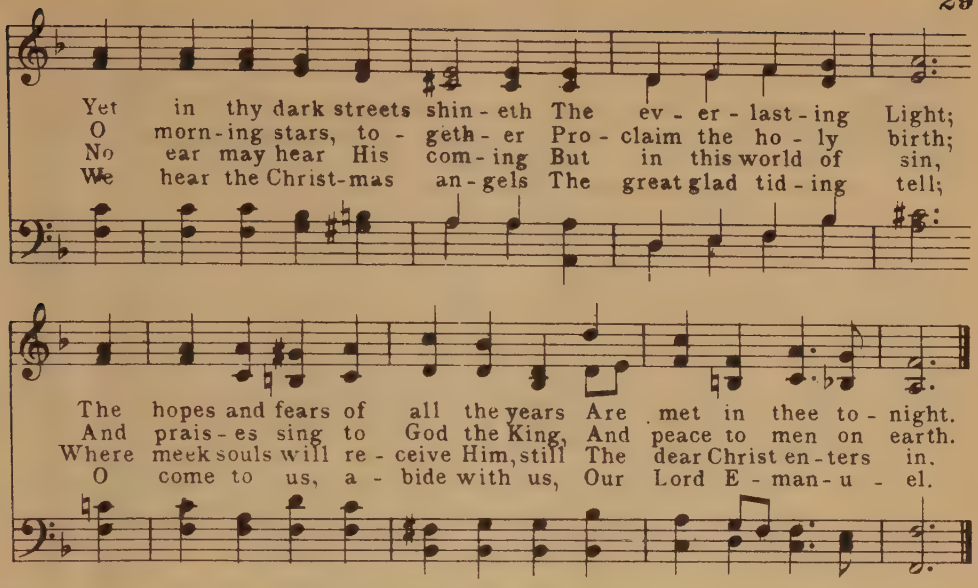

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Gracious bond of earth and sky, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled. Joy-ful all, ye na-tions, rise,
sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing
Beth-le-hem. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King!
in His wings.

O, Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LEWIS H. REDNER

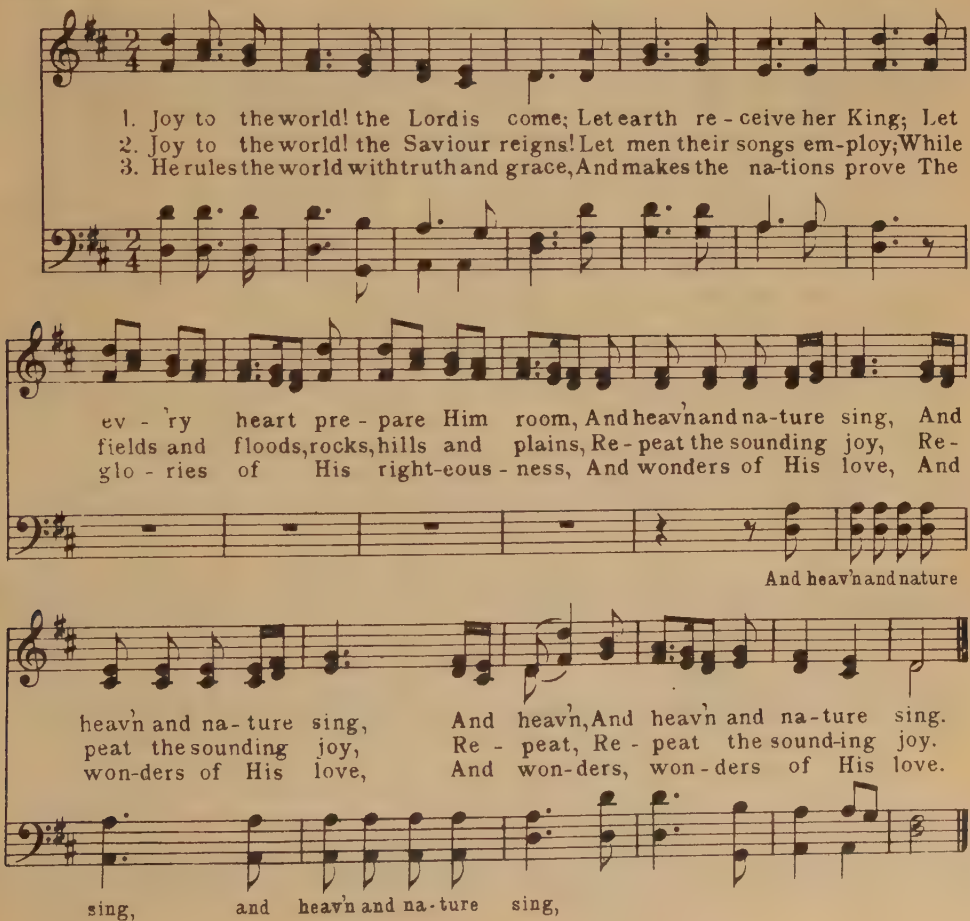

1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie,
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath-ered all a - bove,
3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem, De-scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor-tals sleep, the an-gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
So God im-parts to hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en-ter in, Be born in us to - day.


Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
No ear may hear His com - ing But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad tid - ing tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el.

Joy to the World

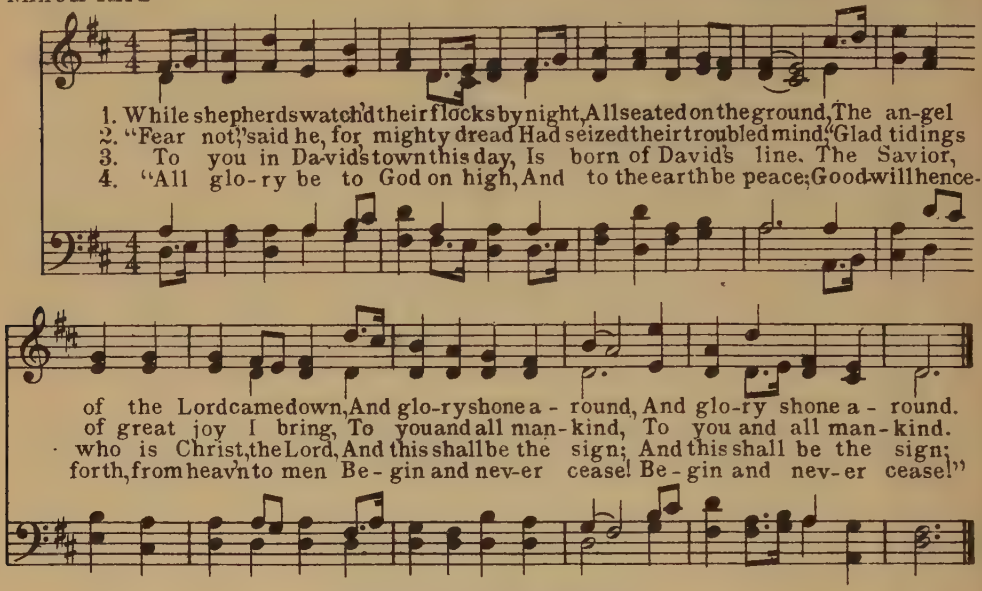
ISAAC WATTS

G. F. HANDEL


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n and nature
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won - ders of His love.
sing, and heav'n and na-ture sing,

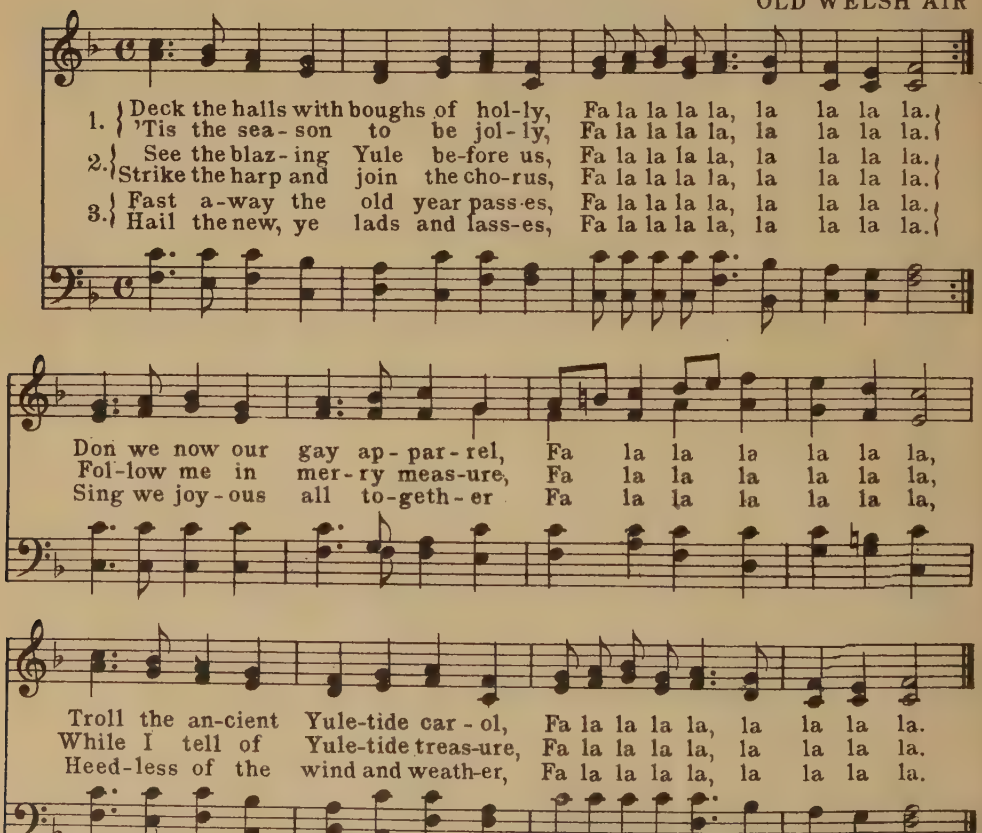
While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

NAHUM TATE — Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel
2. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings
3. To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of David's line, The Savior,
4. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-
of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round, And glo-ry shone a - round.
of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign:
forth, from heav'n to men Be - gin and nev-er cease! Be - gin and nev-er cease!"

Deck the Halls

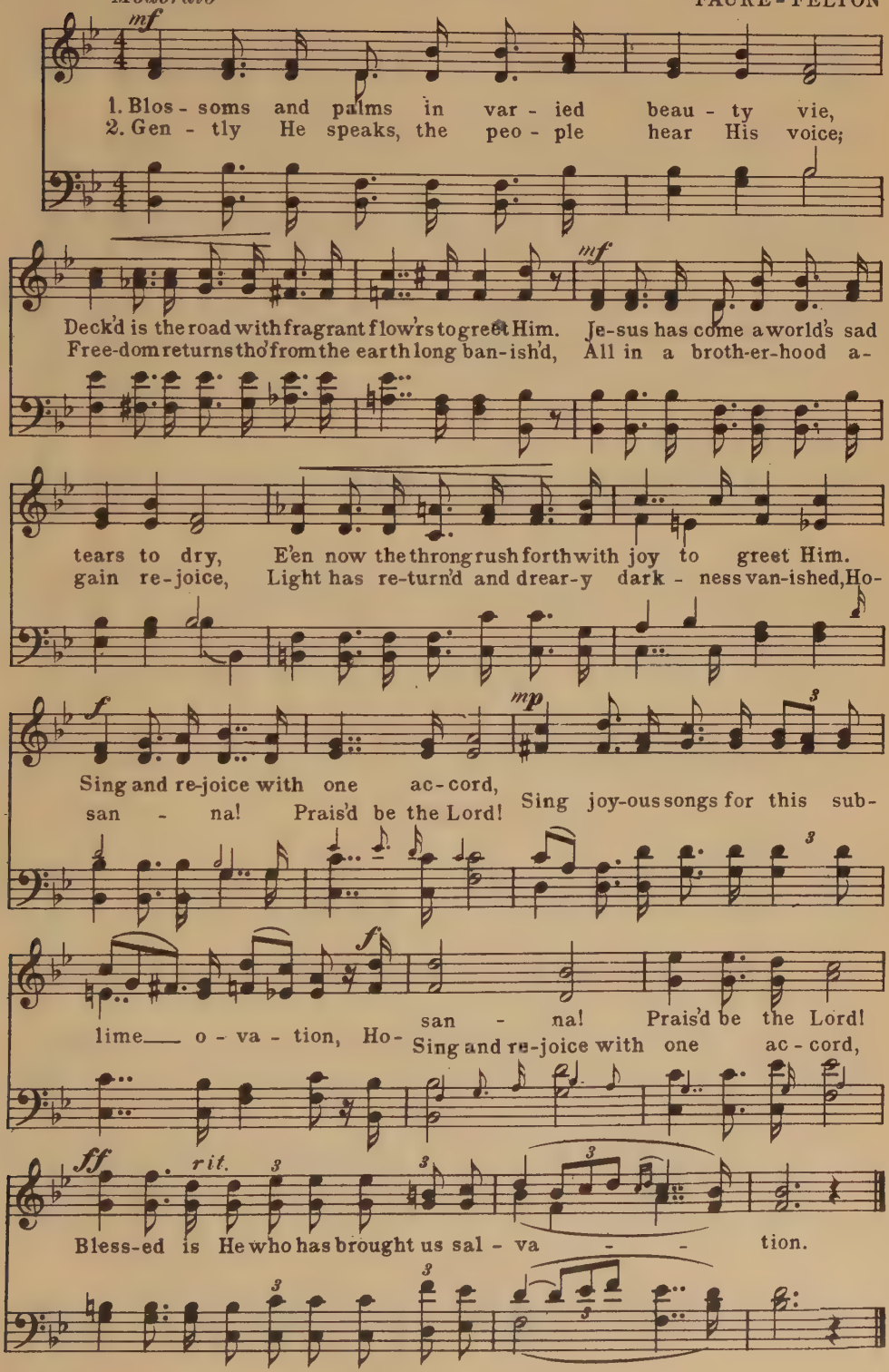
OLD WELSH AIR


1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol-ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
'Tis the sea-son to be jol-ly, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
2. See the blaz-ing Yule be-fore us, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the cho-rus, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
3. Fast a-way the old year pass-es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lass-es, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Don we now our gay ap-par-rel, Fa la la la la la la,
Fol-low me in mer-ry meas-ure, Fa la la la la la la,
Sing we joy-ous all to-geth-er Fa la la la la la la,
Troll the an-cient Yule-tide car-ol, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
While I tell of Yule-tide treas-ure, Fa la la la la, la la la la.
Heed-less of the wind and weath-er, Fa la la la la, la la la la.

The Palms

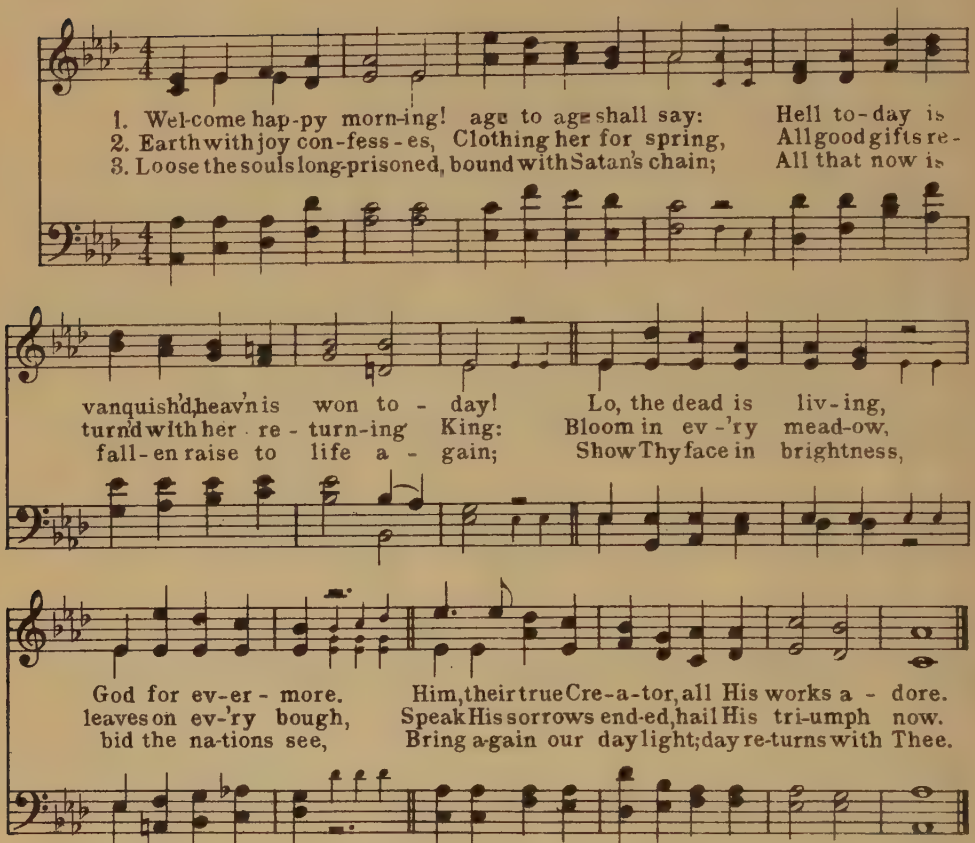
Moderato

FAURE - FELTON

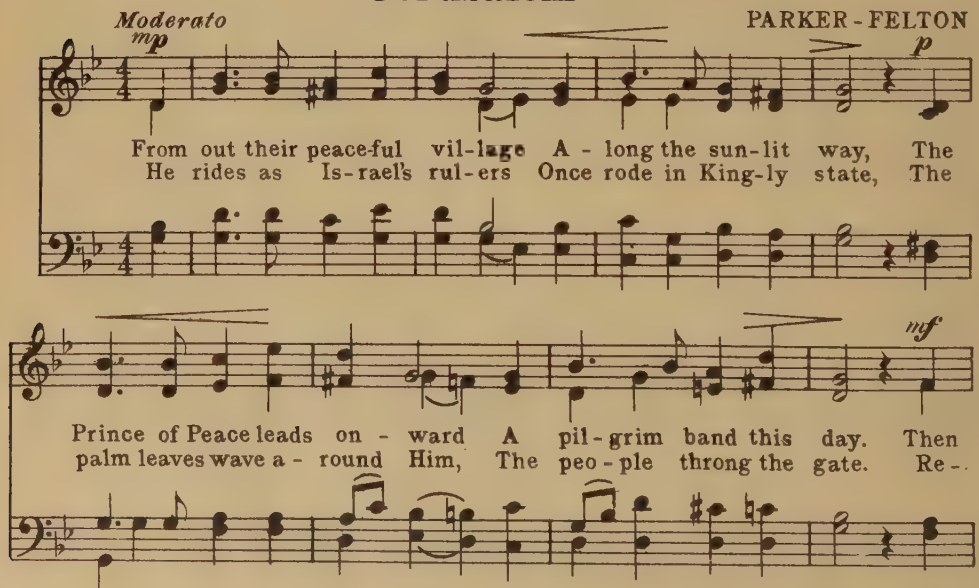

mf
1. Blos - soms and palms in var - ied beau - ty vie,
2. Gen - tly He speaks, the peo - ple hear His voice;
Deck'd is the road with fragrant flow'rs to greet Him. Je-sus has come a world's sad
Free-dom returns tho' from the earth long ban-ish'd, All in a broth-er-hood a-
tears to dry, E'en now the throng rush forth with joy to greet Him.
gain re-joice, Light has re-turn'd and drear-y dark - ness van-ished, Ho-
f
mp
Sing and re-joice with one ac-cord,
san - na! Prais'd be the Lord! Sing joy-ous songs for this sub-
f
lime o - va - tion, Ho- san - na! Prais'd be the Lord!
Sing and re-joice with one ac - cord,
ff
rit.
Bless-ed is He who has brought us sal - va - tion.

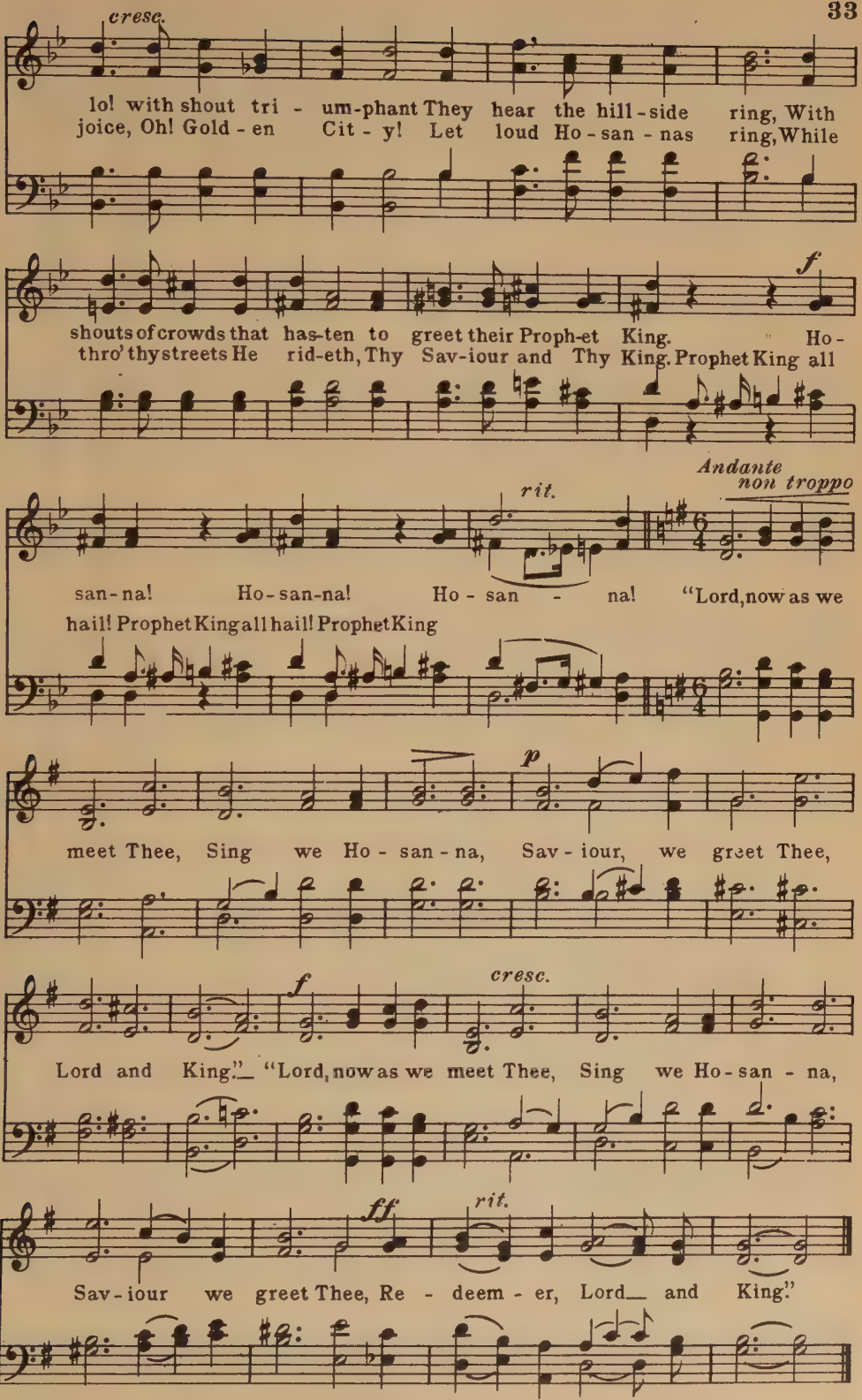
Welcome Happy Morning

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN


1. Wel-come hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
2. Earth with joy con-fess-es, Clothing her for spring, All good gifts re-
3. Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain; All that now is
vanquish'd, heav'n is won to - day! Lo, the dead is liv-ing,
turn'd with her re - turn-ing King: Bloom in ev-'ry mead-ow,
fall-en raise to life a - gain; Show Thy face in brightness,
God for ev-er - more. Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a - dore.
leaves on ev-'ry bough, Speak His sorrows end-ed, hail His tri-umph now.
bid the na-tions see, Bring a-gain our day light; day re-turns with Thee.

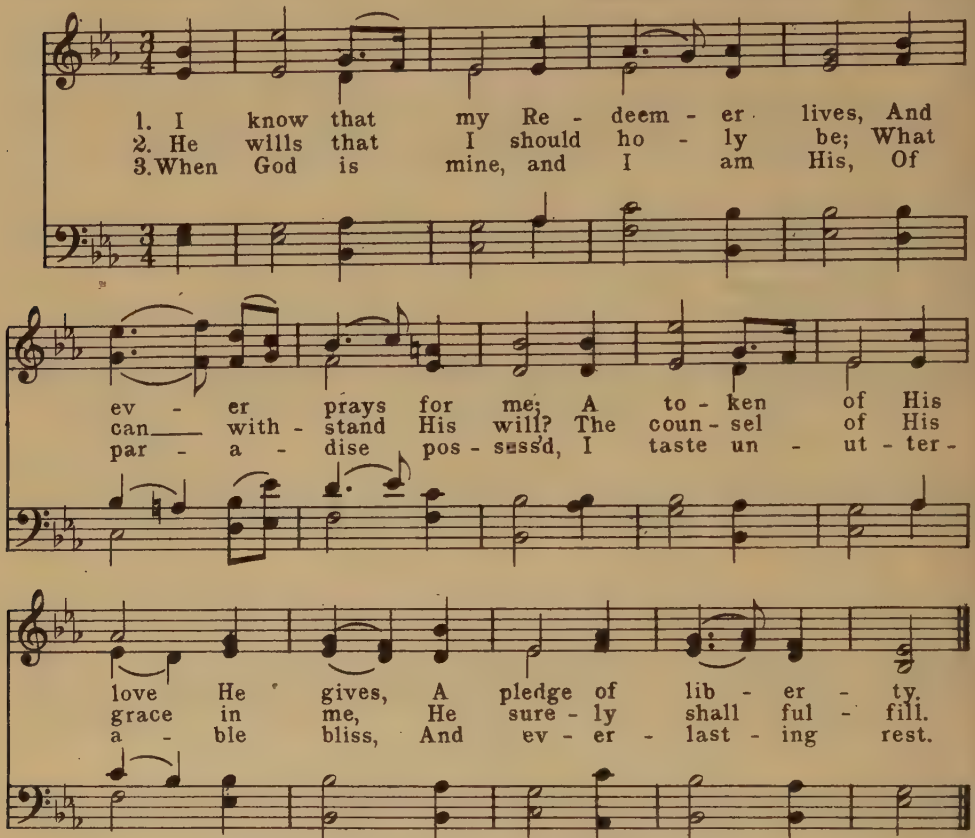
Jerusalem


Moderato
mp
PARKER-FELTON
p
From out their peace-ful vil-lage A - long the sun-lit way, The
He rides as Is-rael's rul-ers Once rode in King-ly state, The
mf
Prince of Peace leads on - ward A pil-grim band this day. Then
palm leaves wave a - round Him, The peo-ple throng the gate. Re-


cresc.
lo! with shout tri - um-phant They hear the hill-side ring, With
joice, Oh! Gold - en Cit - y! Let loud Ho - san - nas ring, While
f
shouts of crowds that has-ten to greet their Proph-et King. Ho -
thro' thy streets He rid-eth, Thy Sav-iour and Thy King. Prophet King all
Andante non troppo
rit.
san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! "Lord, now as we
hail! Prophet King all hail! Prophet King
p
meet Thee, Sing we Ho - san - na, Sav - iour, we greet Thee,
f
cresc.
Lord and King." "Lord, now as we meet Thee, Sing we Ho - san - na,
ff
rit.
Sav - iour we greet Thee, Re - deem - er, Lord and King."

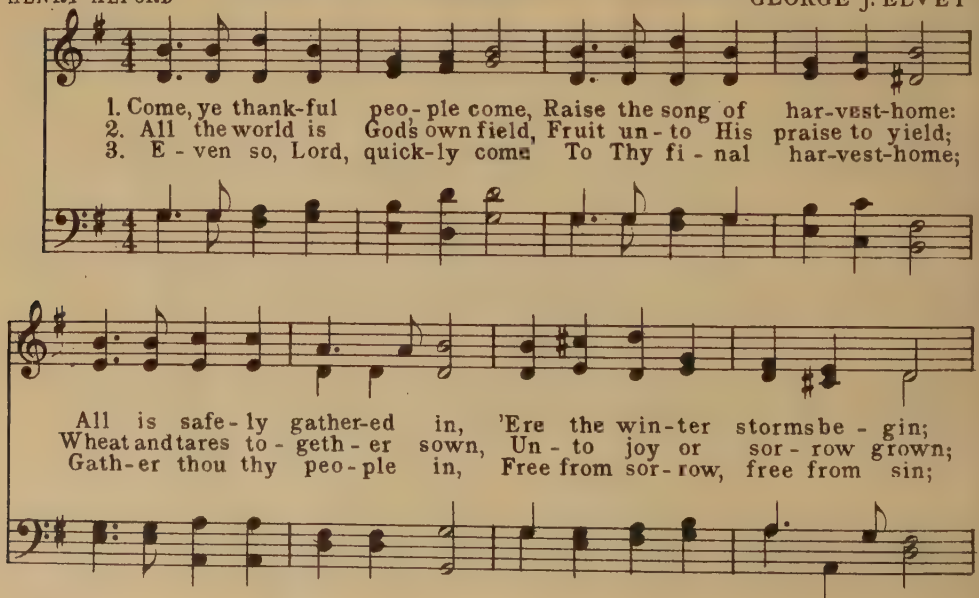
I Know That My Redeemer Liveth

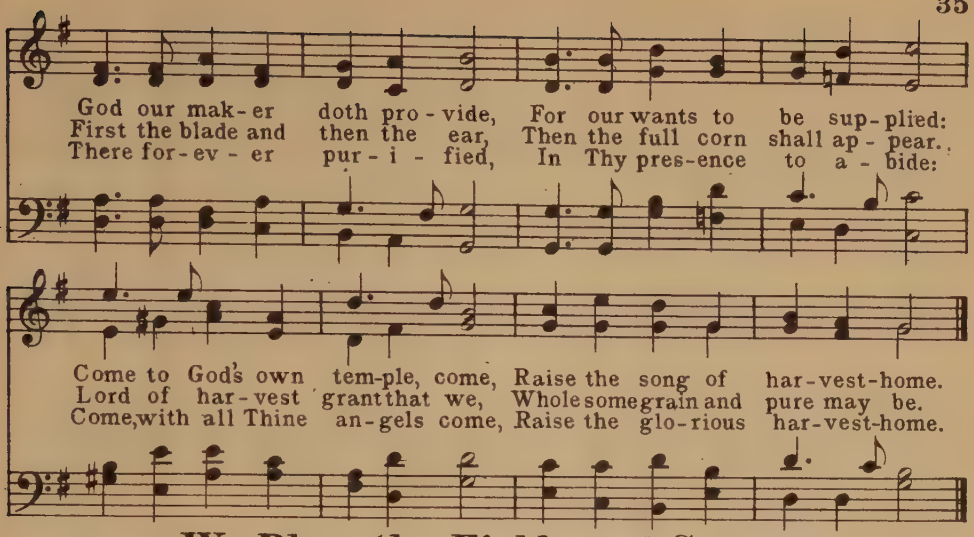
CHARLES WESLEY — GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And
2. He wills that I should ho - ly be; What
3. When God is mine, and I am His, Of
ev - er prays for me; A to - ken of His
can with - stand His will? The coun - sel of His
par - a - dise pos - sess'd, I taste un - ut - ter -
love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
grace in me, He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.

Come Ye Thankful People

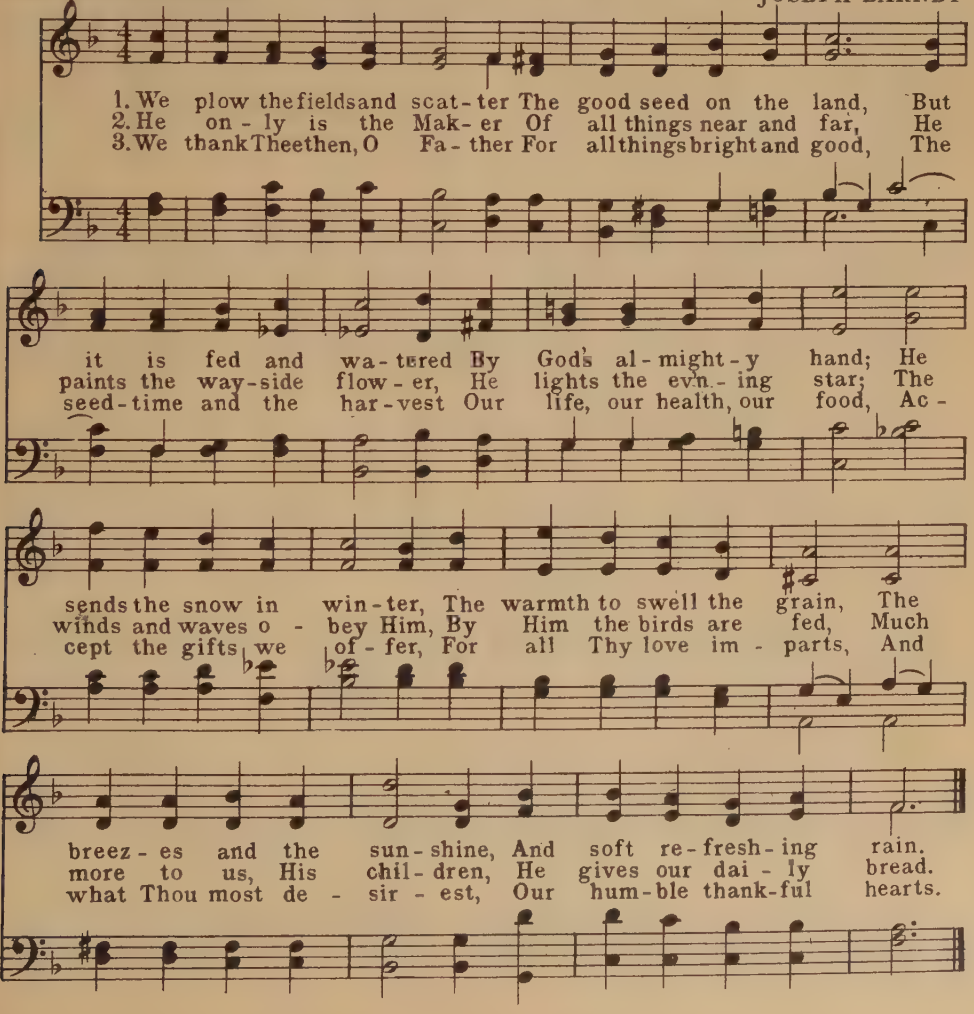
HENRY ALFORD — GEORGE J. ELVEY


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi - nal har-vest-home;
All is safe - ly gather-ed in, 'Ere the win-ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
Gath-er thou thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;


God our mak-er doth pro-vide, For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear.
There for-ev-er pur-i-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
Lord of har-vest grant that we, Wholesome grain and pure may be.
Come, with all Thine an-gels come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

We Plow the Fields and Scatter

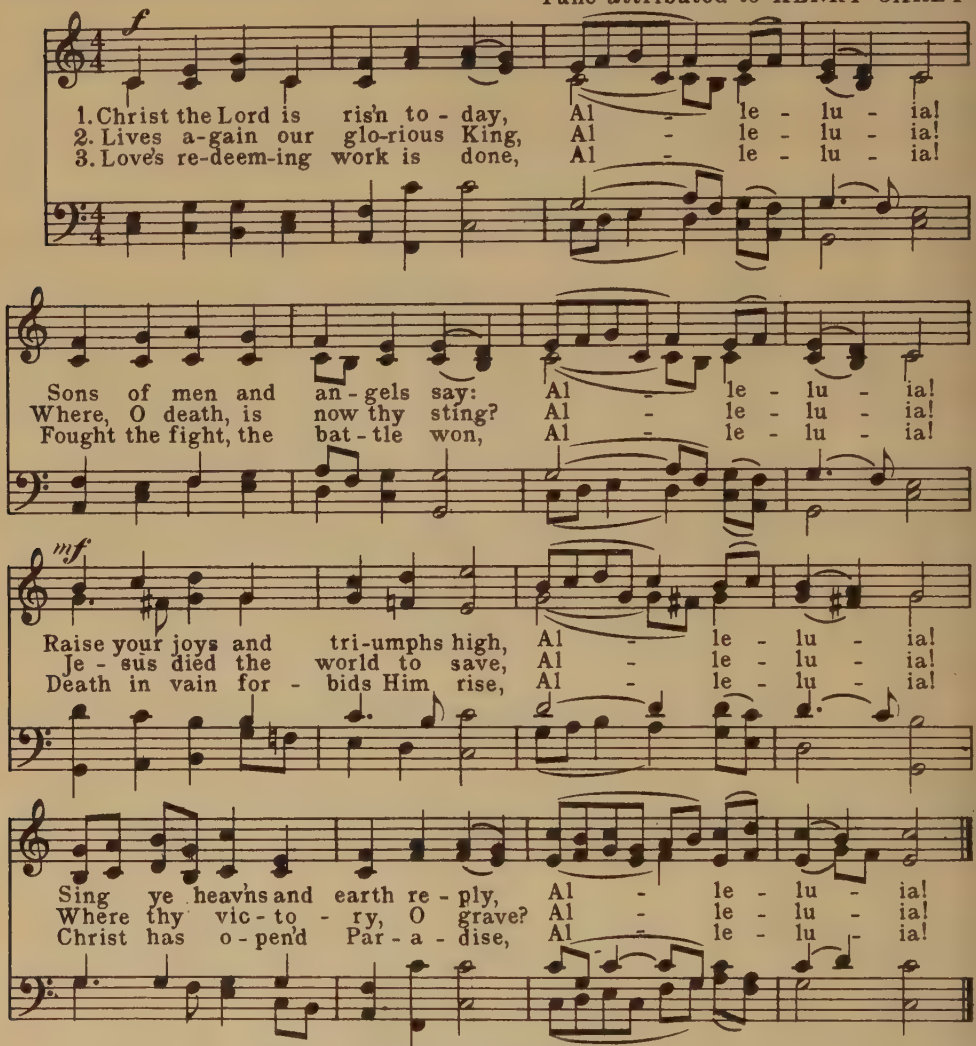
MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS JOSEPH BARNBY


1. We plow the fields and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But
2. He on-ly is the Mak-er Of all things near and far, He
3. We thank Thee then, O Fa-ther For all things bright and good, The
it is fed and wa-tered By God's al-might-y hand; He
paints the way-side flow-er, He lights the eve-ning star; The
seed-time and the har-vest Our life, our health, our food, Ac-
sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The
winds and waves o-bey Him, By Him the birds are fed, Much
cept the gifts we of-fer, For all Thy love im-parts, And
breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain.
more to us, His chil-dren, He gives our dai-ly bread.
what Thou most de-sir-est, Our hum-ble thank-ful hearts.

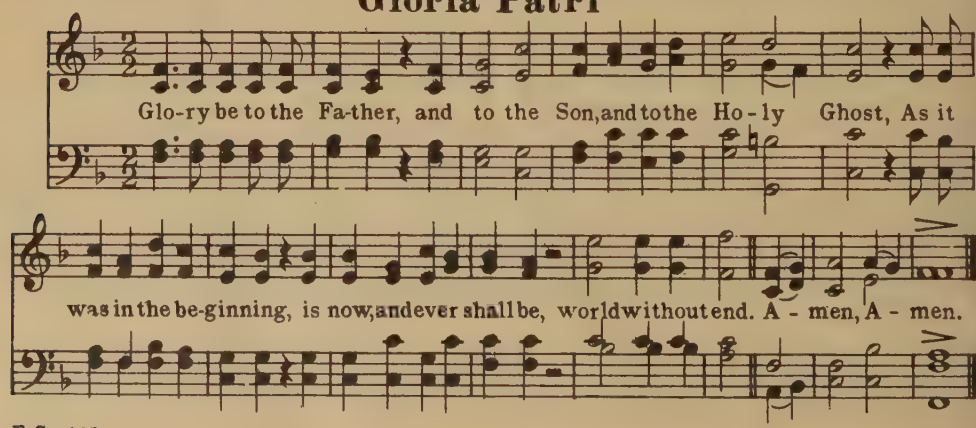
Christ the Lord has Risen To-day

CHARLES WESLEY (1739)

From LYRA DAVIDICA
Tune attributed to HENRY CAREY

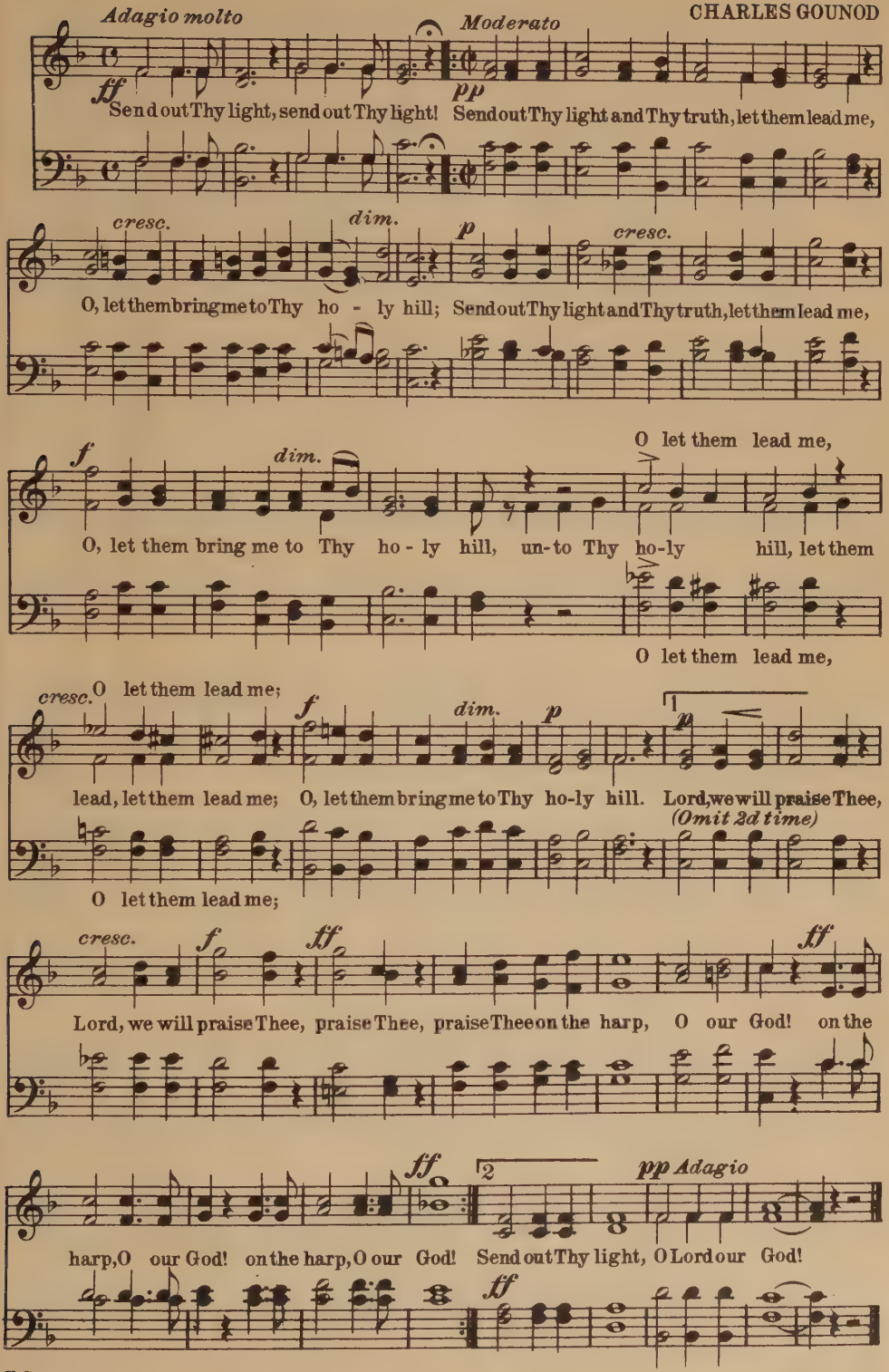

f
1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King, Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won, Al - le - lu - ia!
mf
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Je - sus died the world to save, Al - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
Sing ye heav'ns and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pen'd Par - a - dise, Al - le - lu - ia!

Gloria Patri


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it
was in the be-ginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

Send Out Thy Light

CHARLES GOUNOD

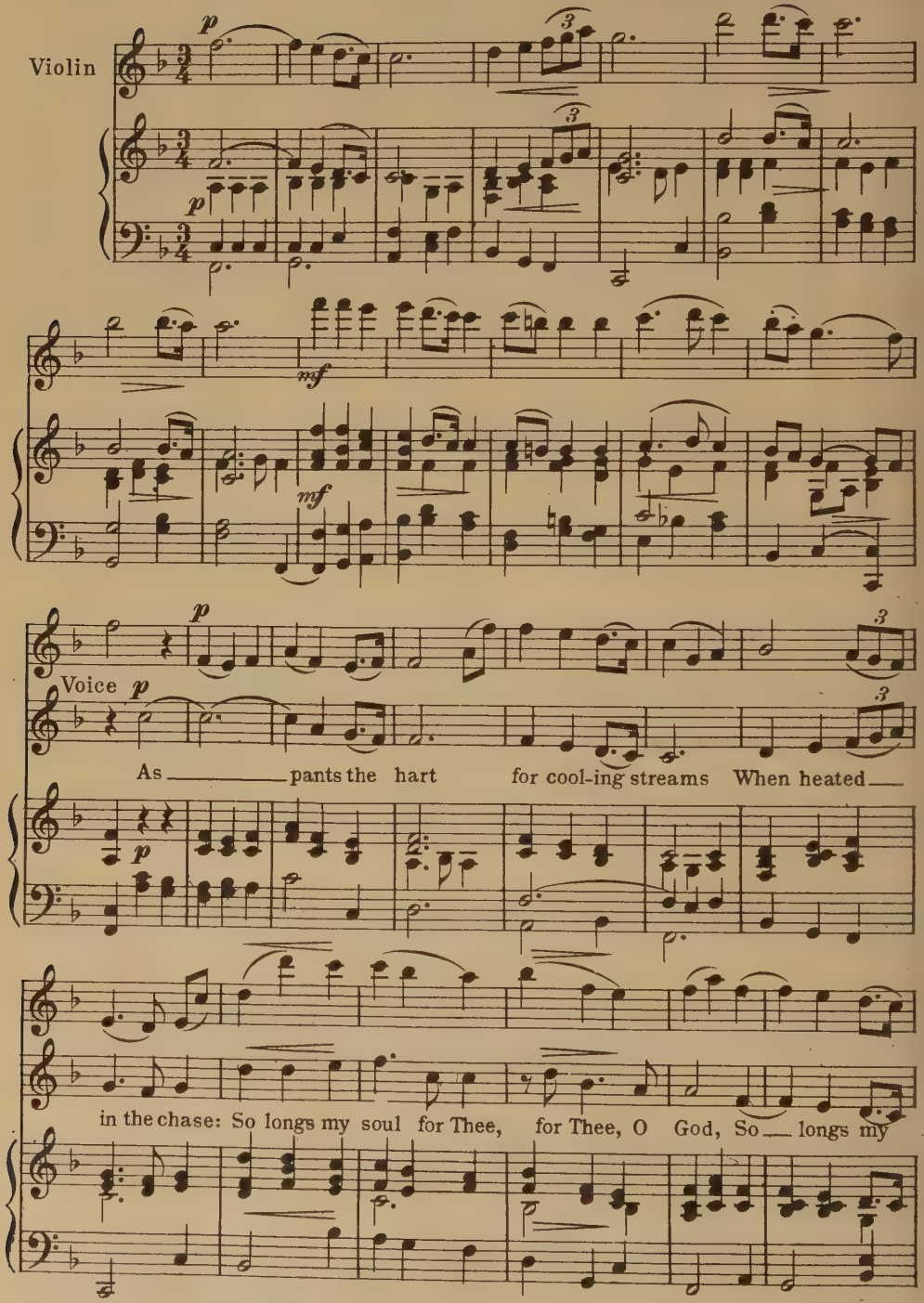

Adagio molto
Moderato
ff
pp
Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,
cresc.
dim.
p
cresc.
O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,
f
dim.
O let them lead me,
O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un-to Thy ho-ly hill, let them
O let them lead me,
cresc.
O let them lead me;
f
dim.
p
p
lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho-ly hill. Lord, we will praise Thee,
(Omit 2d time)
O let them lead me;
cresc.
f
ff
ff
Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the
ff
2
pp Adagio
harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!
ff

As Pants The Hart

Adapted to Händel's Largo

With Violin Obbligato

PRESTON WARE OREM


Violin
Voice
As ____ pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heated ____
in the chase: So longs my soul for Thee, for Thee, O God, So ____ longs my

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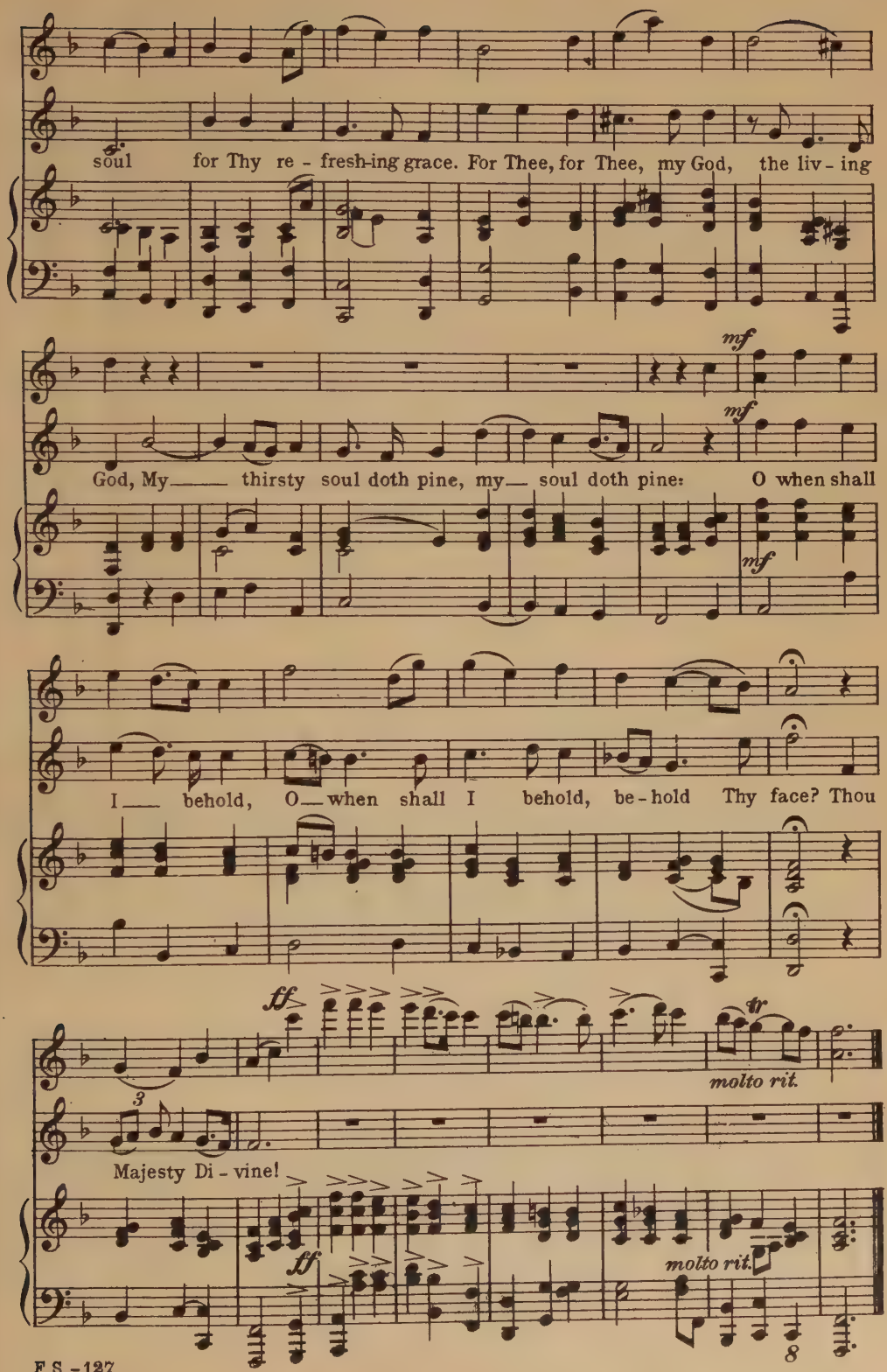
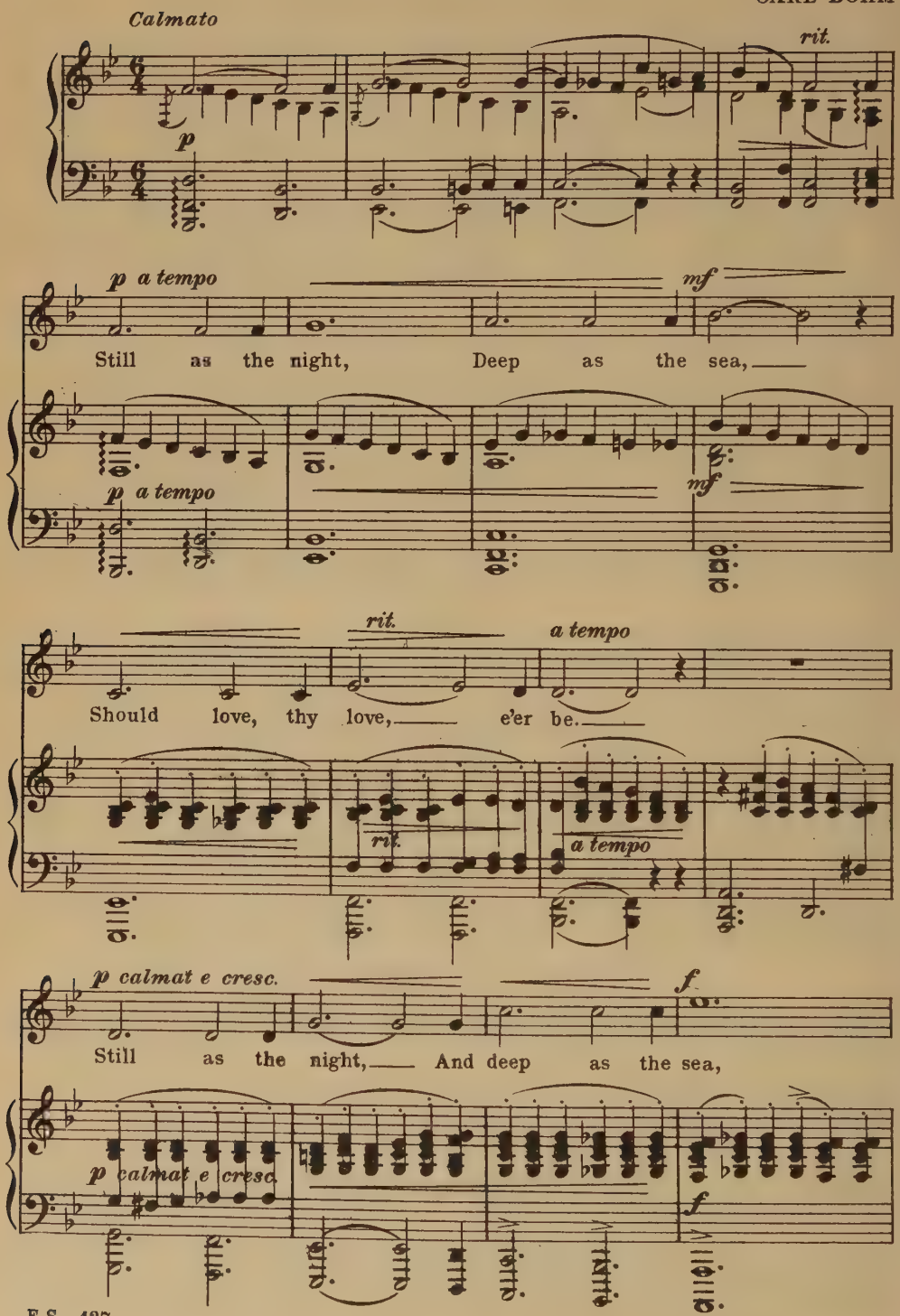
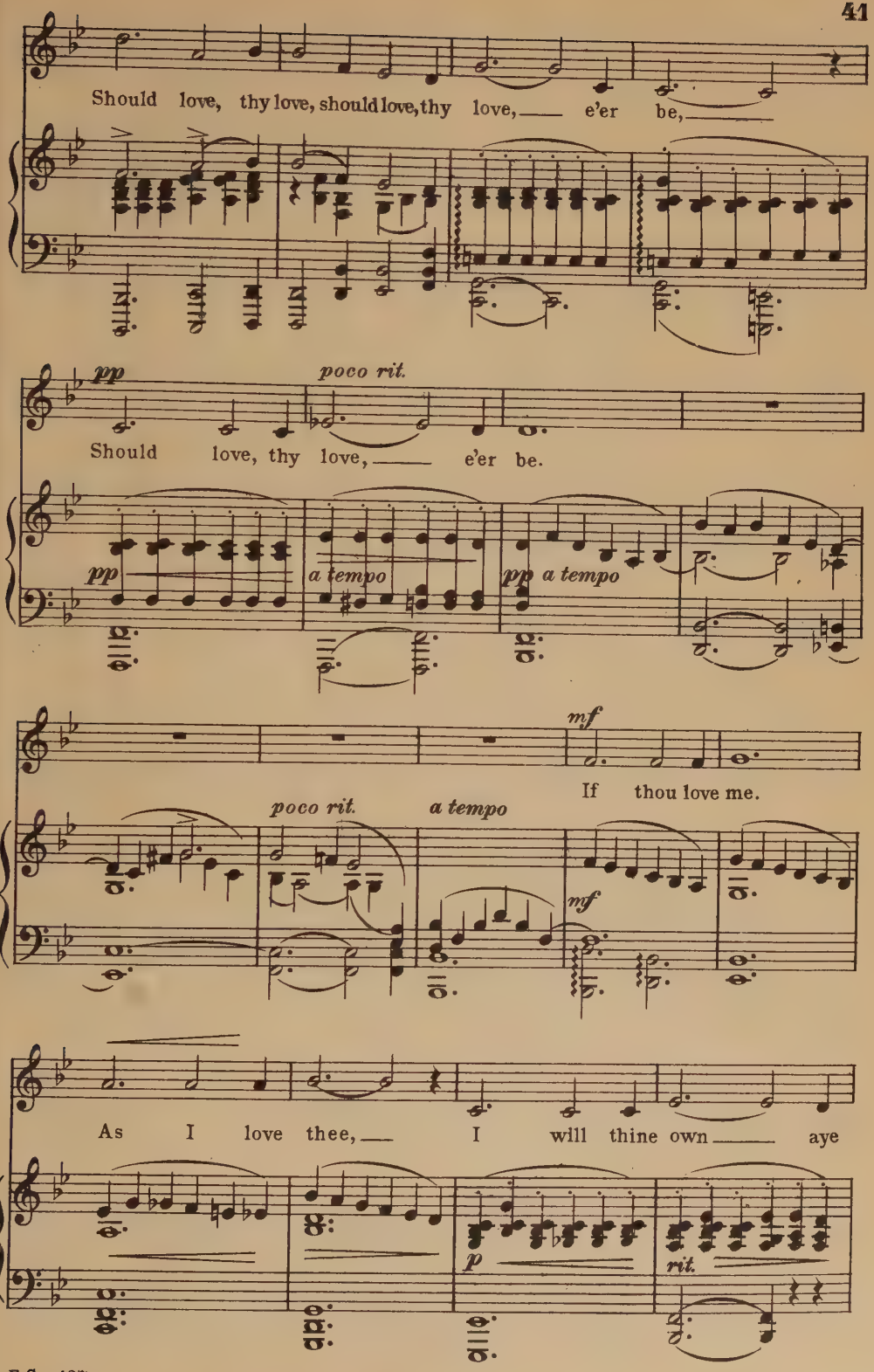
F. S. - 127

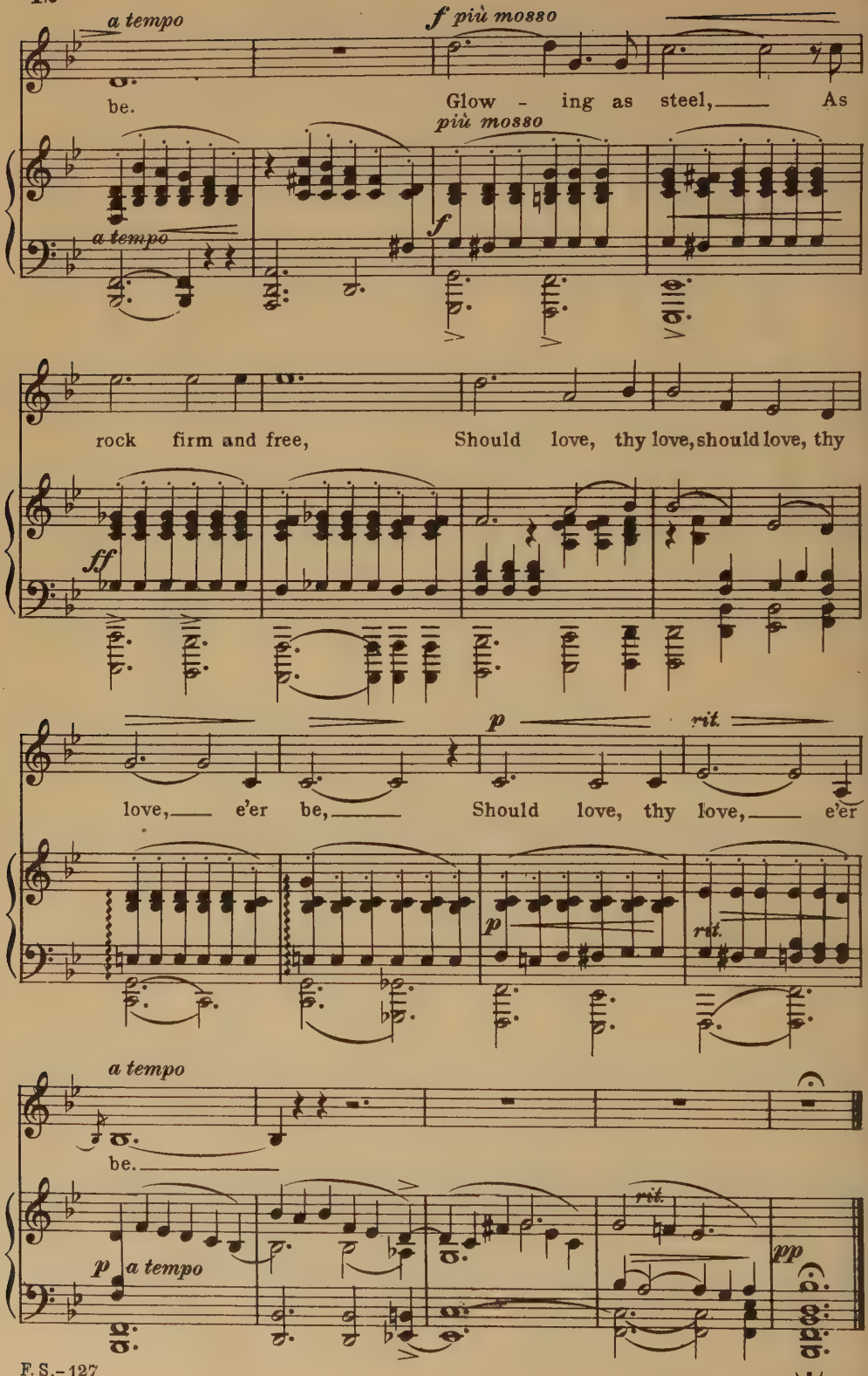

soul for Thy re - fresh-ing grace. For Thee, for Thee, my God, the liv - ing
mf
God, My—— thirsty soul doth pine, my— soul doth pine: O when shall
I— behold, O— when shall I behold, be - hold Thy face? Thou
ff
tr
molto rit.
Majesty Di - vine!
ff
molto rit.

Still As The Night

CARL BOHM



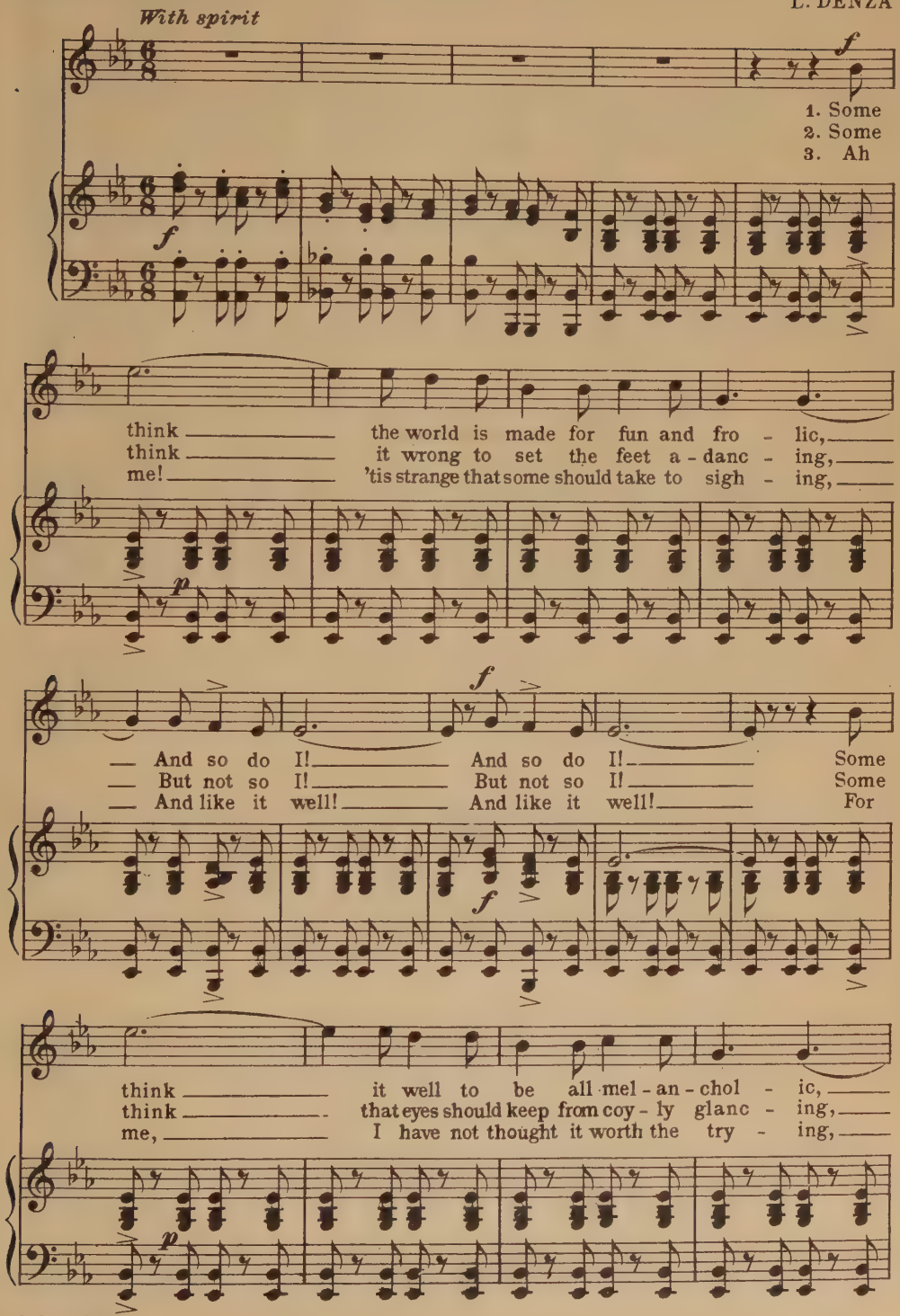

Should love, thy love, should love, thy love, e'er be,
pp
poco rit.
Should love, thy love, e'er be.
pp
a tempo
pp a tempo
mf
If thou love me.
poco rit.
a tempo
mf
As I love thee, I will thine own aye
p
rit.

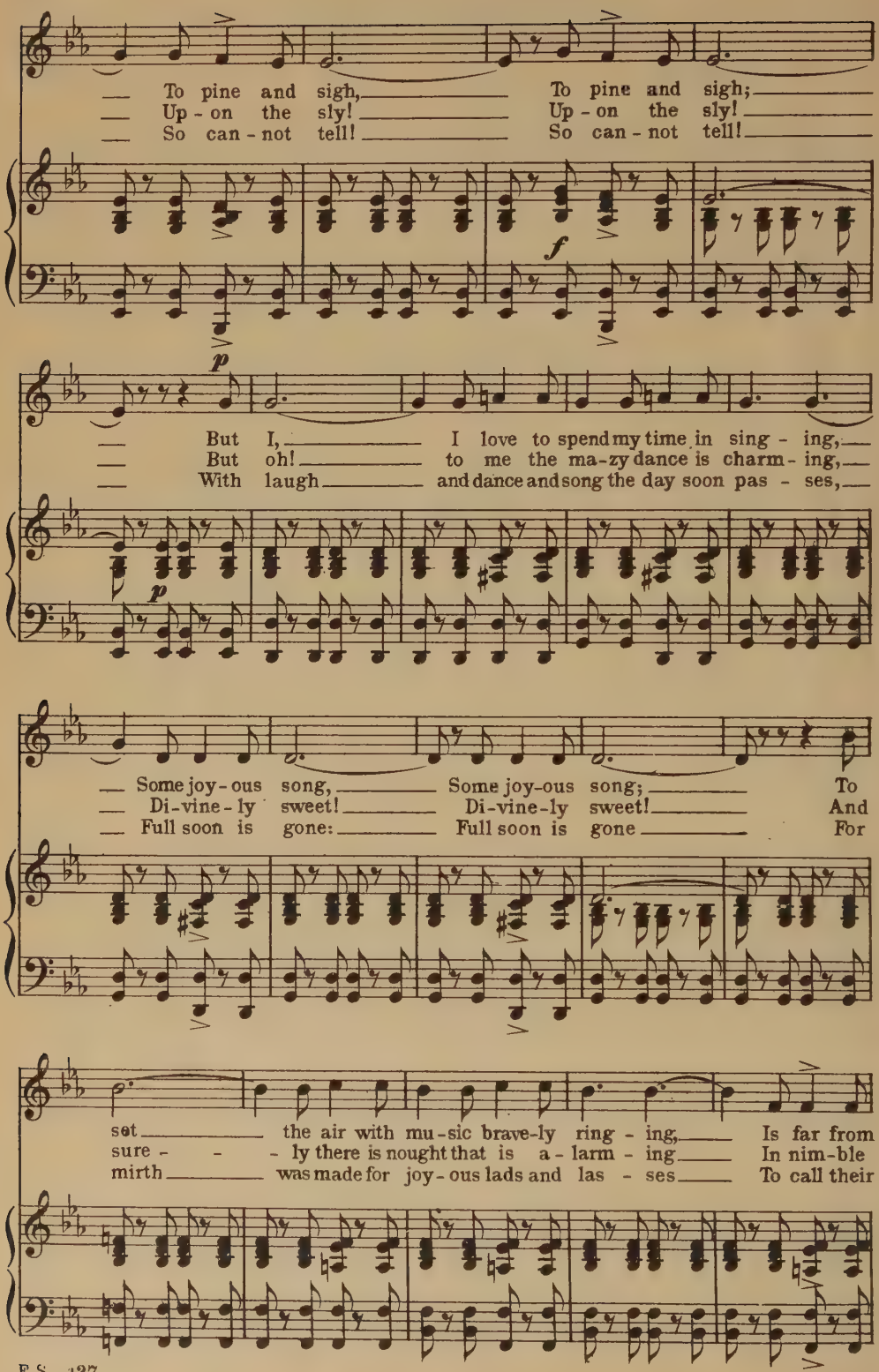

a tempo
f più mosso
be.
Glow - ing as steel, As
più mosso
f
a tempo
rock firm and free, Should love, thy love, should love, thy
ff
p
rit.
love, e'er be, Should love, thy love, e'er
p
rit.
a tempo
be.
p
a tempo
rit.
pp

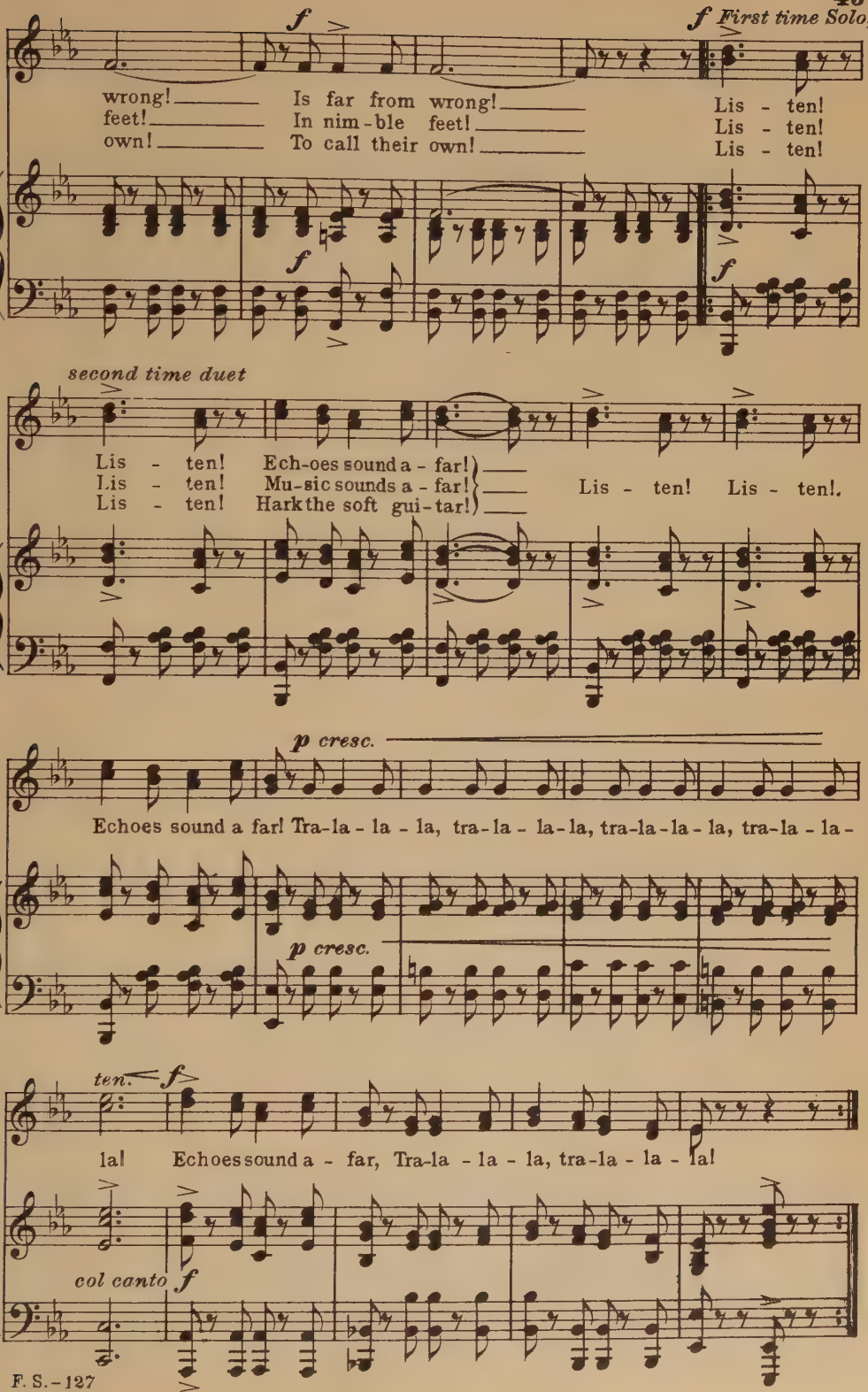
A Merry Heart

Funiculi-Funicula

EDWARD OXENFORD

L. DENZA

With spirit
f
1. Some
2. Some
3. Ah
think the world is made for fun and fro - lic,
think it wrong to set the feet a - danc - ing,
me! 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing,
p
And so do I! And so do I! Some
But not so I! But not so I! Some
And like it well! And like it well! For
think it well to be all mel - an - chol - ic,
think that eyes should keep from coy - ly glanc - ing,
me, I have not thought it worth the try - ing,


To pine and sigh, To pine and sigh;
Up - on the sly! Up - on the sly!
So can - not tell! So can - not tell!
f
p
But I, I love to spend my time in sing - ing,
But oh! to me the ma-zy dance is charm - ing,
With laugh and dance and song the day soon pas - ses,
p
Some joy - ous song, Some joy-ous song; To
Di-vine - ly sweet! Di-vine-ly sweet! And
Full soon is gone: Full soon is gone For
set the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing, Is far from
sure - - - ly there is nought that is a - larm - ing In nim-ble
mirth was made for joy - ous lads and las - ses To call their

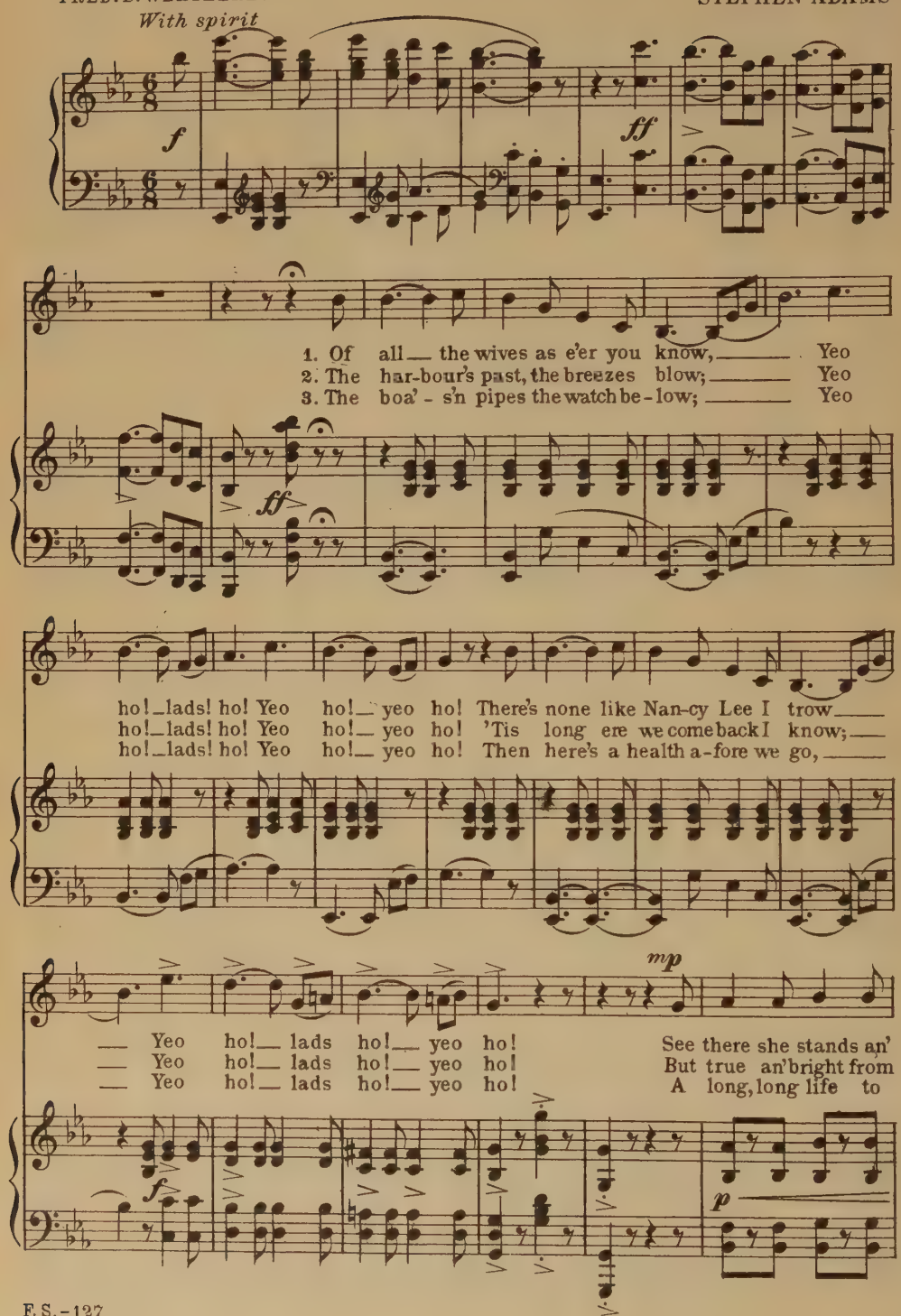

f
f First time Solo,
wrong! Is far from wrong! Lis - ten!
feet! In nim - ble feet! Lis - ten!
own! To call their own! Lis - ten!
f
f
second time duet
Lis - ten! Ech-oes sound a - far!
Lis - ten! Mu-sic sounds a - far!
Lis - ten! Hark the soft gui-tar!
Lis - ten! Lis - ten!.
p cresc.
Echoes sound a far! Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la-la, tra-la-la - la, tra-la - la -
p cresc.
ten.
f
la! Echoes sound a - far, Tra-la - la - la, tra-la - la - la!
col canto
f

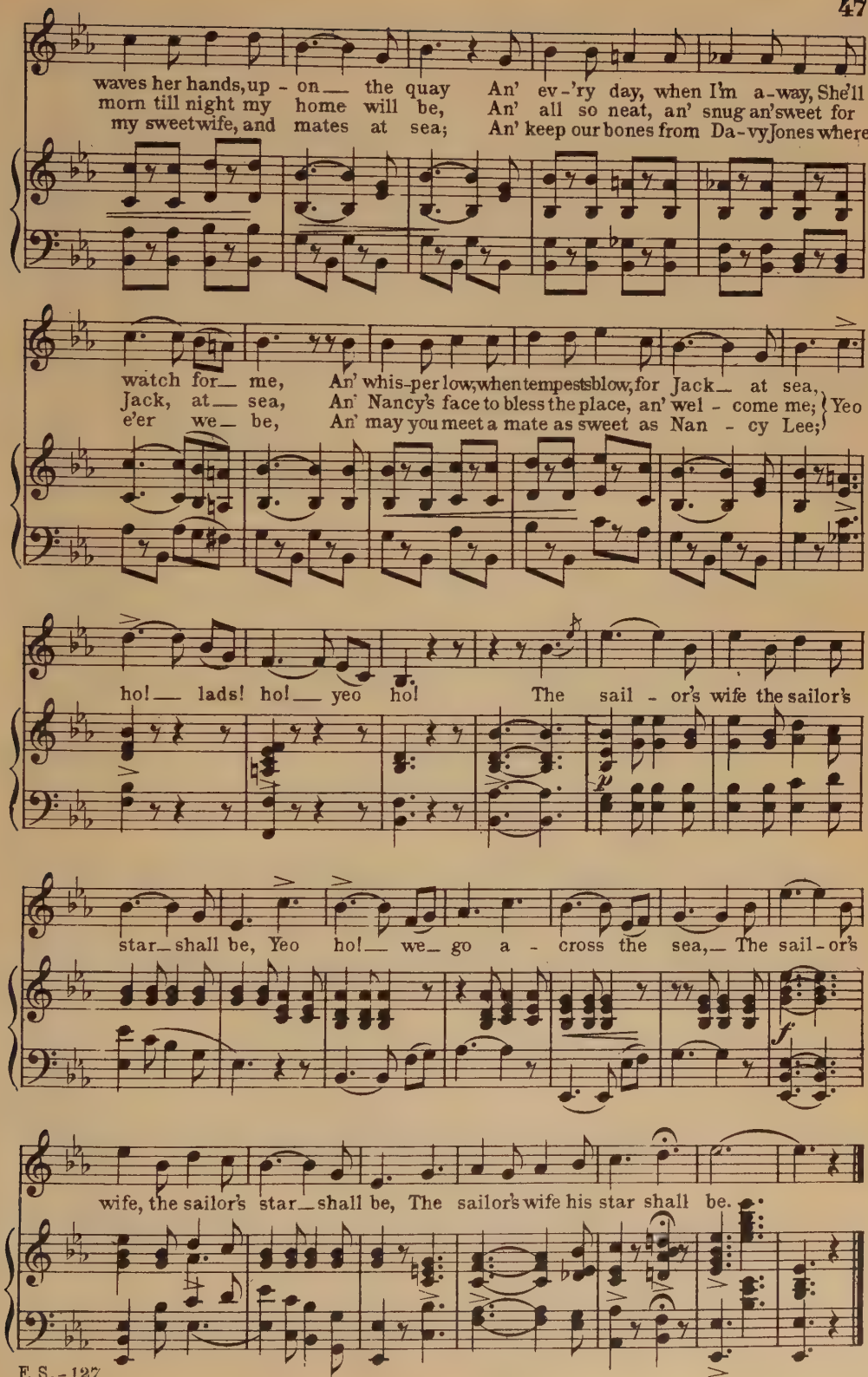
Nancy Lee

FRED. E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMS

With spirit


f
ff
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, Yeo
2. The har-bour's past, the breezes blow; Yeo
3. The boa' - s'n pipes the watch be-low; Yeo
ff
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee I trow
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long ere we come back I know;
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health a-fore we go,
mp
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
Yeo ho! lads ho! yeo ho!
See there she stands an'
But true an' bright from
A long, long life to
f
p

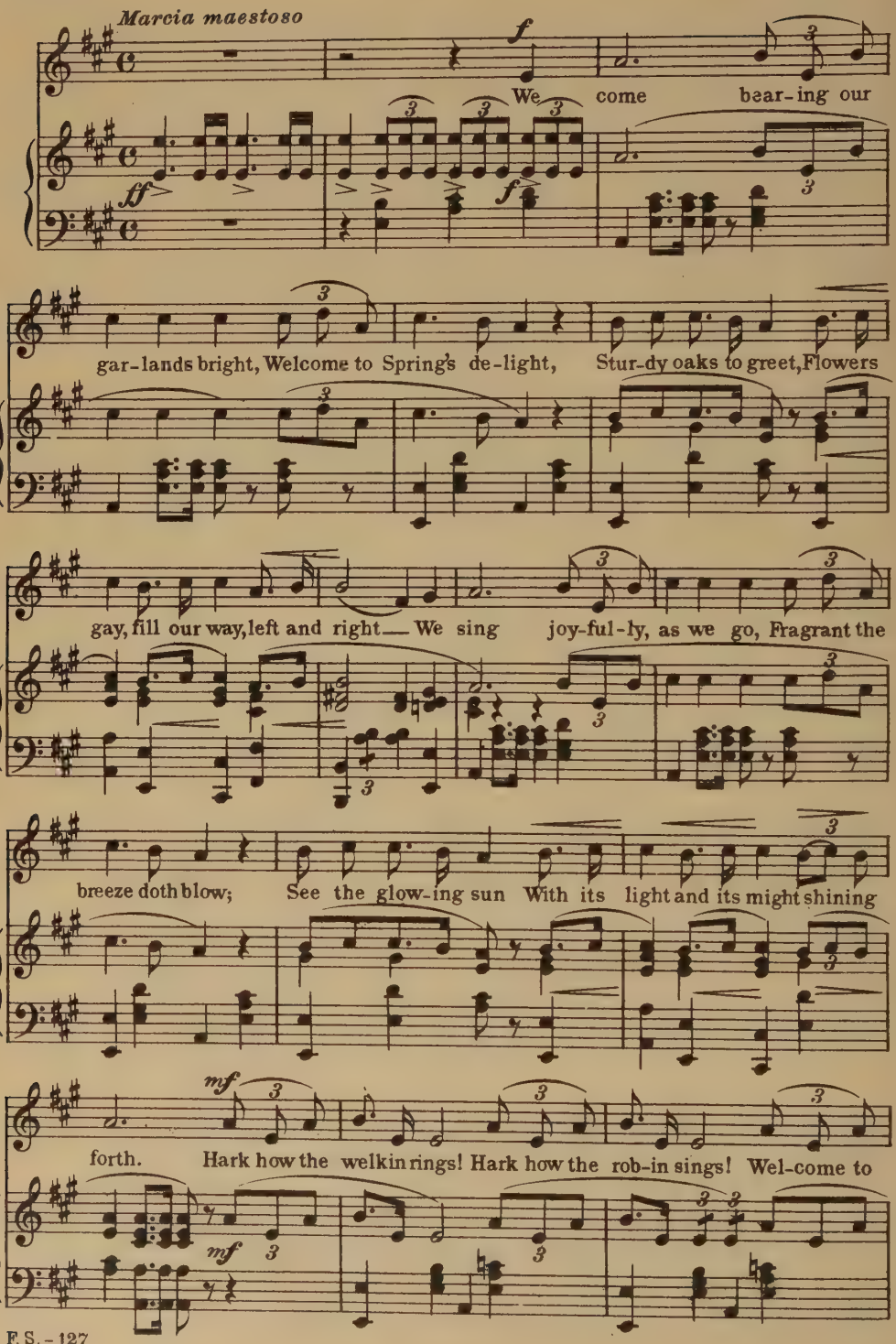

waves her hands, up - on the quay An' ev-'ry day, when I'm a-way, She'll
morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat, an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife, and mates at sea; An' keep our bones from Da-vy Jones where-
watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Jack, at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee;
ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sail - or's wife the sailor's
star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the sea, The sail - or's
wife, the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be.

Paen To Spring

from "Aïda"

G. A. BROWN

G. VERDI


Marcia maestoso
f
We come bear-ing our
ff
f
gar-lands bright, Welcome to Spring's de-light, Stur-dy oaks to greet, Flowers
gay, fill our way, left and right — We sing joy-ful-ly, as we go, Fragrant the
breeze doth blow; See the glow-ing sun With its light and its might shining
mf
forth. Hark how the welkin rings! Hark how the rob-in sings! Wel-come to
mf

merry Spring! Rejoice,— rejoice! We come bearing our garlands bright, Welcome to

Spring's de-light, Sturdy oaks to greet, Flowers gay, fill our way, on this day.

Slumber Song

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Marcato

1. Rest thou, rest thou, Moth-er's dar-ling treasure, Rest thou, rest thou,
2. Sleep thou, sleep thou, Cra-dle songs I'll sing thee, Sleep thou, sleep thou,
3. Dream thou, dream thou, Moonbeams fall in showers, Dream thou, dream thou,

Held on mother's arm; God will give thee love no words can measure;
Go to slumber-land. White-winged an-gels sweet-est dreams will bring thee;
Dreams from heav-en start. Night's blue gar-den glows with star-ry flow-ers;

poco rit. e dim.

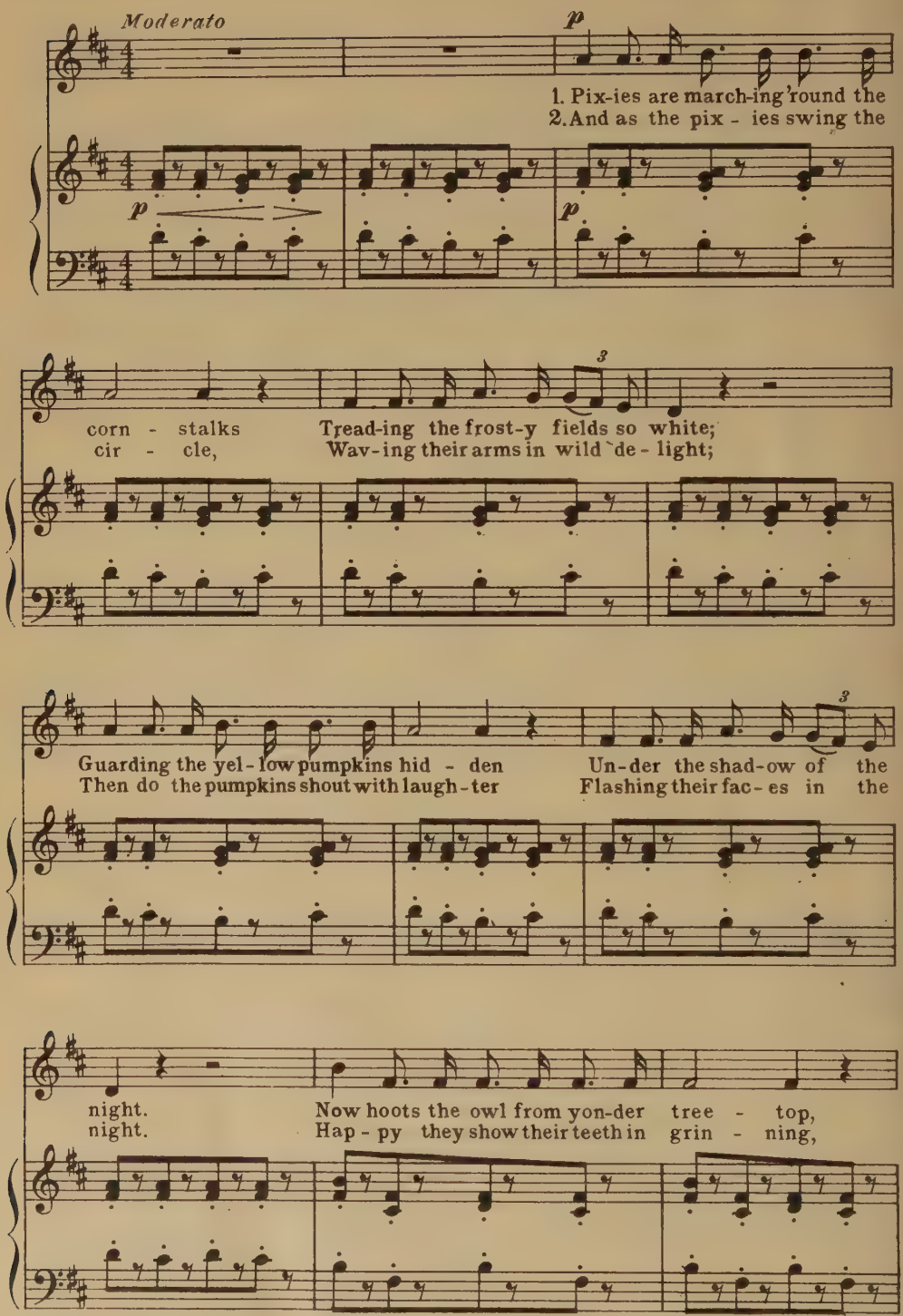
Rest thou, rest thou, Safe from ev-'ry harm.
Sleep thou, sleep thou, Rock'd by mother's hand.
Dream thou, dream thou, Joy of mother's heart!

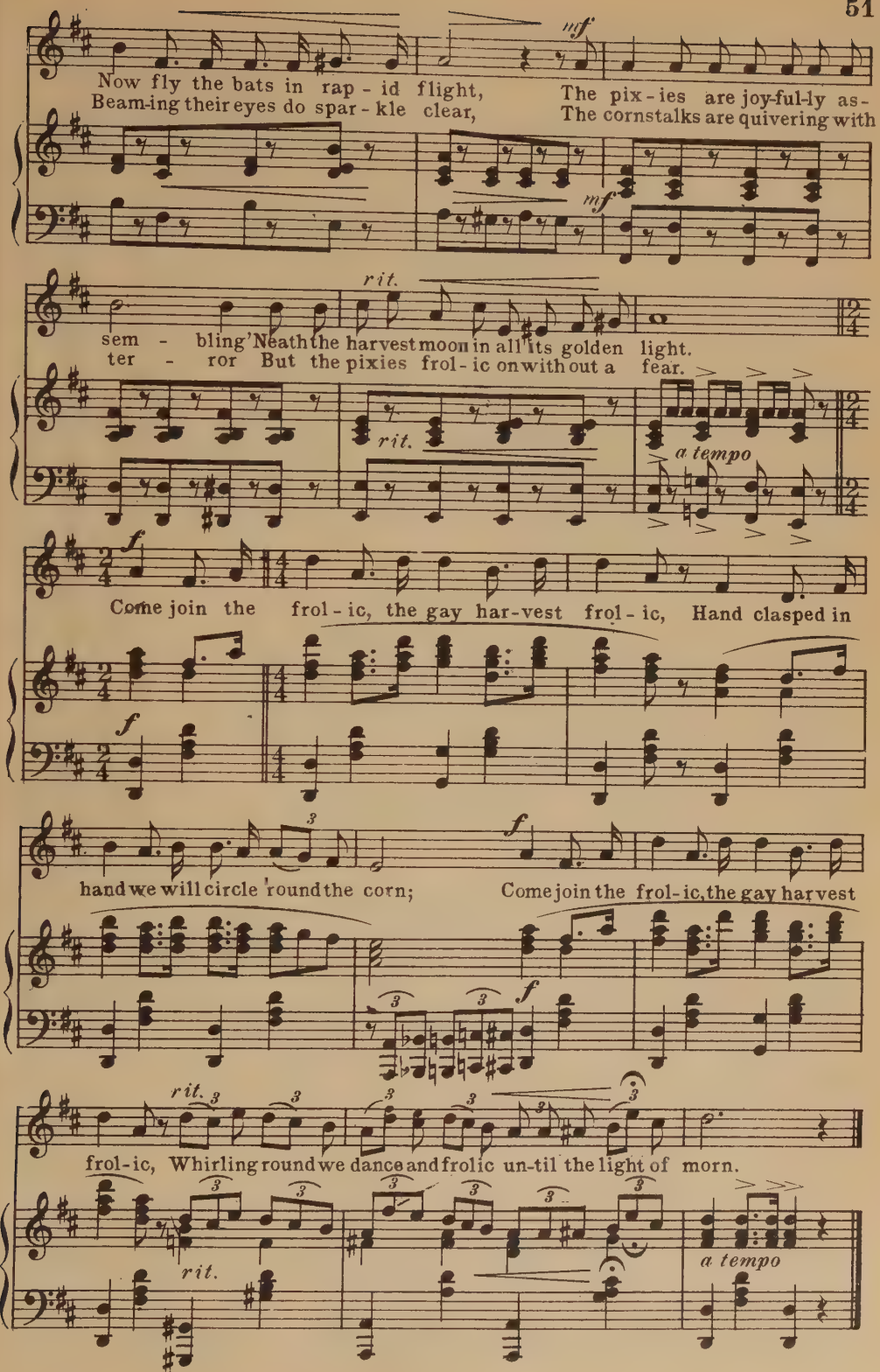
a tempo *rit.*

poco rit. e dim.

The Pixies' Carnival

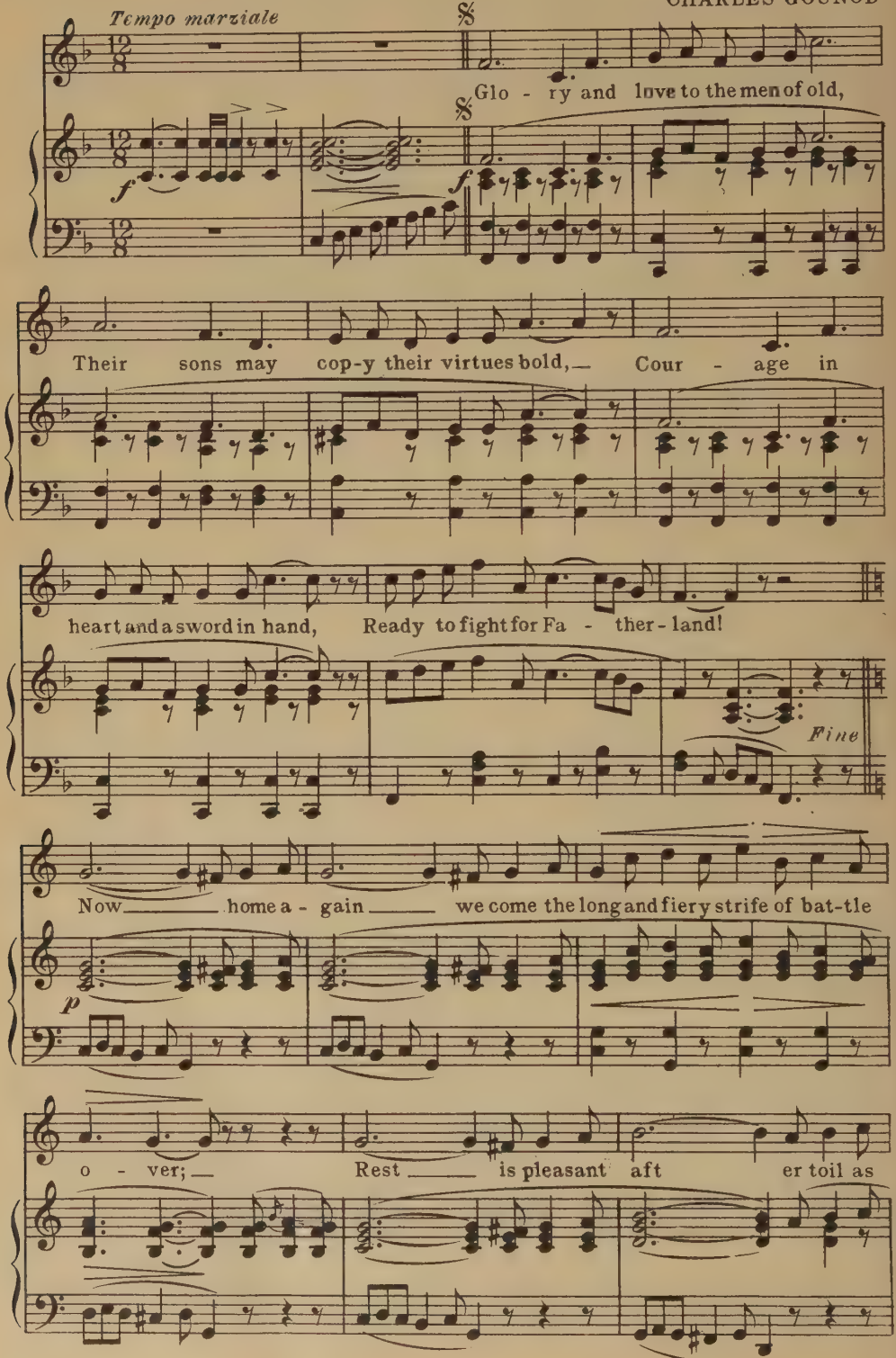
G.A.BROWN — JACQUES OFFENBACH

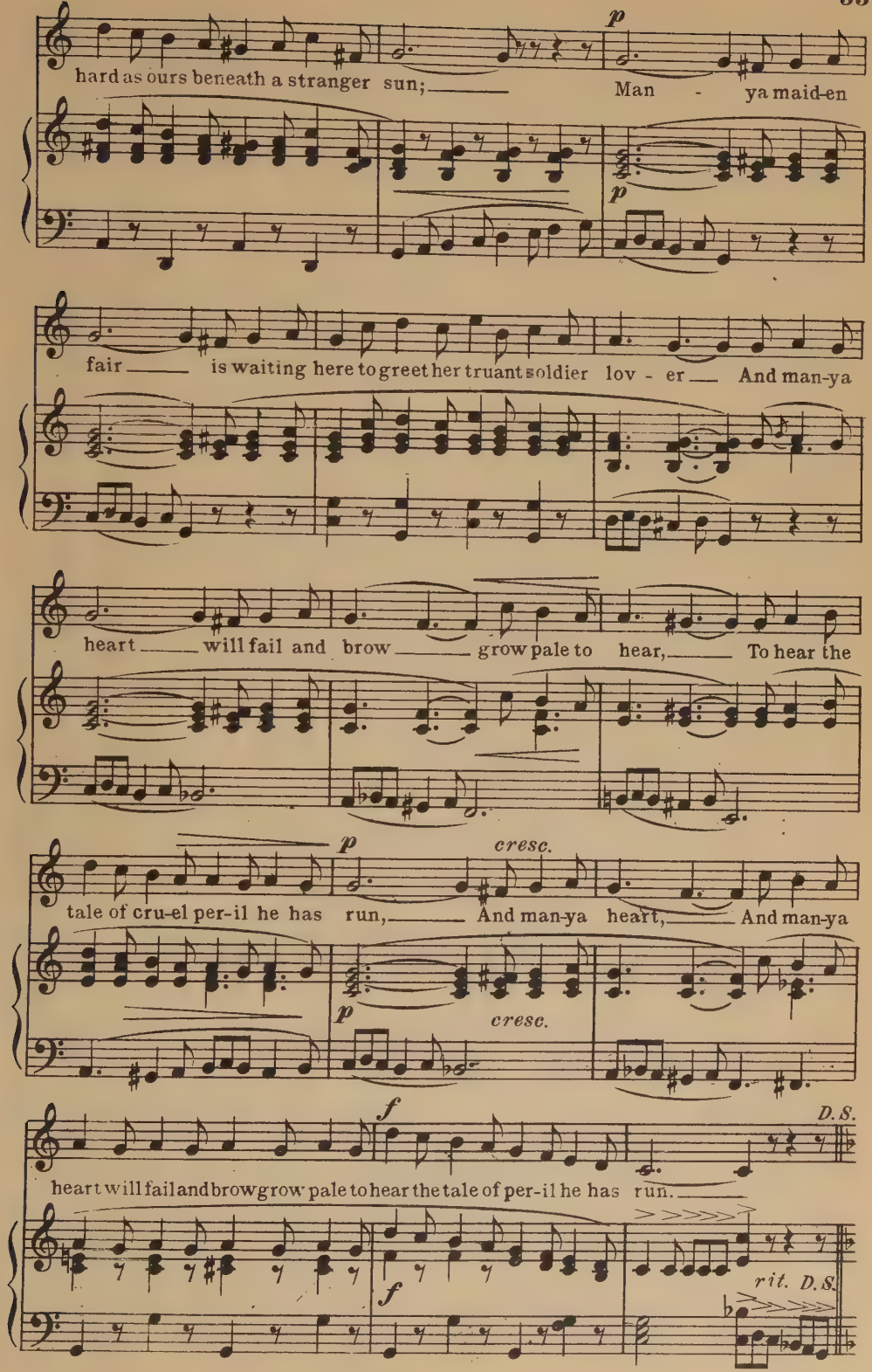

Moderato
p
1. Pix-ies are march-ing 'round the
2. And as the pix - ies swing the
p
p
3
corn - stalks
cir - cle,
Tread-ing the frost-y fields so white;
Wav-ing their arms in wild de - light;
3
Guarding the yel-low pumpkins hid - den
Then do the pumpkins shout with laugh-ter
Un-der the shad-ow of the
Flashing their fac-es in the
night.
night.
Now hoots the owl from yon-der tree - top,
Hap-py they show their teeth in grin - ning,


mf
Now fly the bats in rap - id flight, The pix - ies are joy-ful-ly as-
Beam-ing their eyes do spar - kle clear, The cornstalks are quivering with
mf
rit.
sem - bling 'Neath the harvest moon in all its golden light.
ter - ror But the pixies frol - ic on with out a fear.
rit.
a tempo
f
Come join the frol - ic, the gay har-vest frol - ic, Hand clasped in
f
hand we will circle 'round the corn; Come join the frol - ic, the gay harvest
f
rit.
frol - ic, Whirling round we dance and frolic un-til the light of morn.
rit.
a tempo

Soldiers' Chorus from Faust

CHARLES GOUNOD

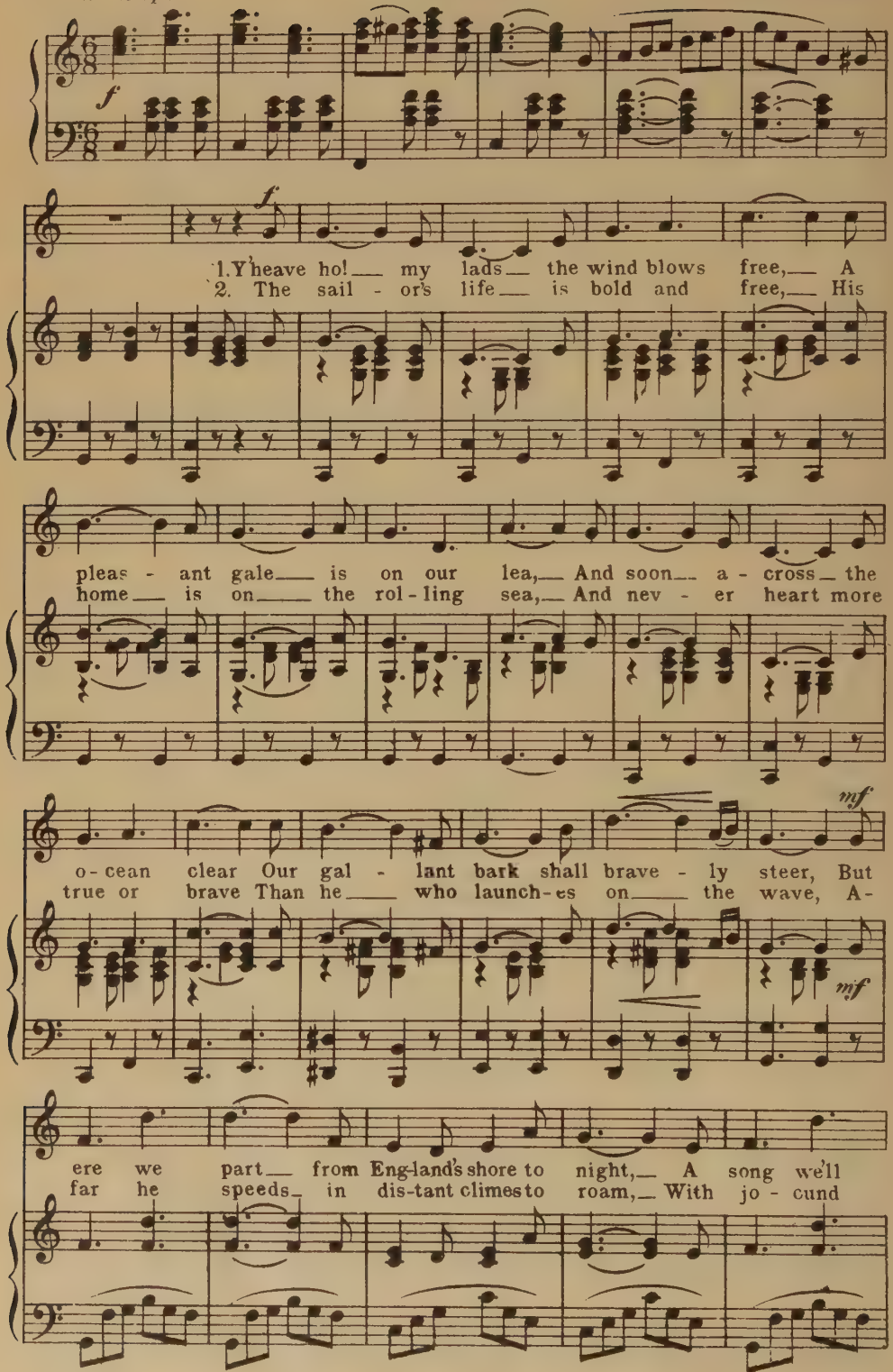

Tempo marziale
Glo - ry and love to the men of old,
Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold, Cour - age in
heart and a sword in hand, Ready to fight for Fa - ther-land!
Fine
Now home a - gain we come the long and fiery strife of bat-tle
o - ver; Rest is pleasant aft er toil as

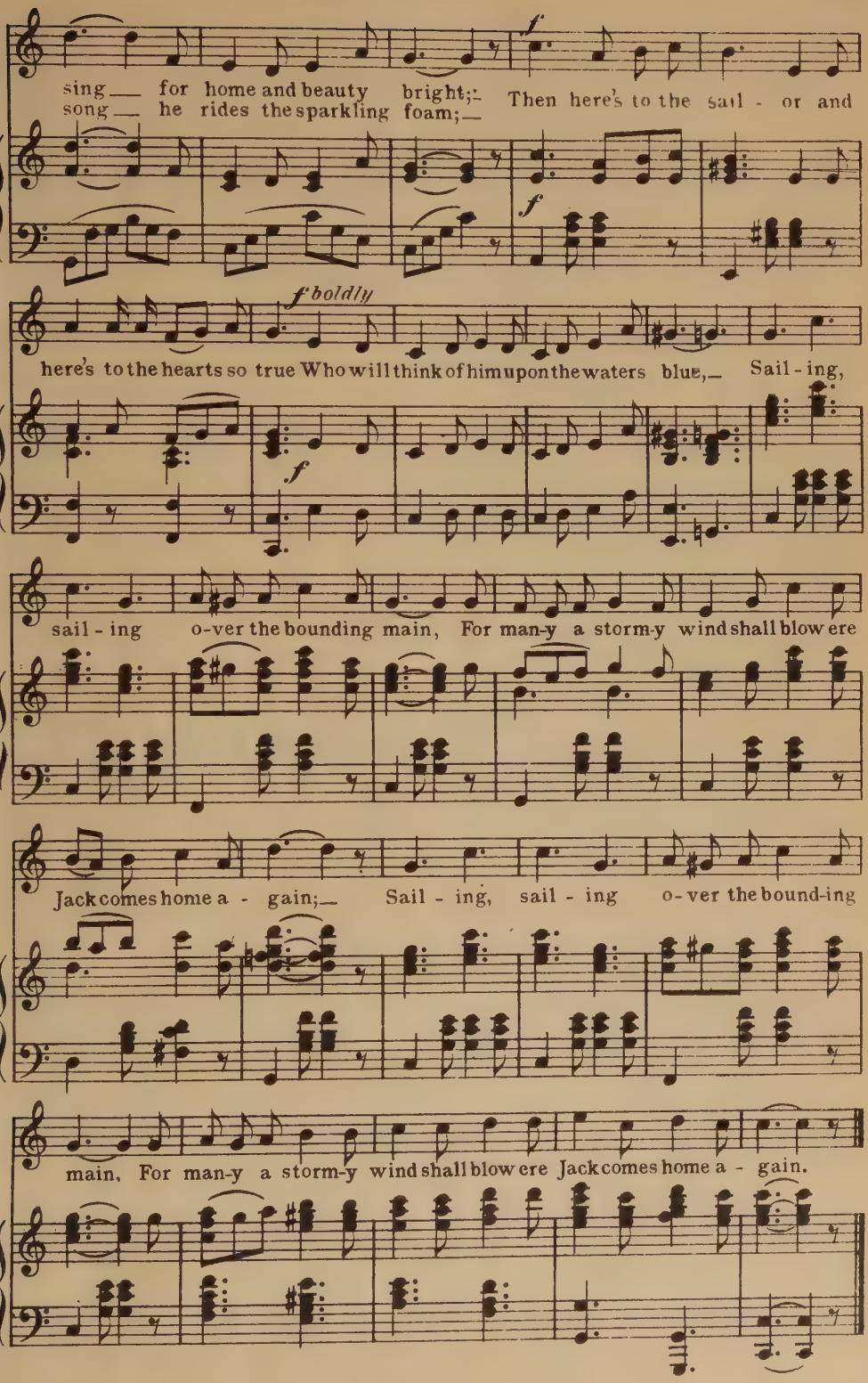

p
hard as ours beneath a stranger sun; Man - ya maid-en
p
fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier lov - er And man-ya
heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear, To hear the
p cresc.
tale of cru-el per-il he has run, And man-ya heart, And man-ya
p cresc.
f D.S.
heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per-il he has run.
f
rit. D.S.

Sailing

With spirit

GODFREY MARKS

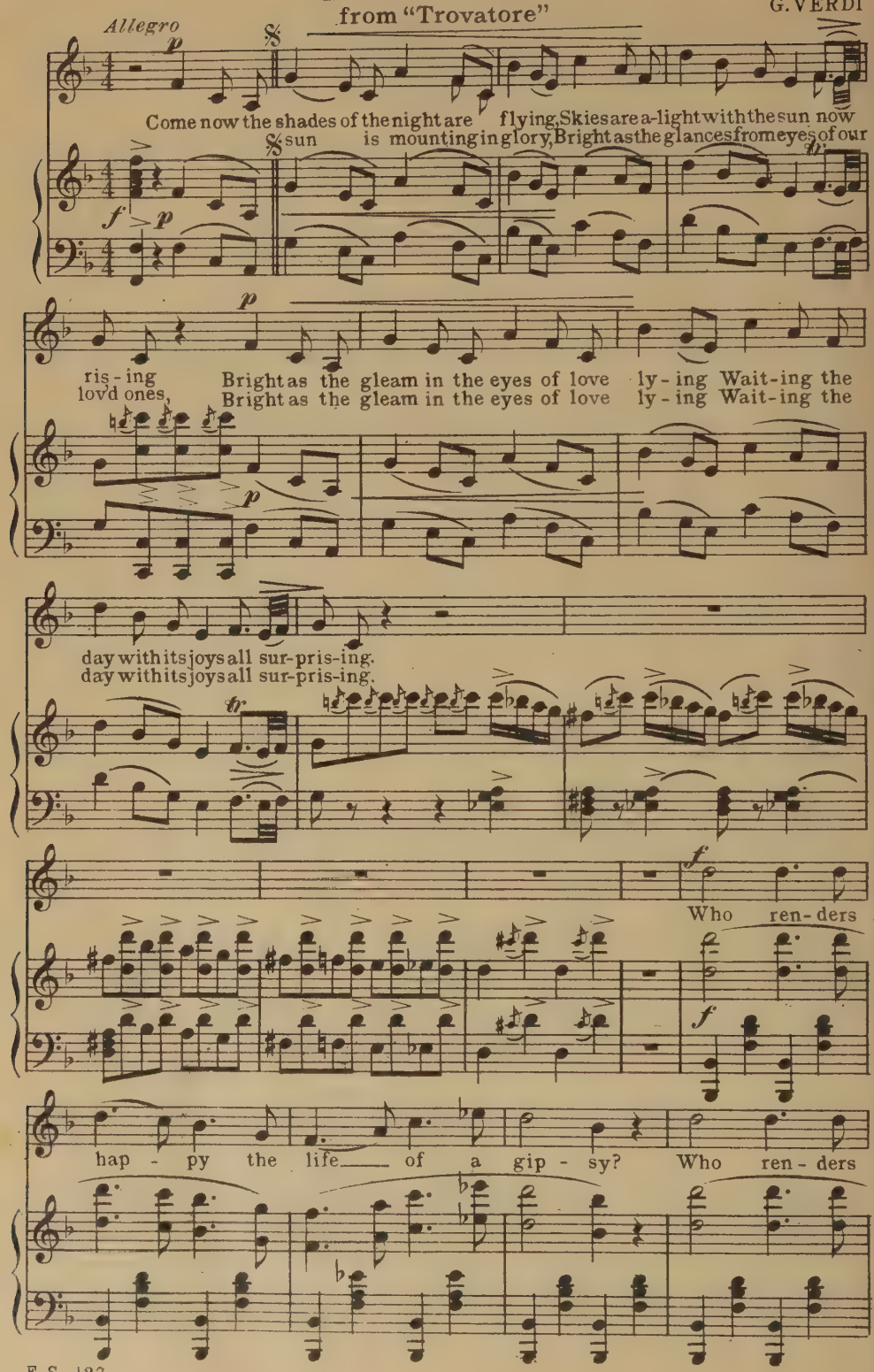

f
1. Y'heave ho! my lads the wind blows free, A
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His
pleas - ant gale is on our lea, And soon a - cross the
home is on the rol - ling sea, And nev - er heart more
mf
o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall brave - ly steer, But
true or brave Than he who launch - es on the wave, A -
mf
ere we part from Eng-land's shore to night, A song we'll
far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam, With jo - cund

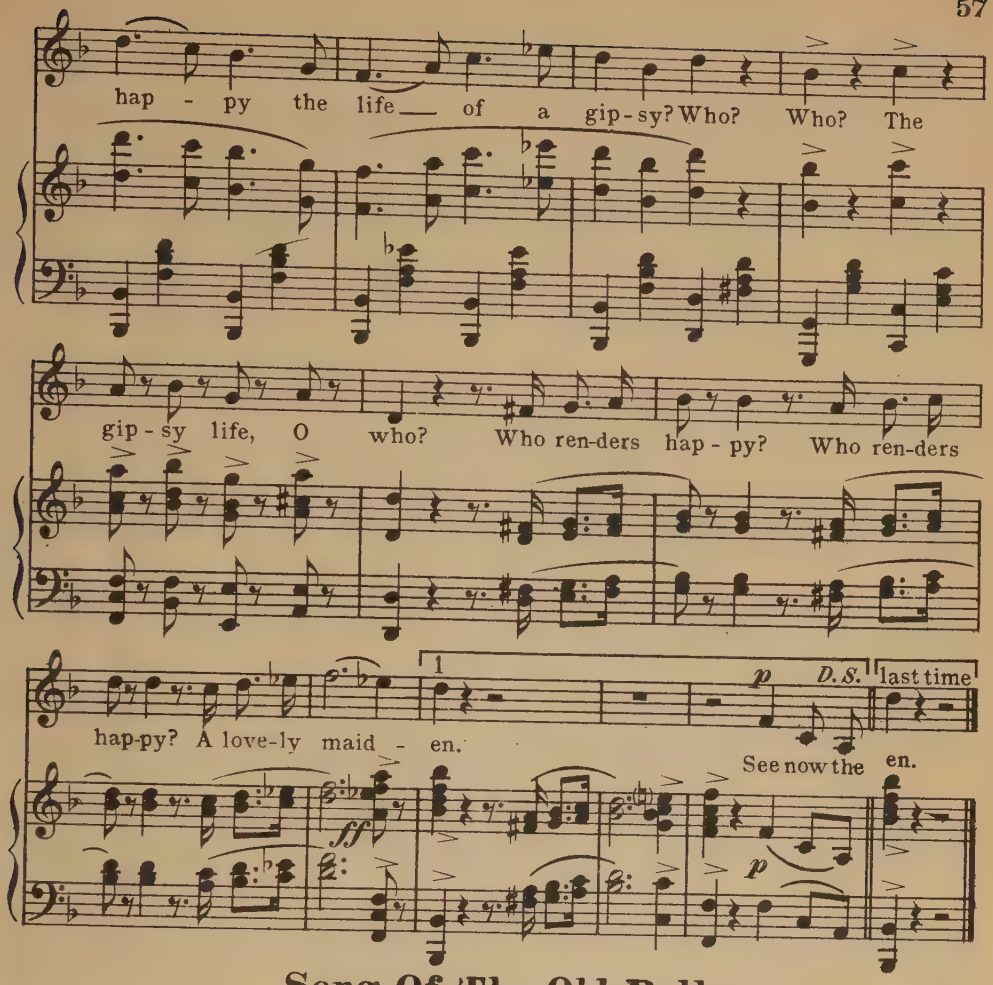

sing — for home and beauty bright;-
song — he rides the sparkling foam;—
Then here's to the sail - or and
f
f
f boldly
here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him upon the waters blue,— Sail - ing,
f
sail - ing o-ver the bounding main, For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere
Jack comes home a - gain;— Sail - ing, sail - ing o-ver the bound-ing
main, For man-y a storm-y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

Anvil Chorus

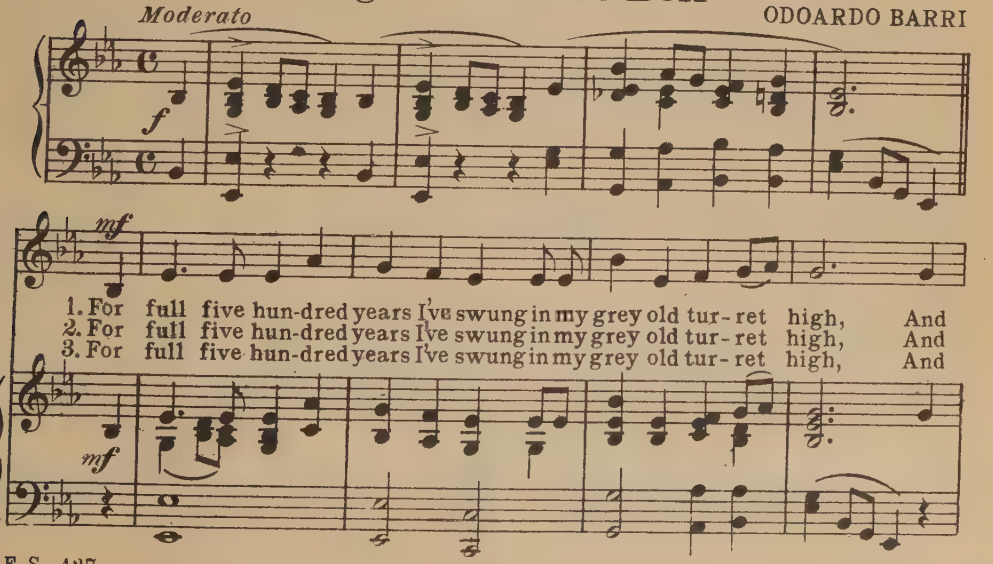
from "Trovatore"

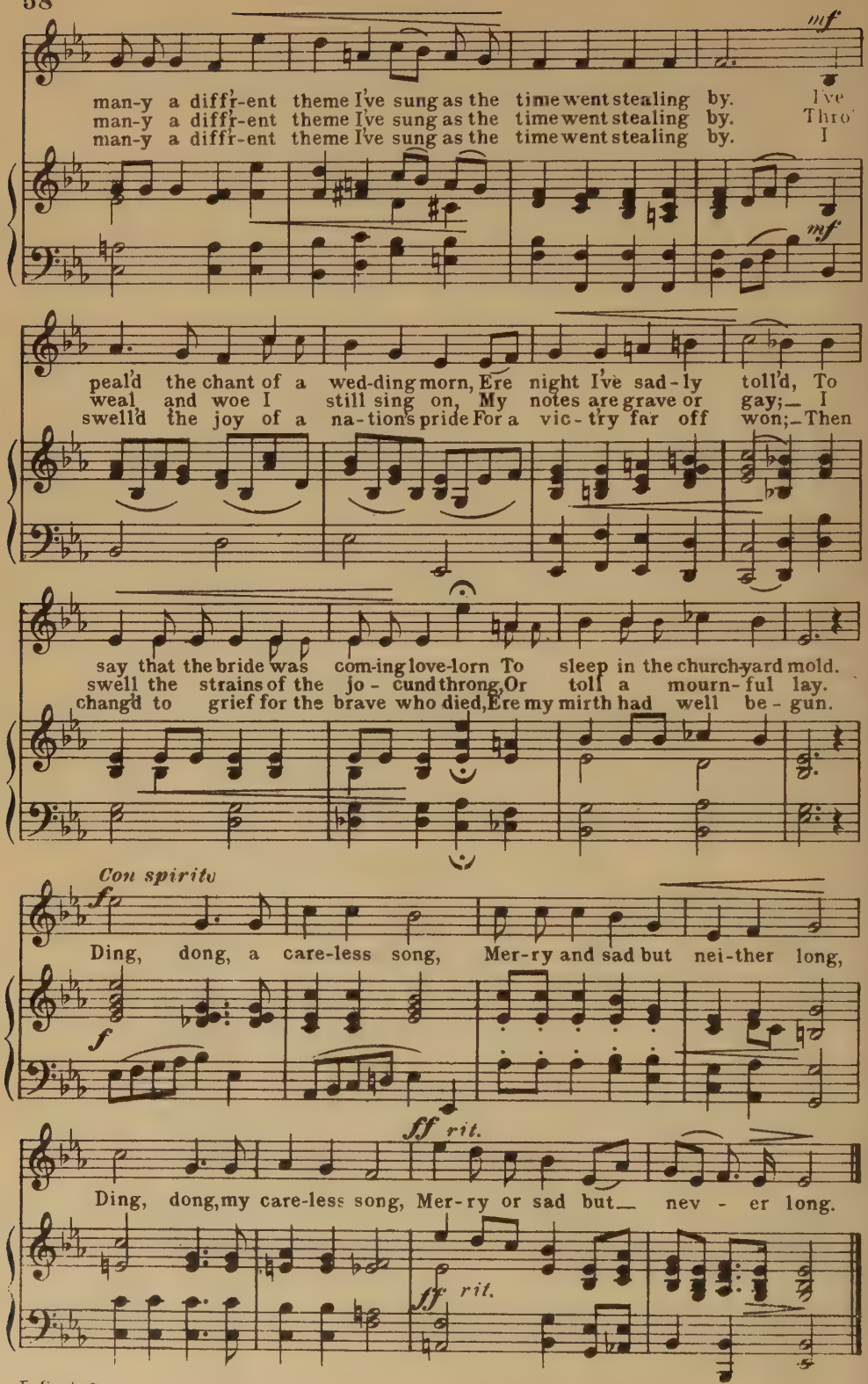
G. VERDI


Allegro
p
Come now the shades of the night are flying, Skies are a-light with the sun now
sun is mounting in glory, Bright as the glances from eyes of our
f
p
ris - ing
lov'd ones,
Bright as the gleam in the eyes of love ly - ing Wait - ing the
Bright as the gleam in the eyes of love ly - ing Wait - ing the
day with its joys all sur-pris-ing.
day with its joys all sur-pris-ing.
f
Who ren - ders
hap - py the life of a gip - sy? Who ren - ders



Song Of The Old Bell

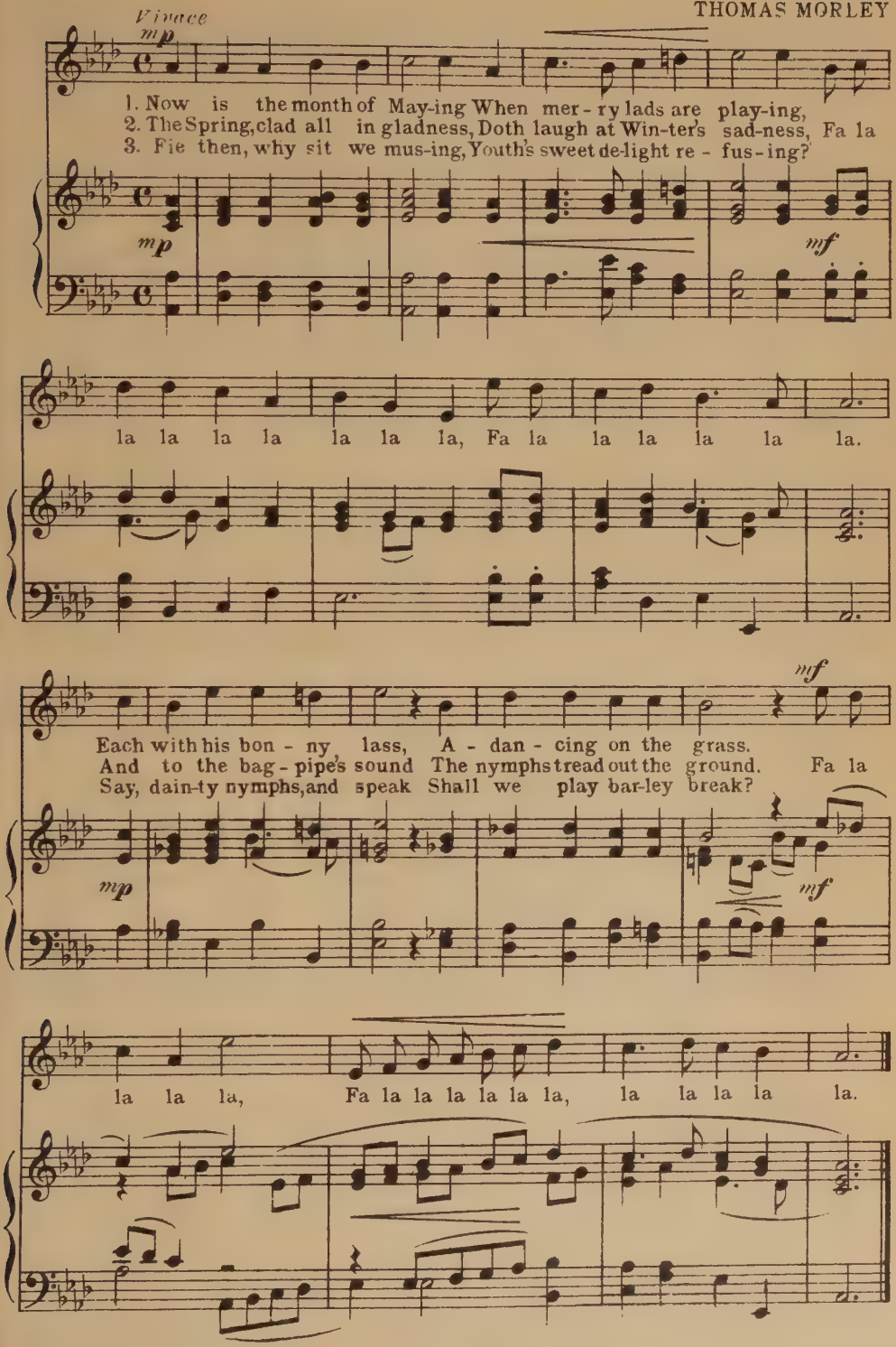

Moderato
ODOARDO BARRI
f
mf
1. For full five hun-dred years I've swung in my grey old tur-ret high, And
2. For full five hun-dred years I've swung in my grey old tur-ret high, And
3. For full five hun-dred years I've swung in my grey old tur-ret high, And
mf


mf
man-y a diffr-ent theme I've sung as the time went stealing by. I've
man-y a diffr-ent theme I've sung as the time went stealing by. Thro'
man-y a diffr-ent theme I've sung as the time went stealing by. I
mf
peal'd the chant of a wed-ding morn, Ere night I've sad-ly toll'd, To
weal and woe I still sing on, My notes are grave or gay; I
swell'd the joy of a na-tion's pride For a vic-t'ry far off won; Then
say that the bride was com-ing love-lorn To sleep in the church-yard mold.
swell the strains of the jo-cund throng, Or toll a mourn-ful lay.
chang'd to grief for the brave who died, Ere my mirth had well be-gun.
Con spirito
f
Ding, dong, a care-less song, Mer-ry and sad but nei-ther long,
f
ff rit.
Ding, dong, my care-less song, Mer-ry or sad but nev-er long.
ff rit.

Now is the Month of Maying

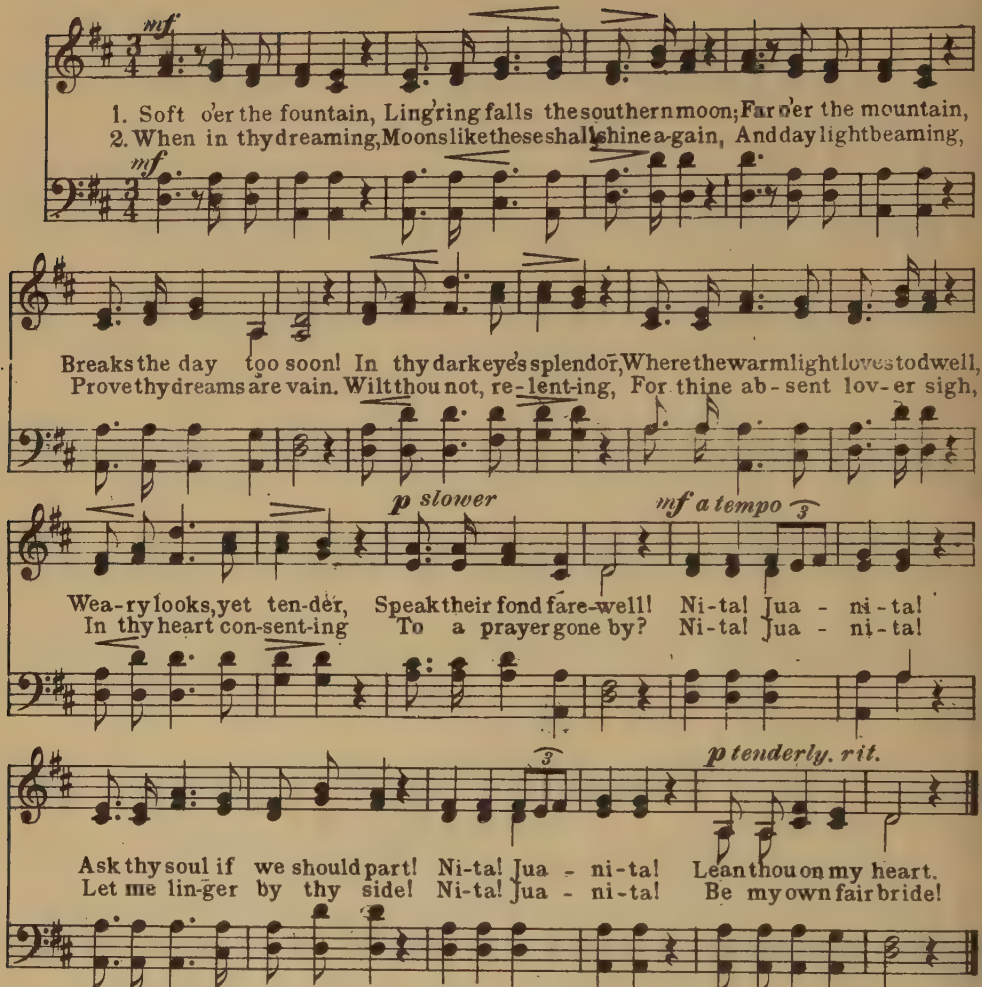
OLD ENGLISH

THOMAS MORLEY


Vivace
mp
1. Now is the month of May-ing When mer-ry lads are play-ing,
2. The Spring, clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad-ness, Fa la
3. Fie then, why sit we mus-ing, Youth's sweet de-light re-fus-ing?
mf
la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la la.
Each with his bon-ny lass, A-dan-cing on the grass.
And to the bag-pipe's sound The nymphs tread out the ground. Fa la
Say, dain-ty nymphs, and speak Shall we play bar-ley break?
la la la, Fa la la la la la la, la la la la la.

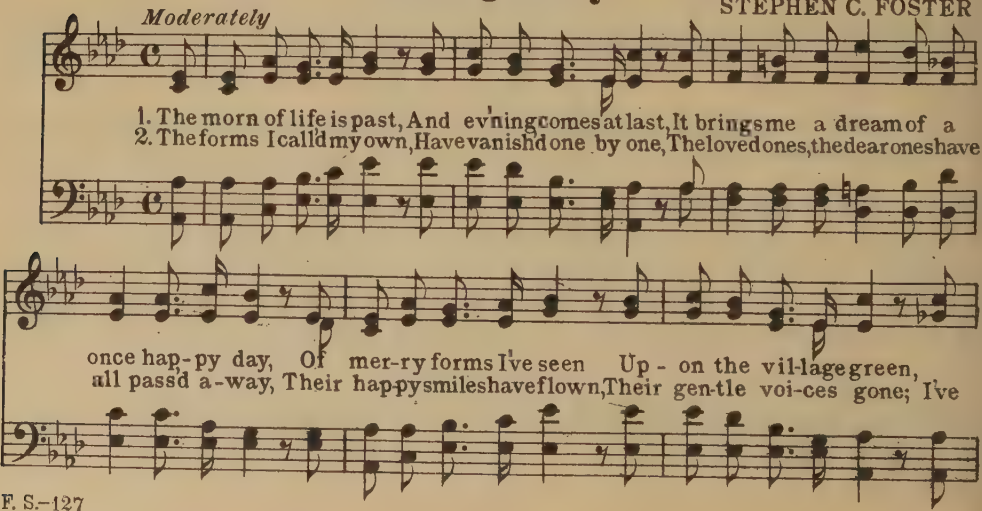
Juanita

SPANISH MELODY


mf
1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day light beaming,
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain. Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,
p slower
mf a tempo
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta!
p tenderly, rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

Old Dog Tray

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderately
1. The morn of life is past, And ev'ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a
2. The forms I call'd my own, Have vanish'd one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have
once hap-py day, Of mer-ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil-lage green,
all pass'd a-way, Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voi-ces gone; I've

CHORUS

Sporting with my old dog Tray. / noth-ing left but old dog Tray. / Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief cannot drive hima-

way, He's gen-tle, he is kind; I'll nev-er, nev-er find, A better friend than old dog Tray.

Bring Back My Bonnie

Andante

1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean,— My Bon-nie is o-ver the
2. Oh! blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,— And blow, ye winds, o-ver the
3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low,— Last night as I lay on my
4. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, The winds have blown o-ver the

sea;— My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean,— Oh! bring back my
sea;— Oh! blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,— And bring back my
bed;— Last night as I lay on my pil-low,— I dream'd that my
sea;— The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,— And brought back my

p CHORUS *crese.*

Bon-nie to me.—
Bon-nie to me.—
Bon-nie was dead.—
Bon-nie to me.—

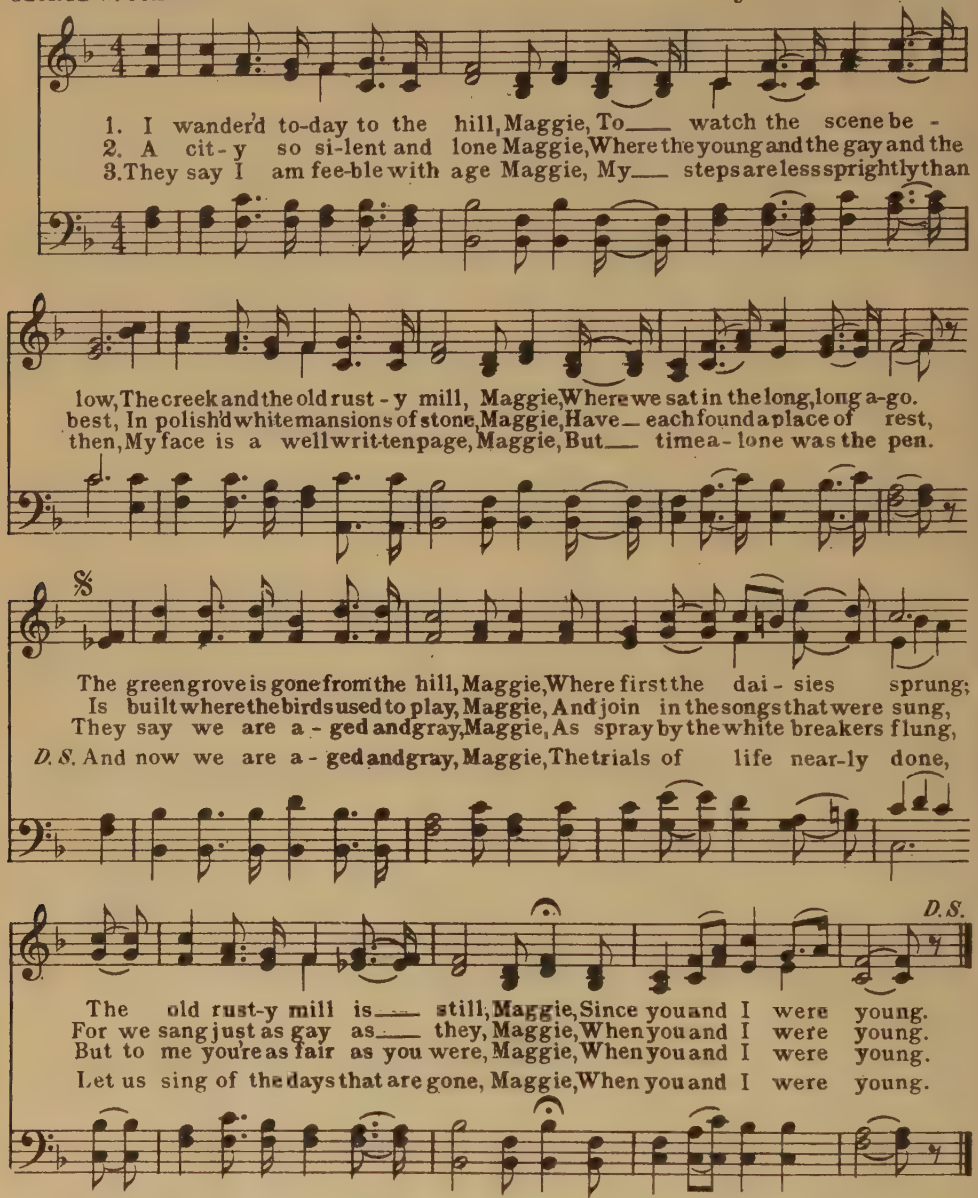
Bring back, bring back, Bring back my Bon-nie to

p *f*

me, to me, Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon-nie to me.

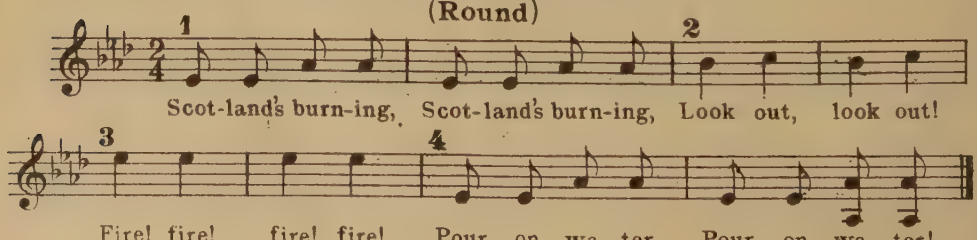
When You and I Were Young Maggie

GEORGE W. JOHNSON — J. A. BUTTERFIELD


1. I wander'd to-day to the hill, Maggie, To watch the scene be -
2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone Maggie, Where the young and the gay and the
3. They say I am fee-ble with age Maggie, My steps are less sprightly than
low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
best, In polish'd white mansions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
then, My face is a well writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a-lone was the pen.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie, Where first the dai-sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a-ged and gray, Maggie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D. S. And now we are a-ged and gray, Maggie, The trials of life near-ly done,
D.S.
The old rust-y mill is still, Maggie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Maggie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie, When you and I were young.

Scotland's Burning

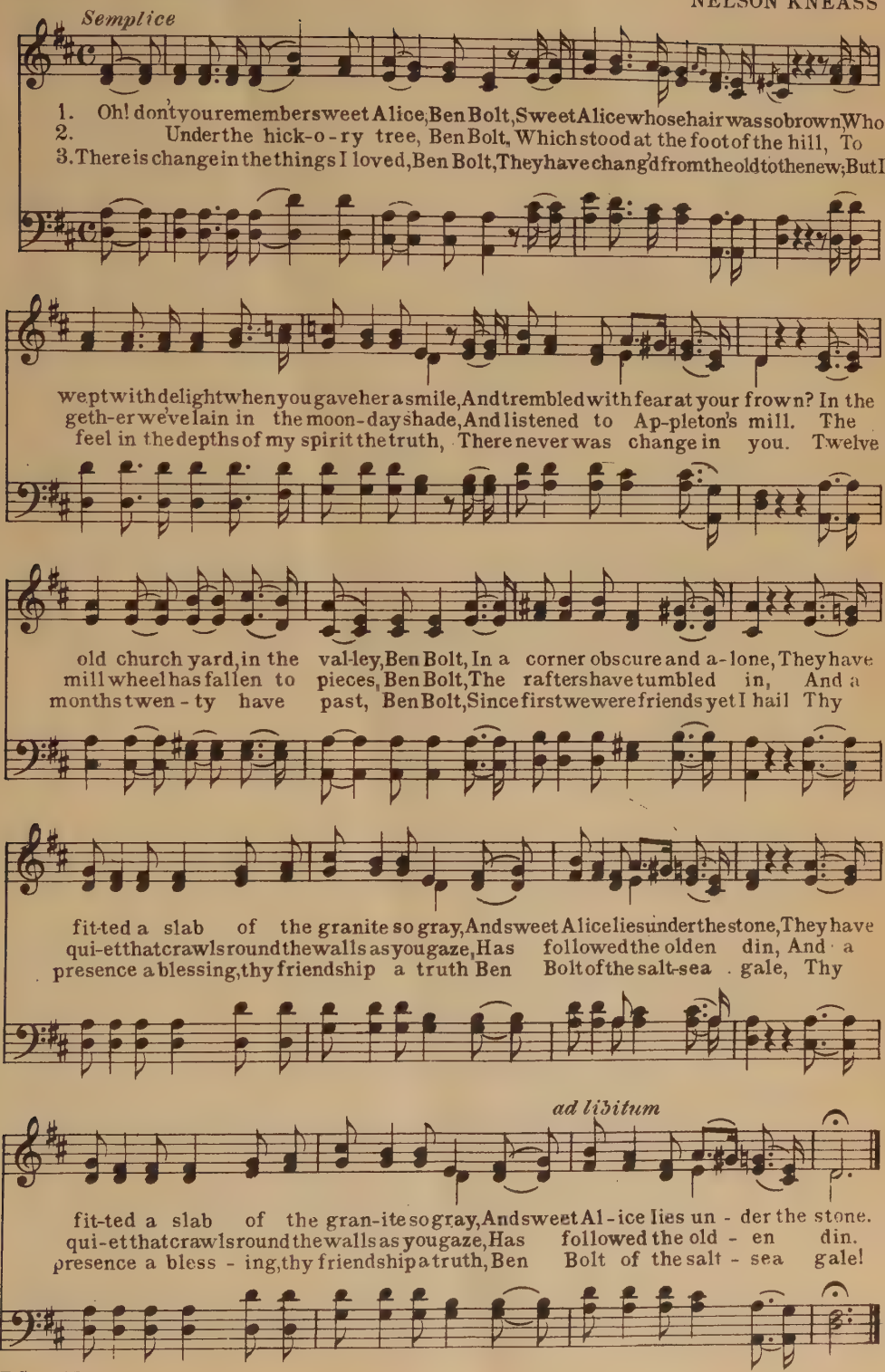
(Round)



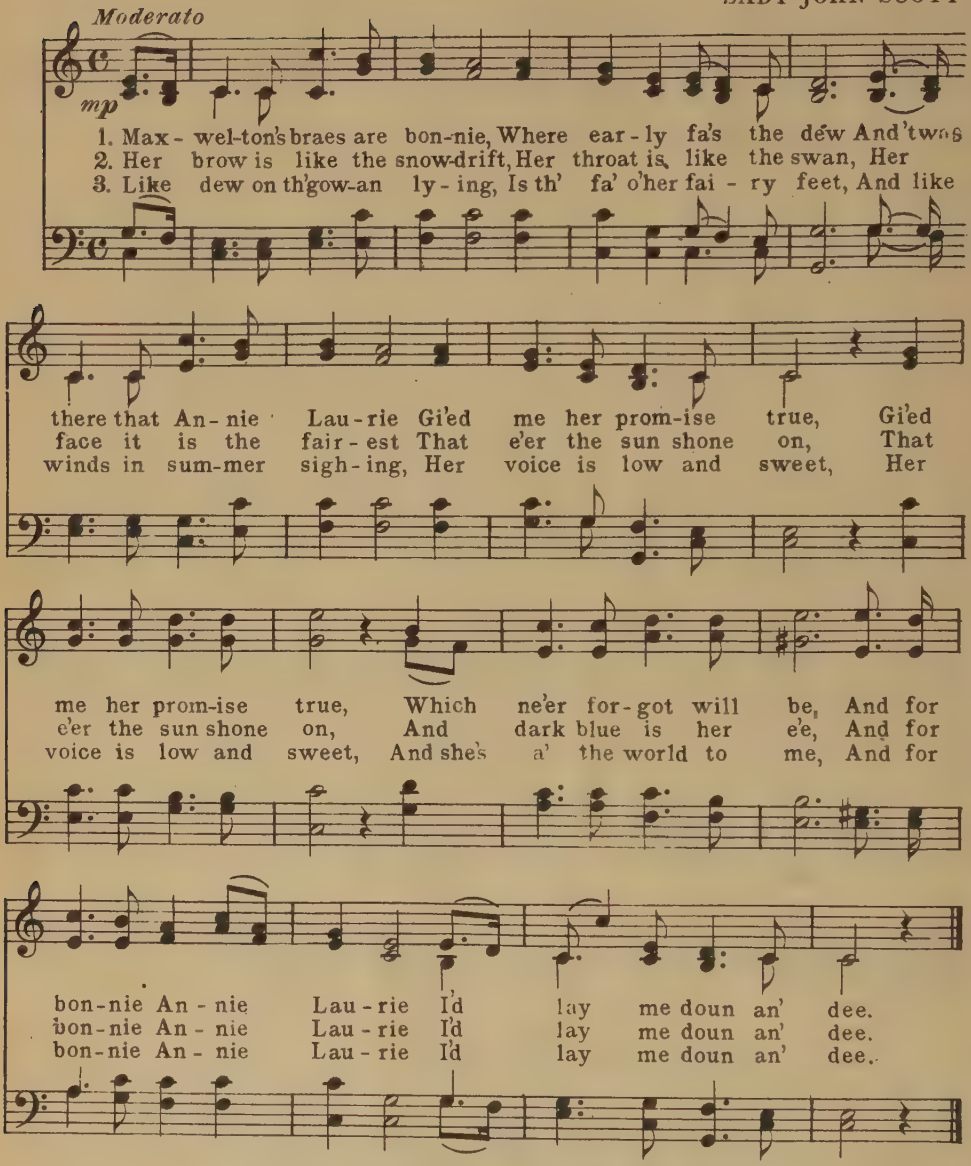
Ben Bolt

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

NELSON KNEASS


Semplice
1. Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Under the hick-o-ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To
3. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have chang'd from the old to the new; But I
wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth-er we've lain in the moon-day shade, And listened to Ap-pleton's mill. The
feel in the depths of my spirit the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve
old church yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a-lone, They have
mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt, The rafters have tumbled in, And a
months twen-ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends yet I hail Thy
fit-ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies under the stone, They have
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the olden din, And a
presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale, Thy
ad libitum
fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale!

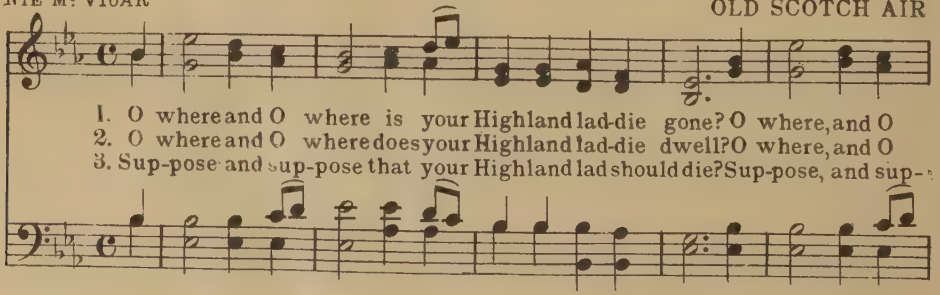
Annie Laurie

LADY JOHN SCOTT

Moderato
mp
1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on th'gow-an ly - ing, Is th' fa' o'her fai - ry feet, And like
there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true, Gi'ed
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That
winds in sum-mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her
me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for
bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doun an' dee.
bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doun an' dee.
bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doun an' dee.

The Blue-Bells of Scotland

ANNIE Mc VICAR

OLD SCOTCH AIR


1. O where and O where is your Highland lad-die gone? O where, and O
2. O where and O where does your Highland lad-die dwell? O where, and O
3. Sup-pose and sup-pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup-pose, and sup-

where is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
where does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land at the
pose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes shall play o'er him and I'd

George up-on the throne, And its oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell, And its oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.
lay me down and cry, But its oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Sweet and Low

J. BARNBY

Larghetto

pp

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea; Low, low,
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

sf *p* *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west-ern sea; O-ver the roll-ing
moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; O-ver the
Fa-ther will come to his
Fa-ther will

pp

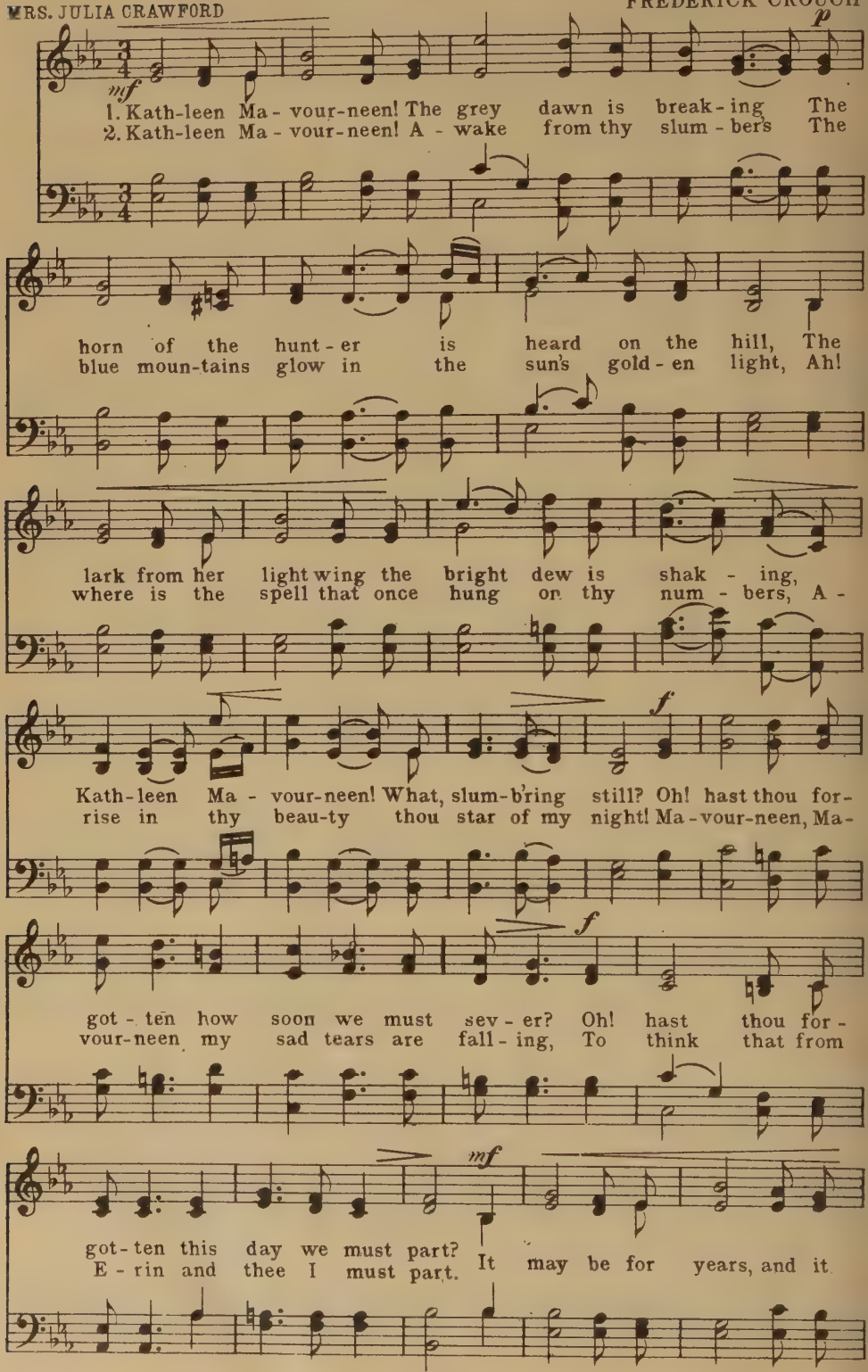
wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to
wa-ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil-ver sails all out of the west, Un-der the sil-ver
come to his nest, Sil-ver sails out of the west,

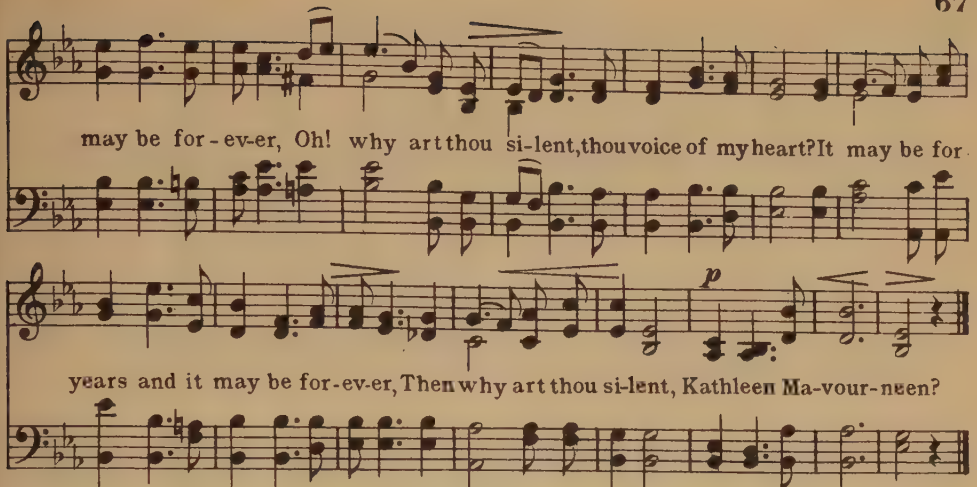
p *rall.e dim.* *pp*

me, While my lit-tle one, while my pret-ty one sleeps.
moon Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep.

Kathleen Mavourneen

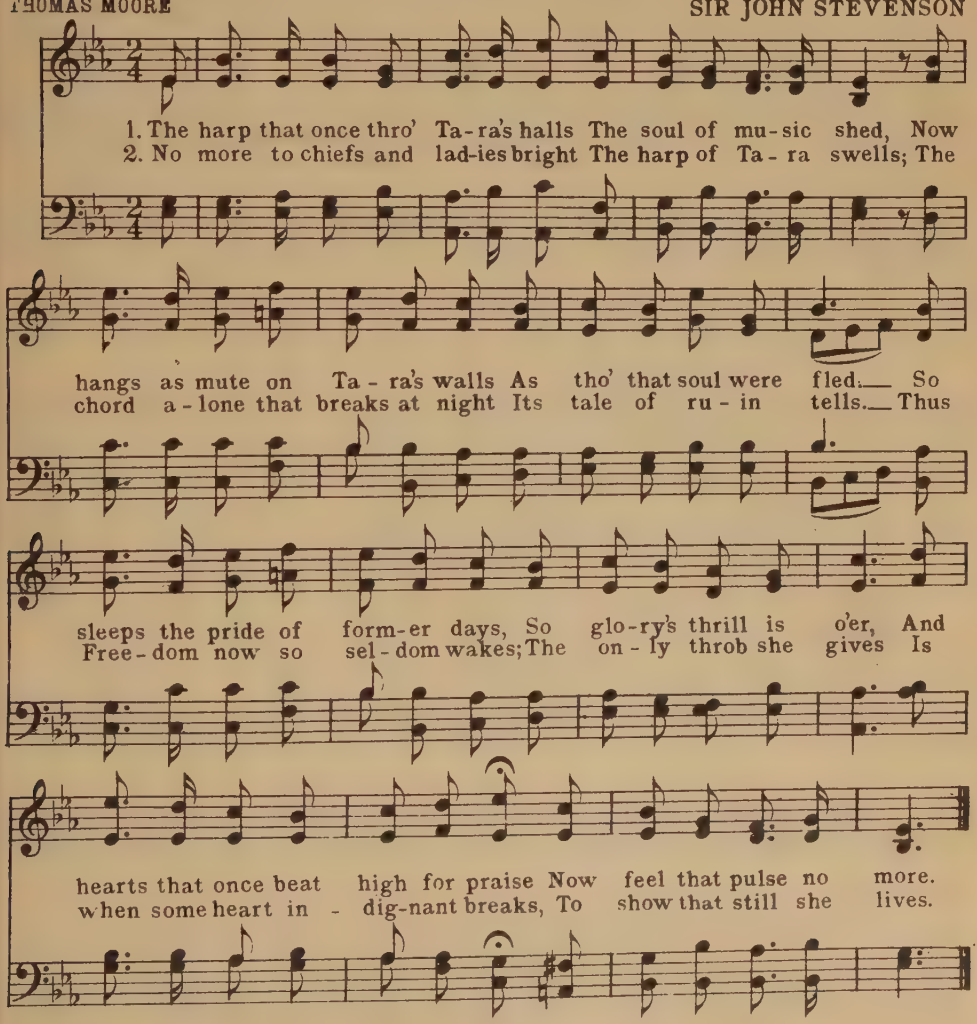
MRS. JULIA CRAWFORD — FREDERICK CROUCH


mf
p
1. Kath-leen Ma - vour-neen! The grey dawn is break - ing The
2. Kath-leen Ma - vour-neen! A - wake from thy slum - ber's The
horn of the hunt - er is heard on the hill, The
blue moun-tains glow in the sun's gold - en light, Ah!
lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing,
where is the spell that once hung on thy num - bers, A -
f
Kath-leen Ma - vour-neen! What, slum-b'ring still? Oh! hast thou for-
rise in thy beau-ty thou star of my night! Ma - vour-neen, Ma-
f
got - ten how soon we must sev - er? Oh! hast thou for -
vour-neen my sad tears are fall - ing, To think that from
mf
got - ten this day we must part?
E - rin and thee I must part. It may be for years, and it


may be for-ev-er, Oh! why art thou si-lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for
years and it may be for-ev-er, Then why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vour-neen?
p

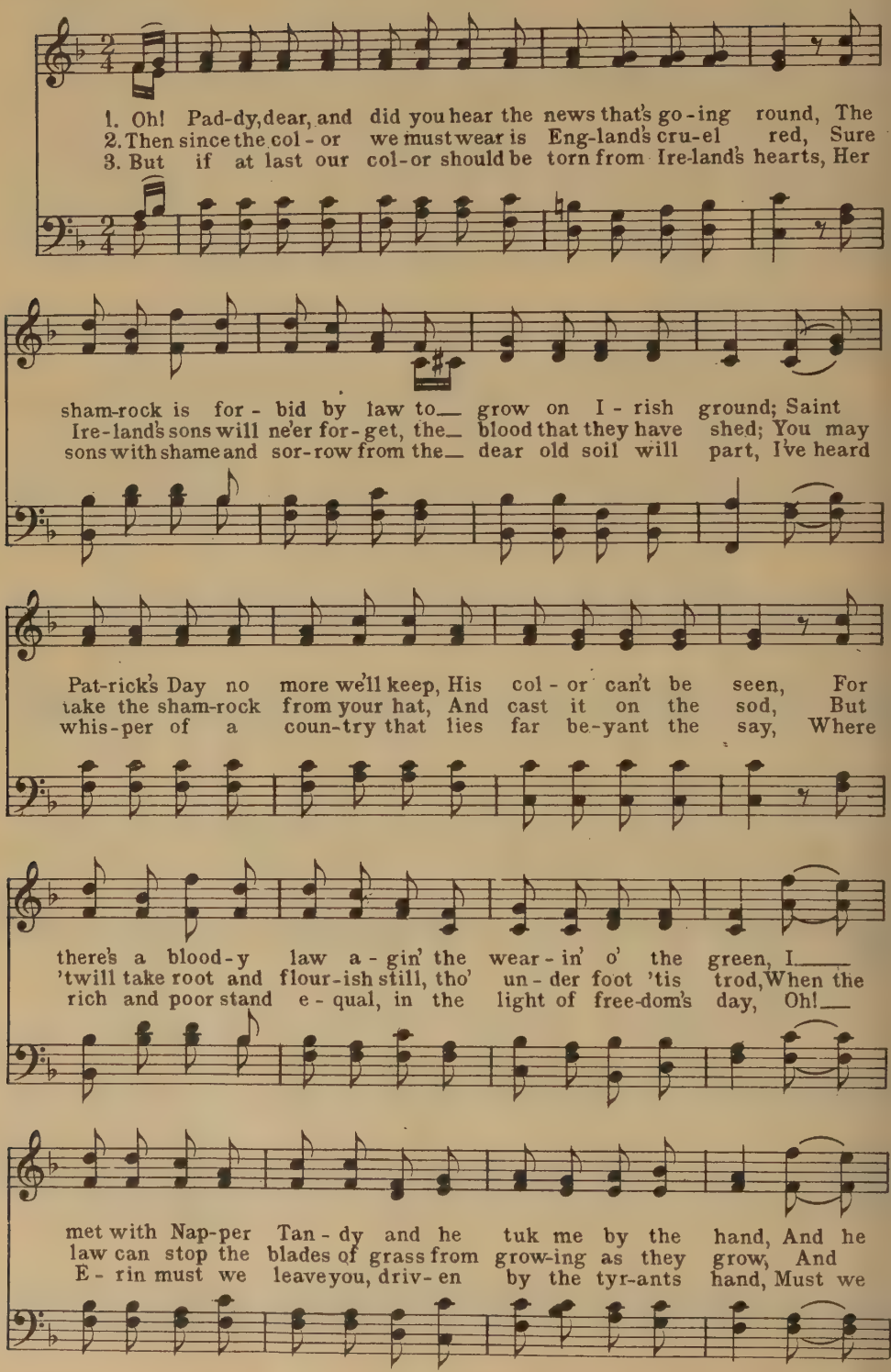
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall

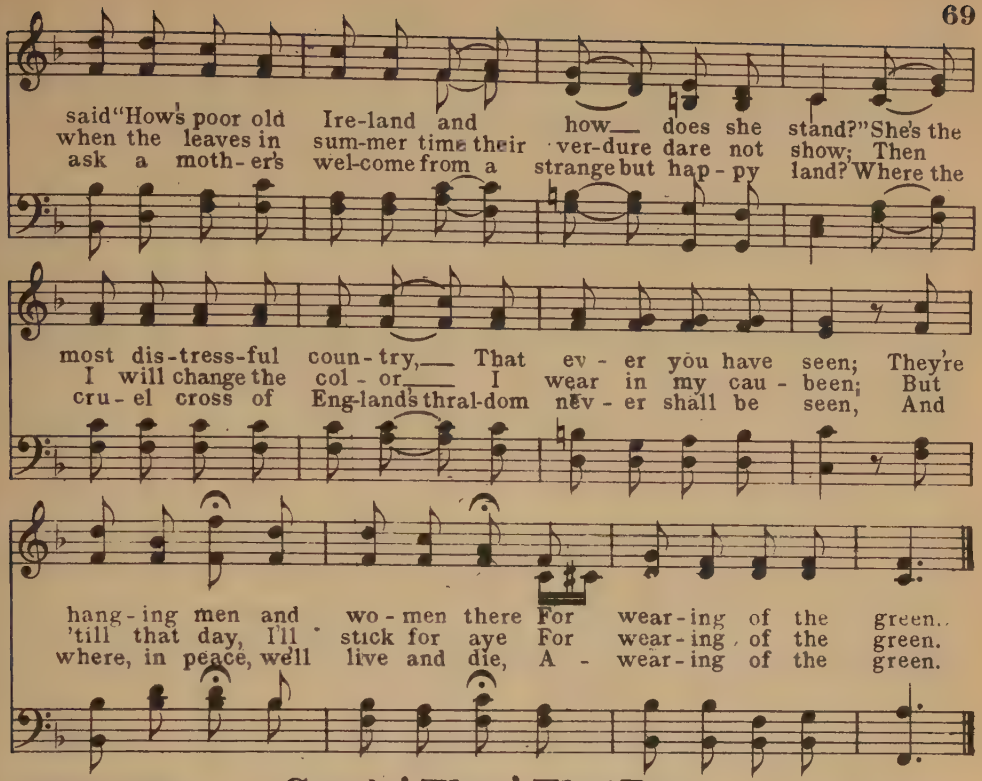
THOMAS MOORE — SIR JOHN STEVENSON


1. The harp that once thro' Ta-ra's halls The soul of mu-sic shed, Now
2. No more to chiefs and lad-ies bright The harp of Ta-ra swells; The
hangs as mute on Ta-ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled. So
chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru-in tells. Thus
sleeps the pride of form-er days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And
Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes; The on-ly throb she gives Is
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

Wearing of the Green

DION BOUCICAULT — IRISH AIR


1. Oh! Pad-dy, dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round, The
2. Then since the col-or we must wear is Eng-land's cru-el red, Sure
3. But if at last our col-or should be torn from Ire-land's hearts, Her
sham-rock is for-bid by law to grow on I-rish ground; Saint
Ire-land's sons will ne'er for-get, the blood that they have shed; You may
sons with shame and sor-row from the dear old soil will part, I've heard
Pat-rick's Day no more we'll keep, His col-or can't be seen, For
take the sham-rock from your hat, And cast it on the sod, But
whis-per of a coun-try that lies far be-yant the say, Where
there's a blood-y law a-gin' the wear-in' o' the green, I
'twill take root and flour-ish still, tho' un-der foot 'tis trod, When the
rich and poor stand e-qual, in the light of free-dom's day, Oh!
met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And he
law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow, And
E-rin must we leave you, driv-en by the tyr-ants hand, Must we

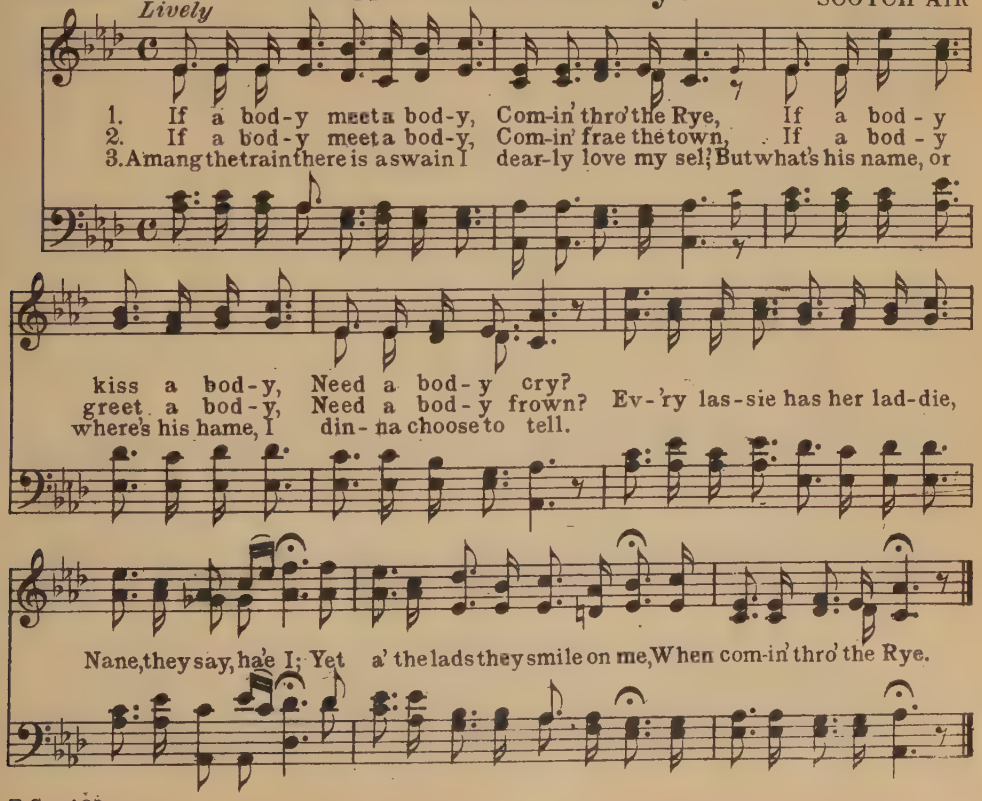

said "How's poor old Ire-land and how does she stand?" She's the
when the leaves in sum-mer time their ver-dure dare not show; Then
ask a moth-er's wel-come from a strange but hap-py land? Where the
most dis-tress-ful coun-try, That ev-er you have seen; They're
I will change the col-or, I wear in my cau-been; But
cru-el cross of Eng-land's thral-dom nev-er shall be seen, And
hang-ing men and wo-men there For wear-ing of the green..
'till that day, I'll stick for aye For wear-ing of the green.
where, in peace, we'll live and die, A-wear-ing of the green.

ROBERT BURNS

Comin' Thro' The Rye

SCOTCH AIR

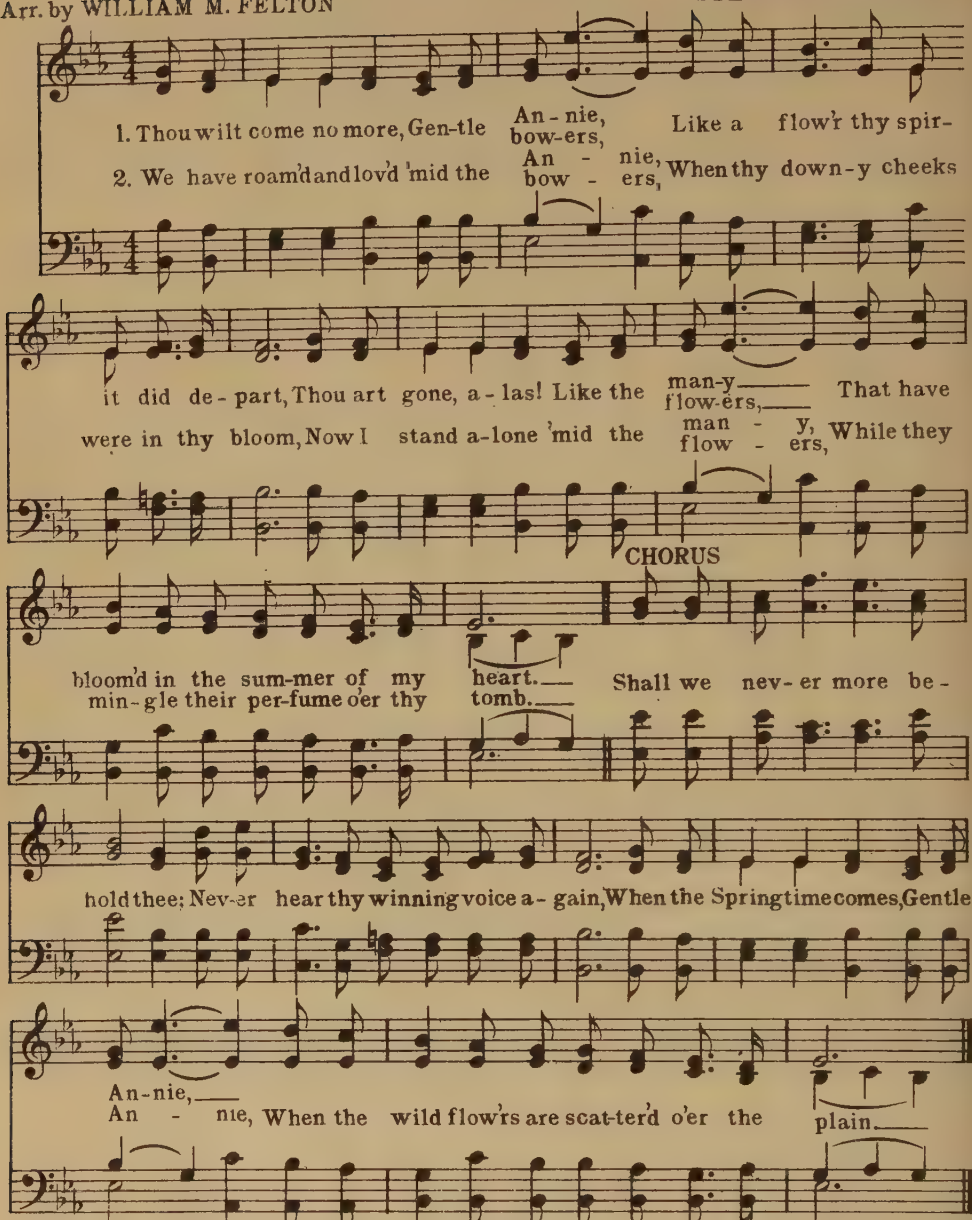
Lively


1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the Rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Amang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my sel; But what's his name, or
kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown? Ev-'ry las-sie has her lad-die,
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell.
Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com-in' thro' the Rye.

Gentle Annie

Arr. by WILLIAM M. FELTON

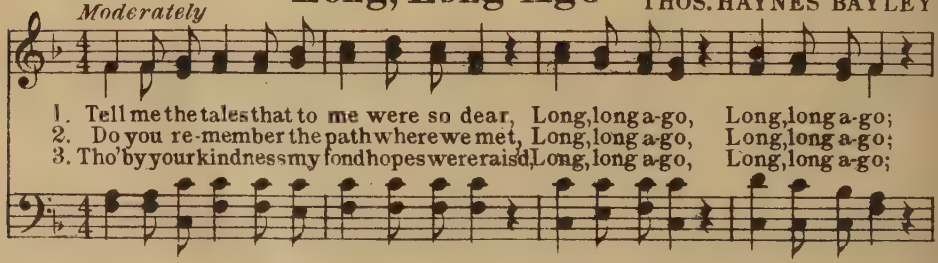
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

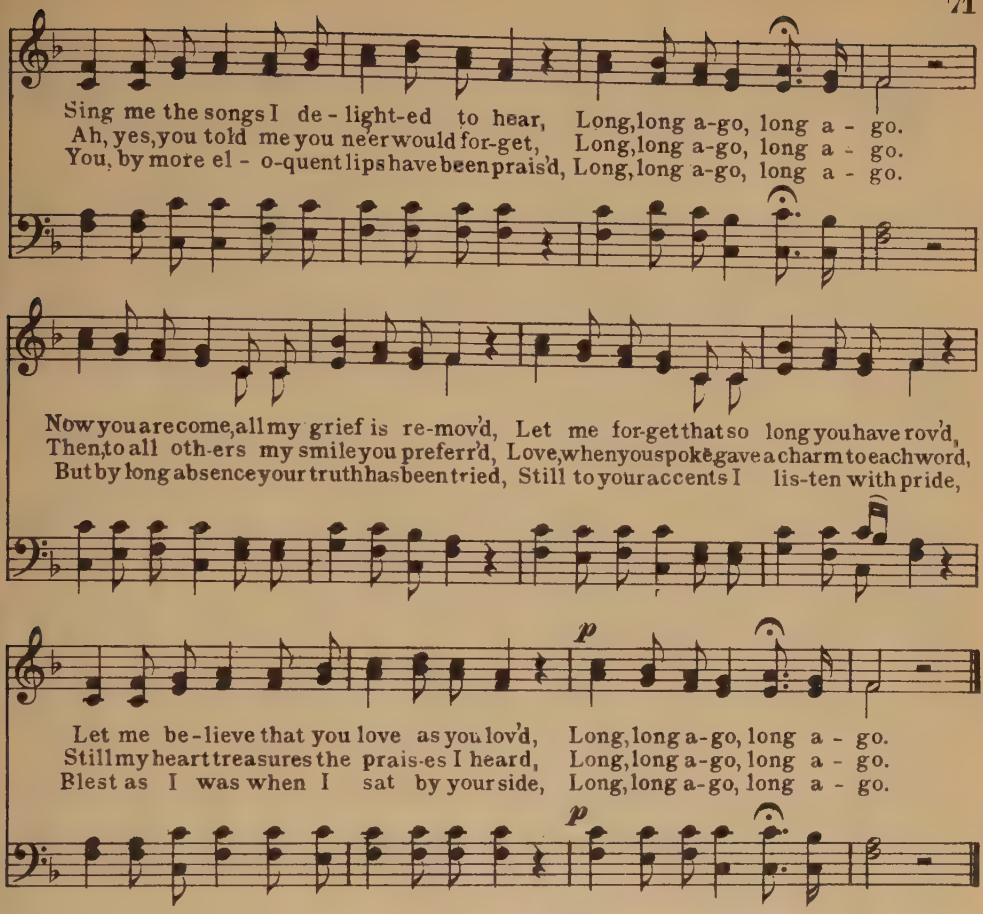

1. Thou wilt come no more, Gen-tle An-nie, bow-ers, Like a flow'r thy spir-
2. We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the An - nie, bow - ers, When thy down-y cheeks
it did de-part, Thou art gone, a-las! Like the man-y flow-ers, That have
were in thy bloom, Now I stand a-lone 'mid the man - y, flow - ers, While they
CHORUS
bloom'd in the sum-mer of my heart. min-gle their per-fume o'er thy tomb. Shall we nev-er more be-
hold thee; Nev-er hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the Spring time comes, Gentle
An-nie, An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain.

Long, Long Ago

Moderately

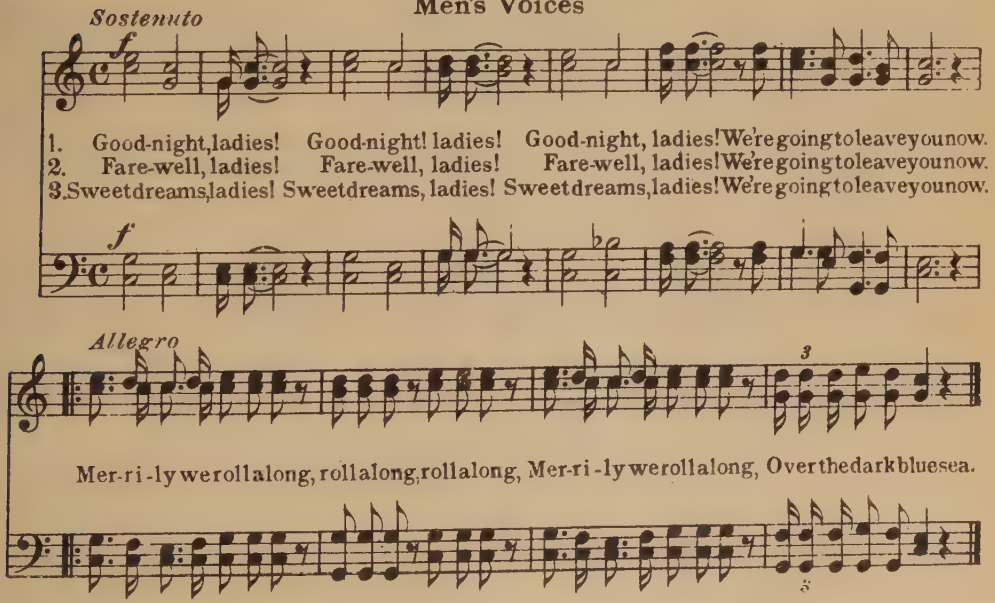
THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
2. Do you re-member the path where we met, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raisd, Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go;


Sing me the songs I de - light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
You, by more el - o-quent lips have been prais'd, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Now you are come, all my grief is re-mov'd, Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd,
Then, to all oth-ers my smile you preferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your accents I lis-ten with pride,
p
Let me be-lieve that you love as you lov'd, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Still my heart treasures the prais-es I heard, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
p

Good Night, Ladies

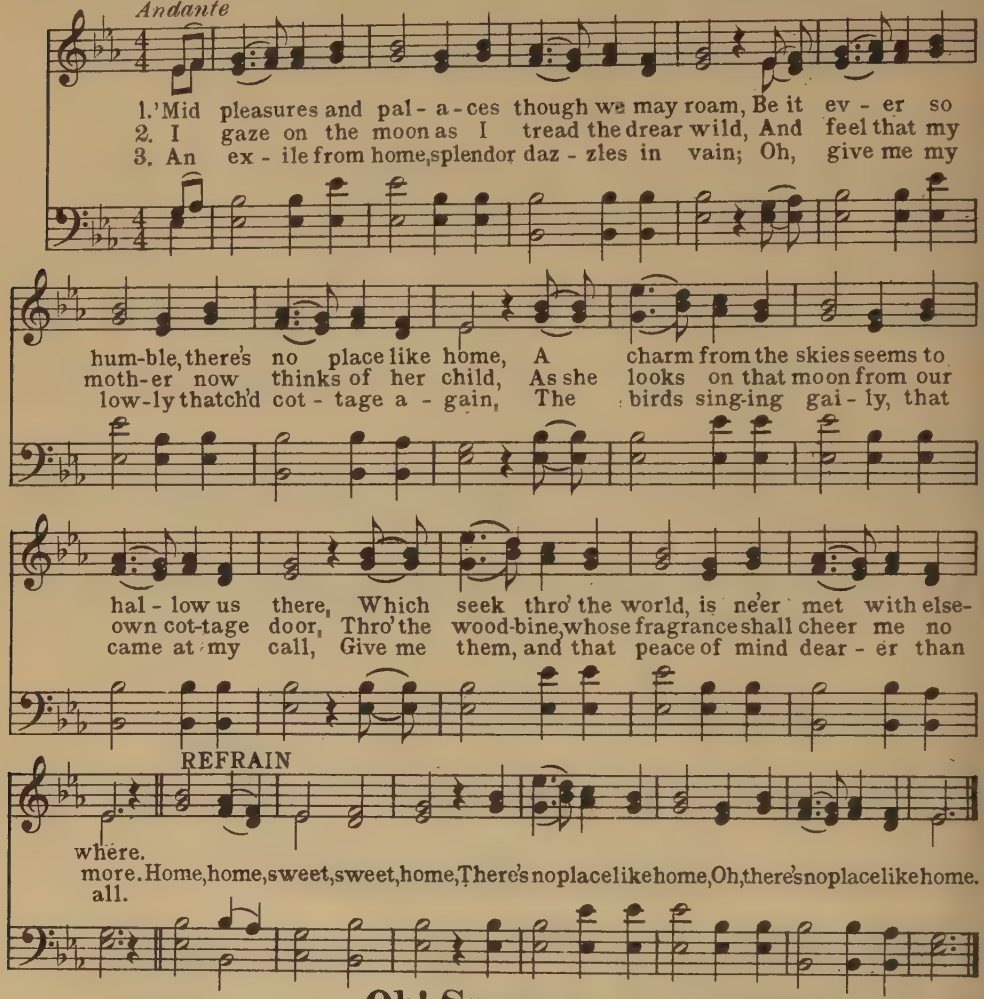
Men's Voices


Sostenuto
f
1. Good-night, ladies! Good-night! ladies! Good-night, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! Fare-well, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
f
Allegro
3
Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, Over the dark blue sea.

Home, Sweet Home

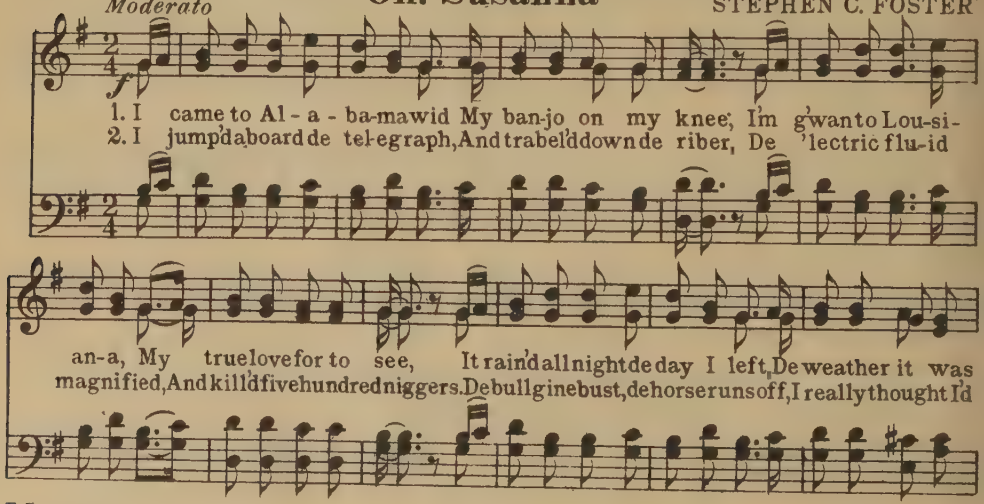
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — SIR HENRY R. BISHOP

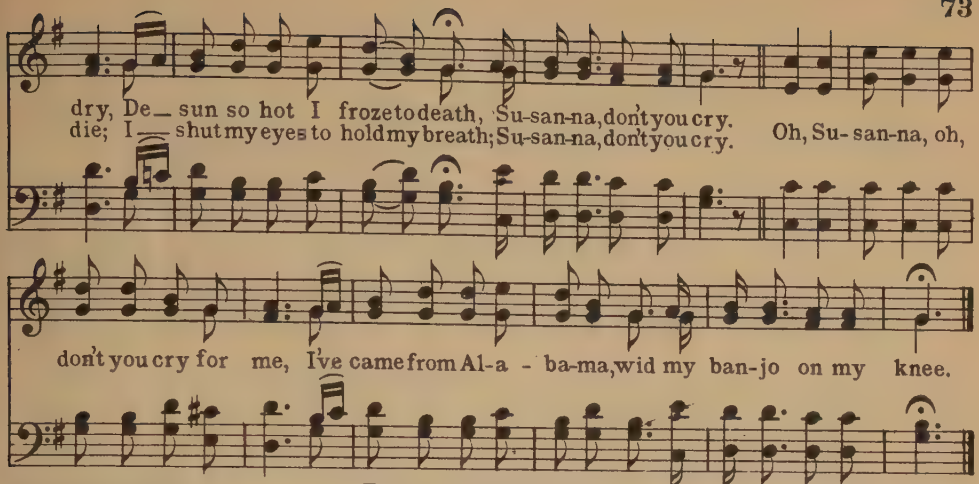
Andante


1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my
hum-ble, there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to
moth-er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our
low-ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain, The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that
hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine, whose fragrance shall cheer me no
came at my call, Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than
REFRAIN
where.
more. Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.
all.

Oh! Susanna

Moderato — STEPHEN C. FOSTER

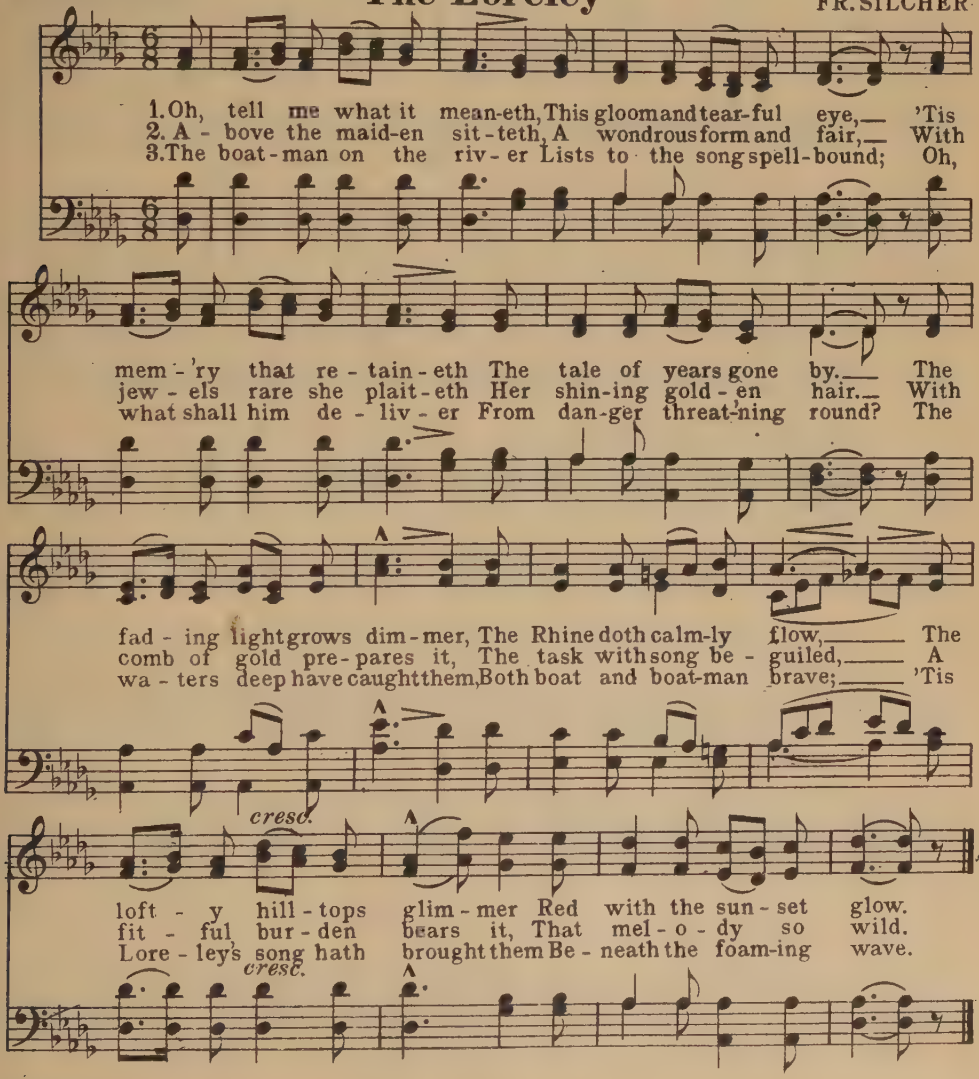

f
1. I came to Al - a - ba-ma with My ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si-
2. I jump'd aboard de tel-e-graph, And trabel'd down de riber, De 'lectric flu-id
an-a, My true love for to see, It rain'd all night de day I left, De weather it was
magnified, And kill'd five hundred niggers. De bull gine bust, de horse run s off, I really thought I'd


dry, De_ sun so hot I froze to death, Su-san-na, don't you cry.
die; I_ shut my eyes to hold my breath; Su-san-na, don't you cry.
Oh, Su-san-na, oh,
don't you cry for me, I've came from Al-a - ba-ma, wid my ban-jo on my knee.

HEINRICH HEINE

The Loreley

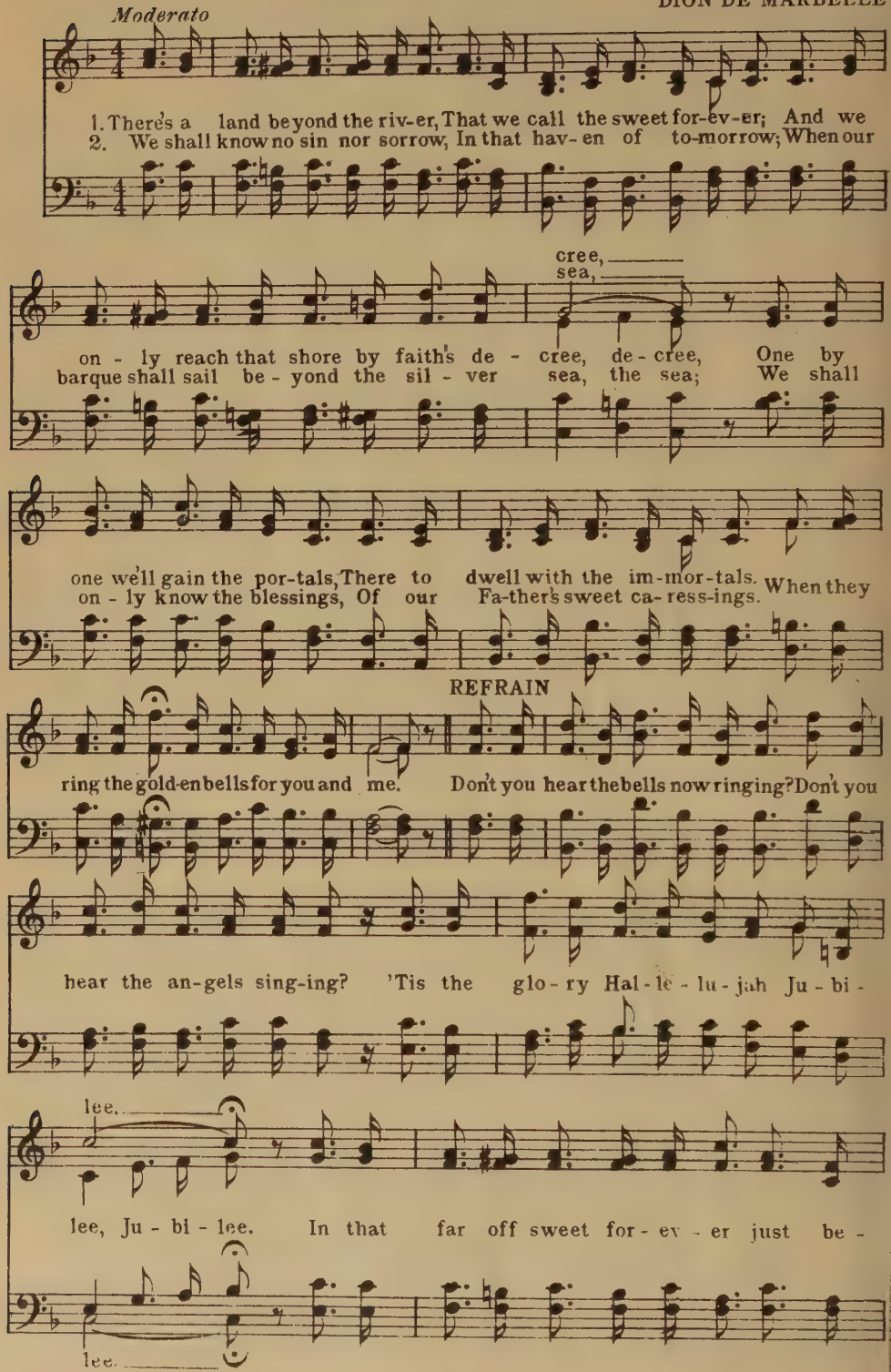
FR. SILCHER


1. Oh, tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye,_ 'Tis
2. A - bove the maid-en sit-teth, A wondrous form and fair,_ With
3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song spell-bound; Oh,
mem - 'ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone by._ The
jew - els rare she plait - eth Her shin-ing gold - en hair._ With
what shall him de - liv - er From dan-ger threat-ning round? The
fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The Rhine doth calm-ly flow,_ The
comb of gold pre - pares it, The task with song be - guiled,_ A
wa - ters deep have caught them, Both boat and boat-man brave;_ 'Tis
cresc.
loft - y hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.
fit - ful bur - den bears it, That mel - o - dy so wild.
Lore - ley's song hath brought them Be - neath the foam-ing wave.
cresc.

When They Ring The Golden Bells

For You And Me

DION DE MARBELLE


Moderato
1. There's a land beyond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er; And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sorrow, In that hav-en of to-morrow; When our
cree,
sea,
on - ly reach that shore by faith's de - cree, de - cree, One by
barque shall sail be - yond the sil - ver sea, the sea; We shall
one we'll gain the por-tals, There to dwell with the im-mor-tals. When they
on - ly know the blessings, Of our Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ings.
REFRAIN
ring the gold-en bells for you and me. Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you
hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Ju - bi -
lee.
lee, Ju - bi - lee. In that far off sweet for - ev - er just be -
lee.

yond the shin-ing riv-er, Where they ring the gold-en bells for you and me.

META ORRED

In The Gloaming

A. F. HARRISON

Andante

mp

1. In the gloaming, Oh, my dar-ling, When the lights are dim and low;
2. In the gloaming, Oh, my dar-ling, Think not bit - ter - ly of me!

p

And the qui - et shad-ows fall-ing, Soft-ly come, and soft - ly go;
Though I pass'd a - way in si-lence, Left you lone - ly set you free;

mf faster *cresc.* *dim.*

When the winds are sob - bing faint-ly With a gen-tle un-known woe,
For my heart was crush'd with long-ing, What had been could nev - er be,

Tempo I.

mp

1

Will you think of me and love me As you did once long a - go.
It was best to leave you thus dear, Best for you and best for

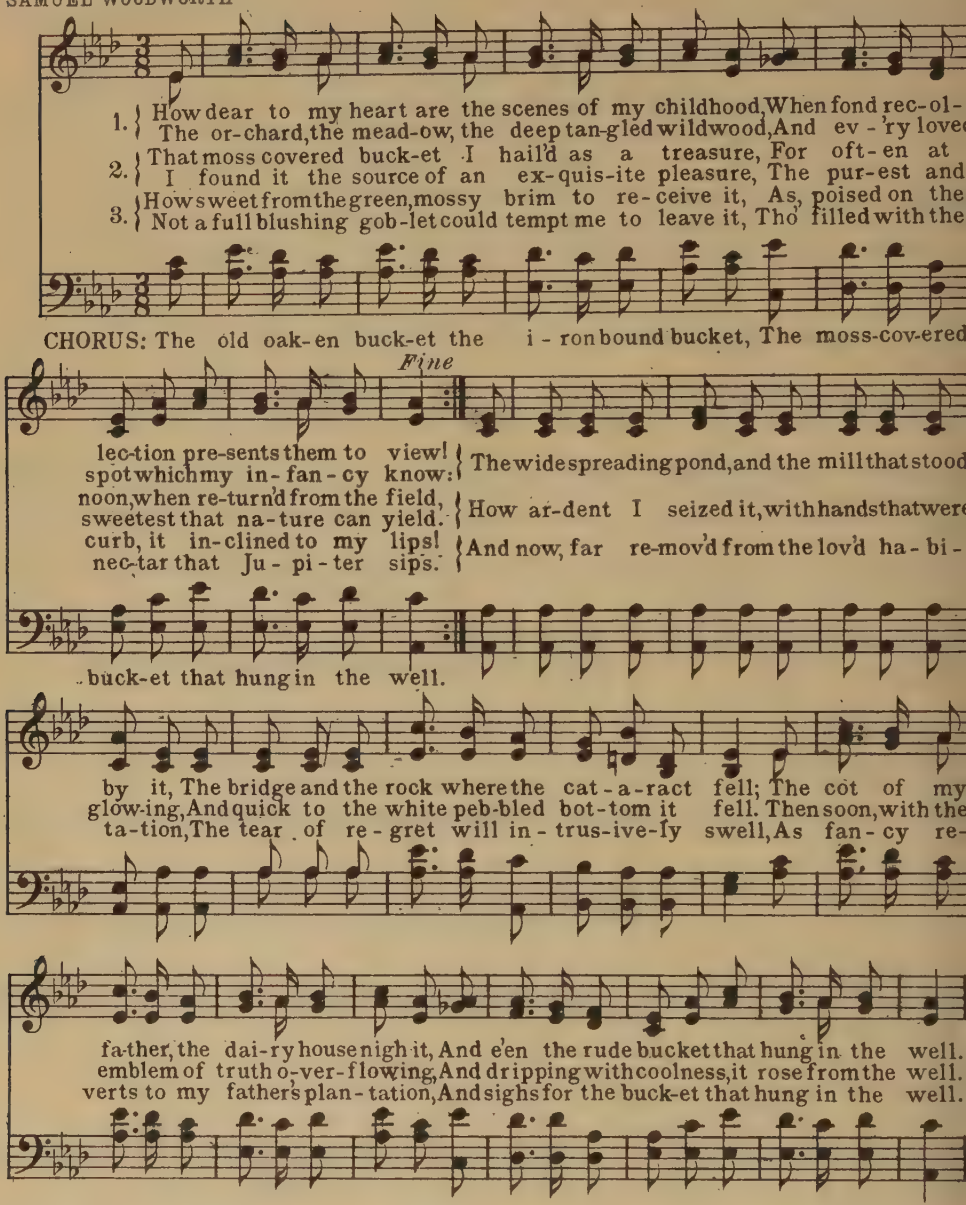
2 It was best to leave you thus; *rit.*

me, Hum ____ Best for you and best for me. ____

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

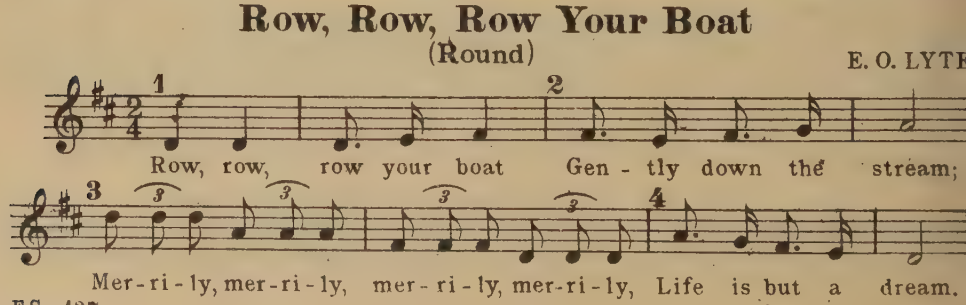
E. KAILLMARK


1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond rec-ol-
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wildwood, And ev-'ry love
2. That moss covered buck-et I hail'd as a treasure, For oft-en at
I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleasure, The pur-est and
3. How sweet from the green, mossy brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full blushing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the
CHORUS: The old oak-en buck-et the i-ron bound bucket, The moss-cov-ered
Fine
lec-tion pre-sents them to view! The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in-fan-cy knew:
noon, when re-turn'd from the field, How ar-dent I seized it, with hands that were
sweetest that na-ture can yield.
curb, it in-clined to my lips! And now, far re-mov'd from the lov'd ha-bi-
nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips.
buck-et that hung in the well.
by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my
glow-ing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then soon, with the
ta-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-trus-ive-ly swell, As fan-cy re-
fa-ther, the dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
emblem of truth o-ver-flowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
verts to my father's plan-tation, And sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Round)

E. O. LYTE



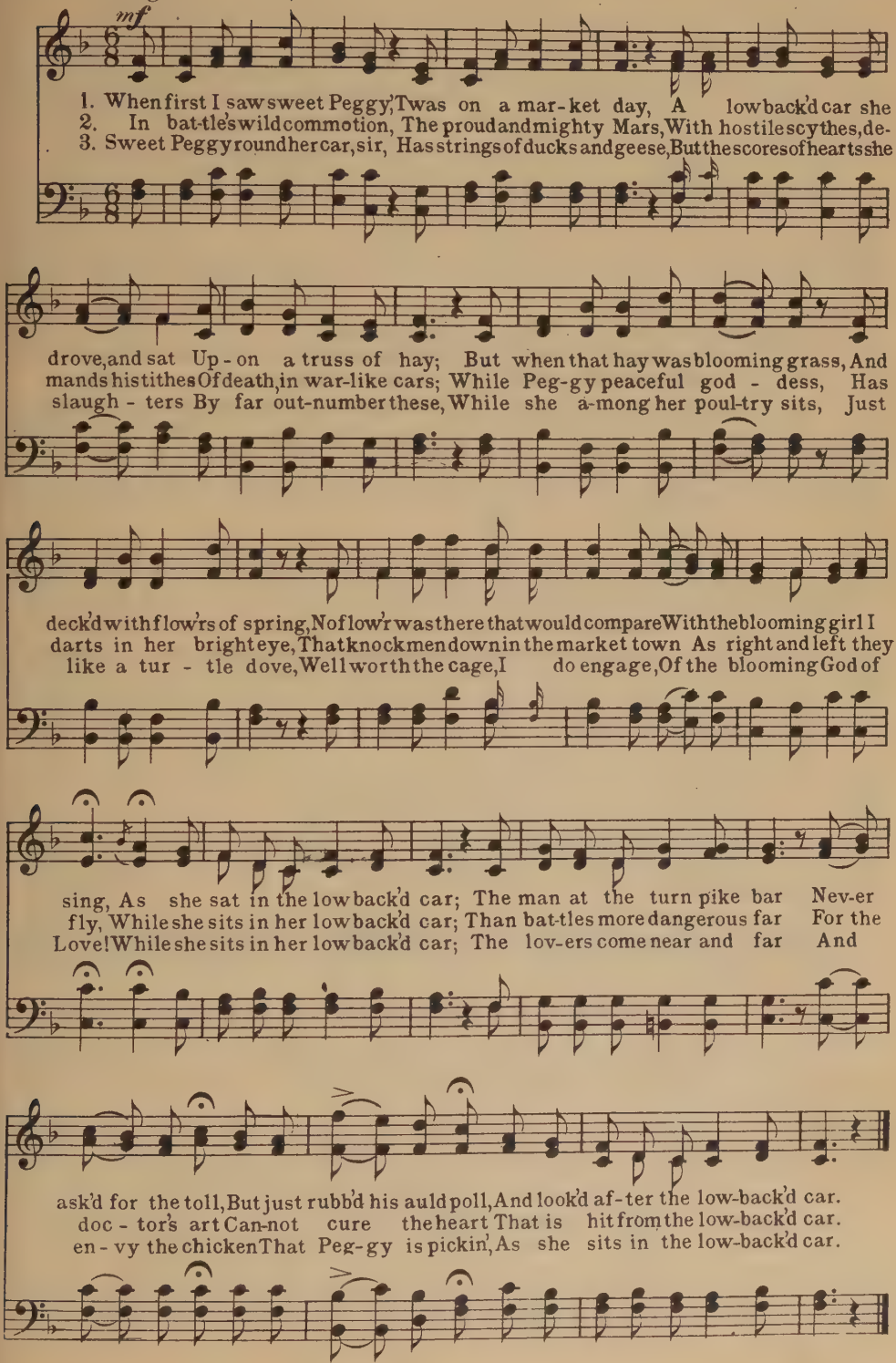
The Low-Backed Car

SAMUEL LOVER

OLD IRISH AIR

Allegretto

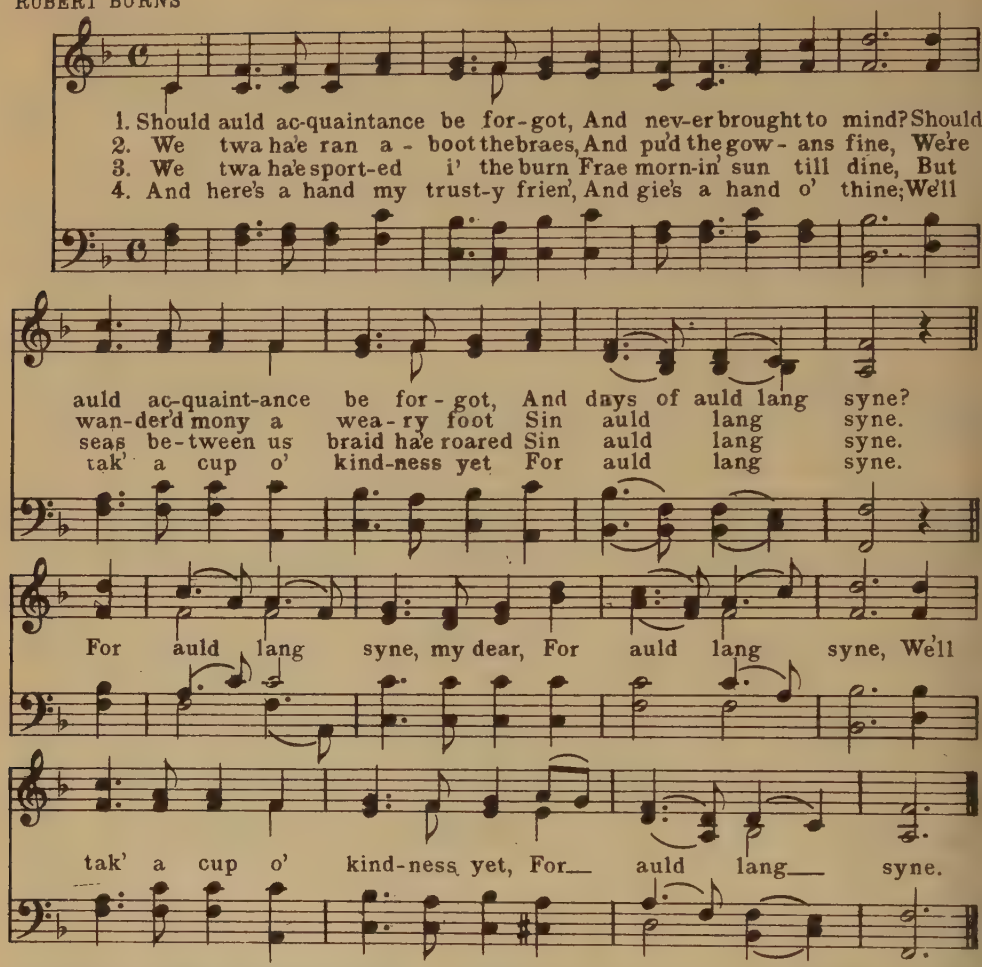
mf


1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low back'd car she
2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy peaceful god-dess, Has
slaugh-ters By far out-number these, While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town As right and left they
like a tur-tle dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
sing, As she sat in the low back'd car; The man at the turn pike bar Nev-er
fly, While she sits in her low back'd car; Than bat-tles more dangerous far For the
Love! While she sits in her low back'd car; The lov-ers come near and far And
ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
doc-tor's art Can-not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en-vy the chicken That Peg-gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

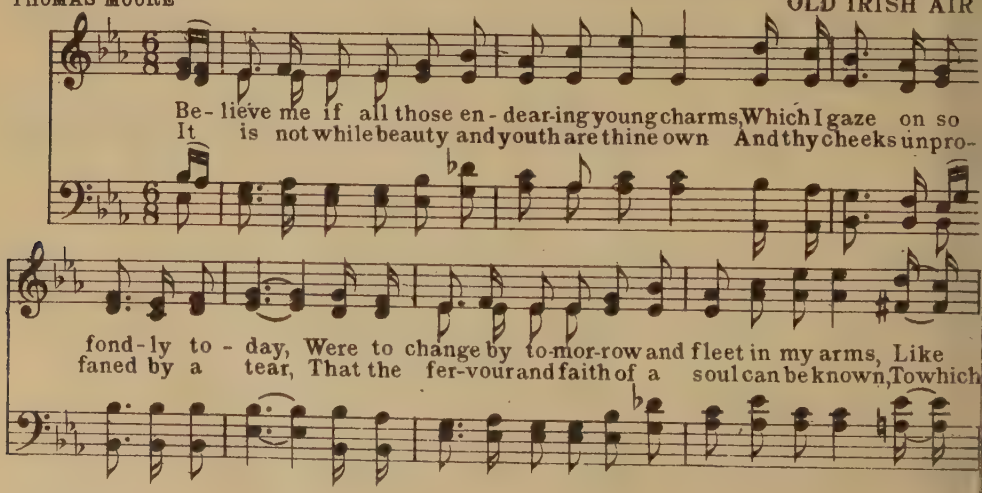
OLD SCOTCH AIR

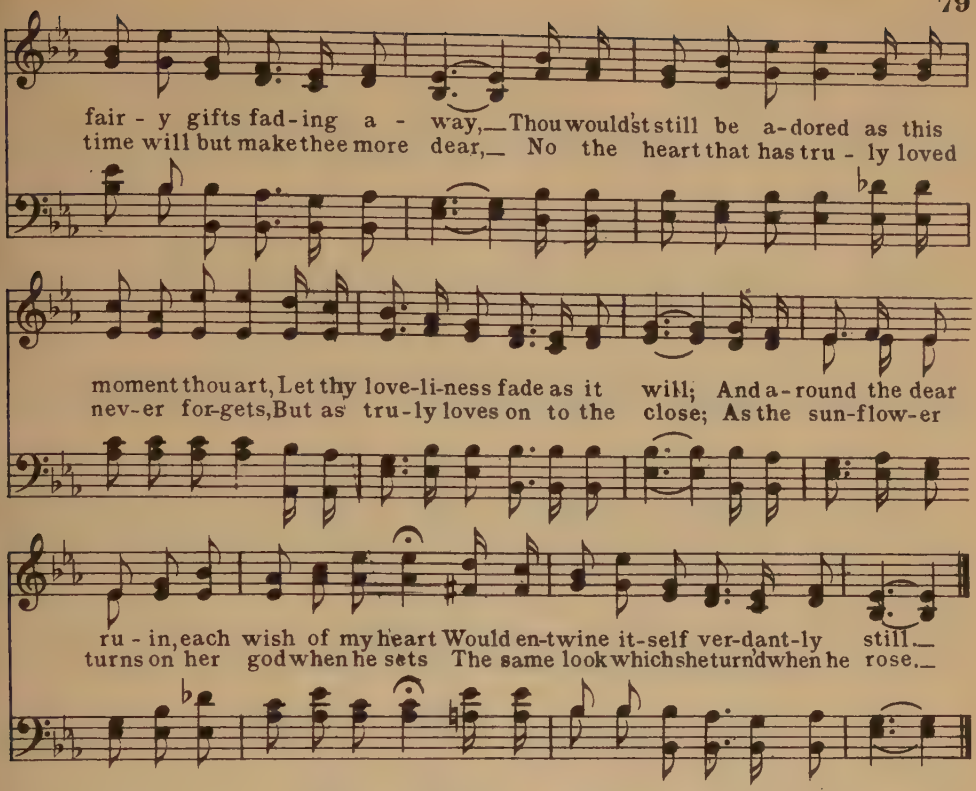

1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e ran a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine, We're
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll
auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan-der'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin auld lang syne.
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

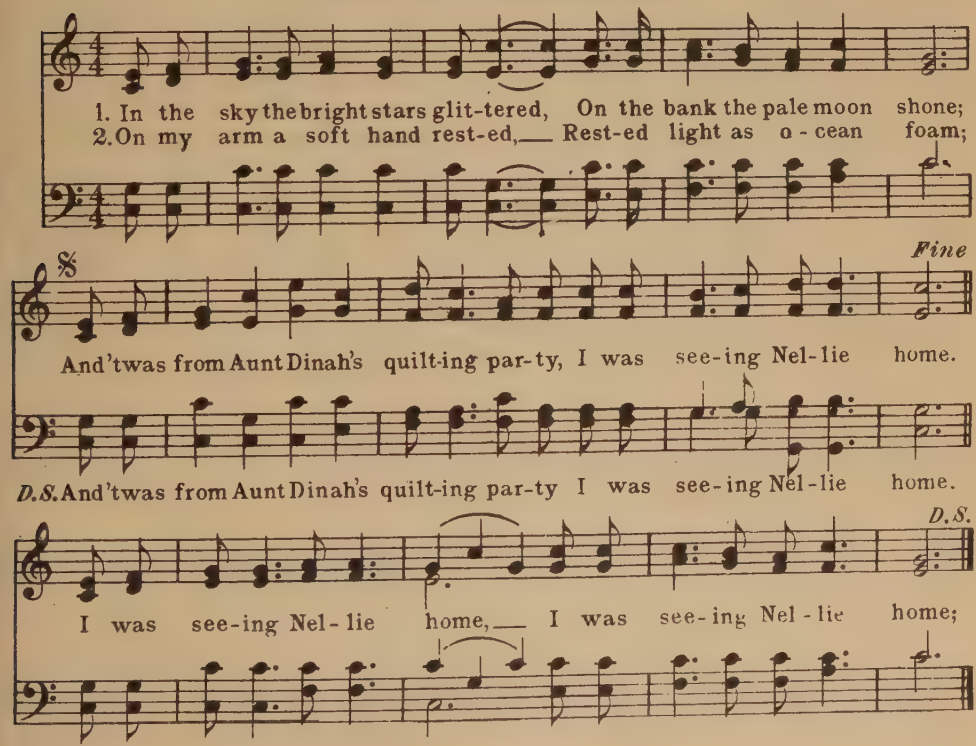
THOMAS MOORE

OLD IRISH AIR


Be-lieve me if all those en-dear-ing young charms, Which I gaze on so
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own And thy cheeks unpro-
fond-ly to-day, Were to change by to-mor-row and fleet in my arms, Like
faned by a tear, That the fer-vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which

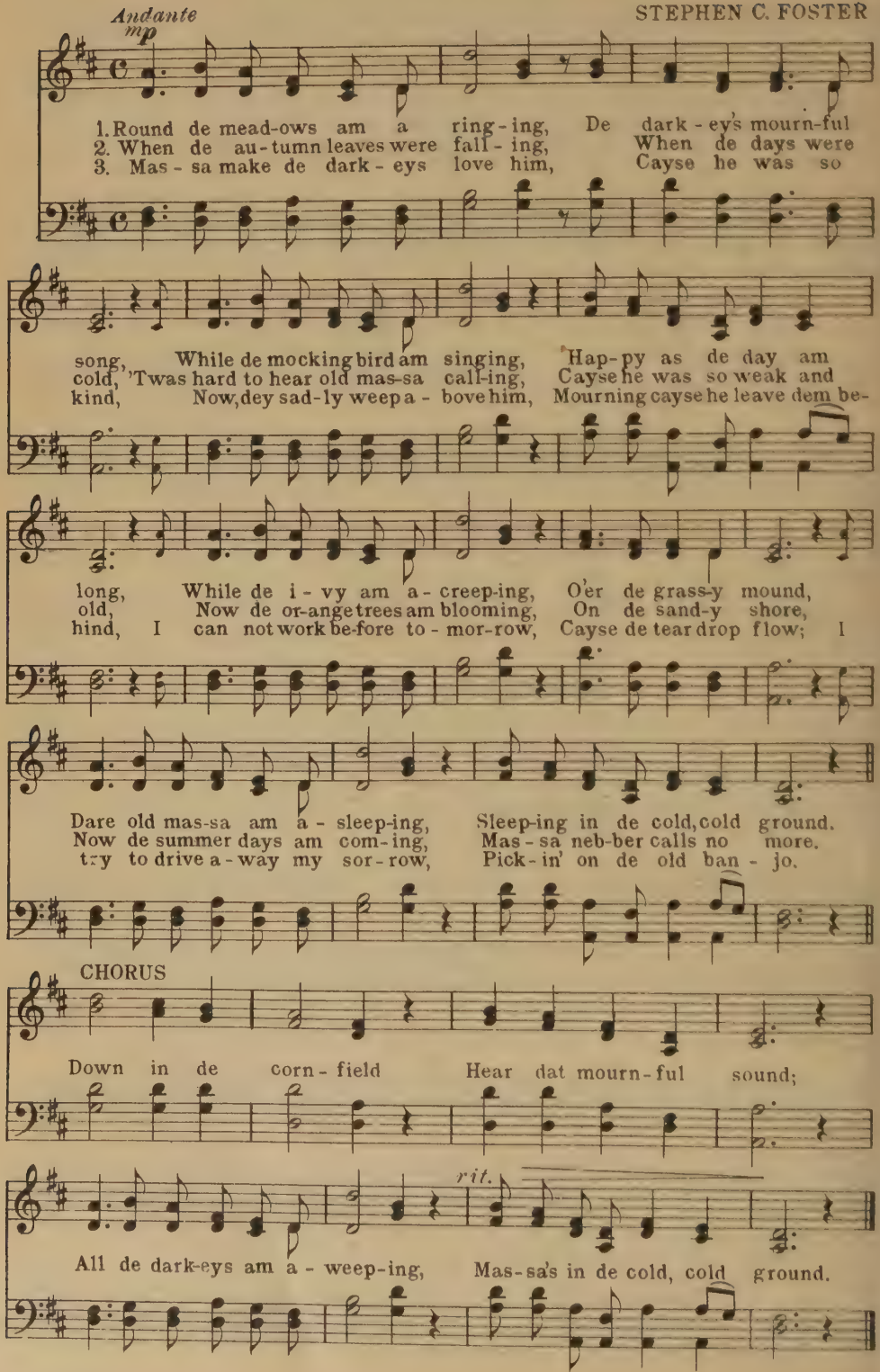

fair - y gifts fad-ing a - way,— Thou would'st still be a-dored as this
time will but make thee more dear,— No the heart that has tru - ly loved
moment thou art, Let thy love-li-ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear
nev-er for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er
ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver-dant-ly still.—
turns on her god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he rose.—

The Quilting Party


1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone;
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed,— Rest-ed light as o - cean foam;
Fine
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
D.S. And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilt-ing par-ty I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
D.S.
I was see-ing Nel-lie home,— I was see-ing Nel - lie home;

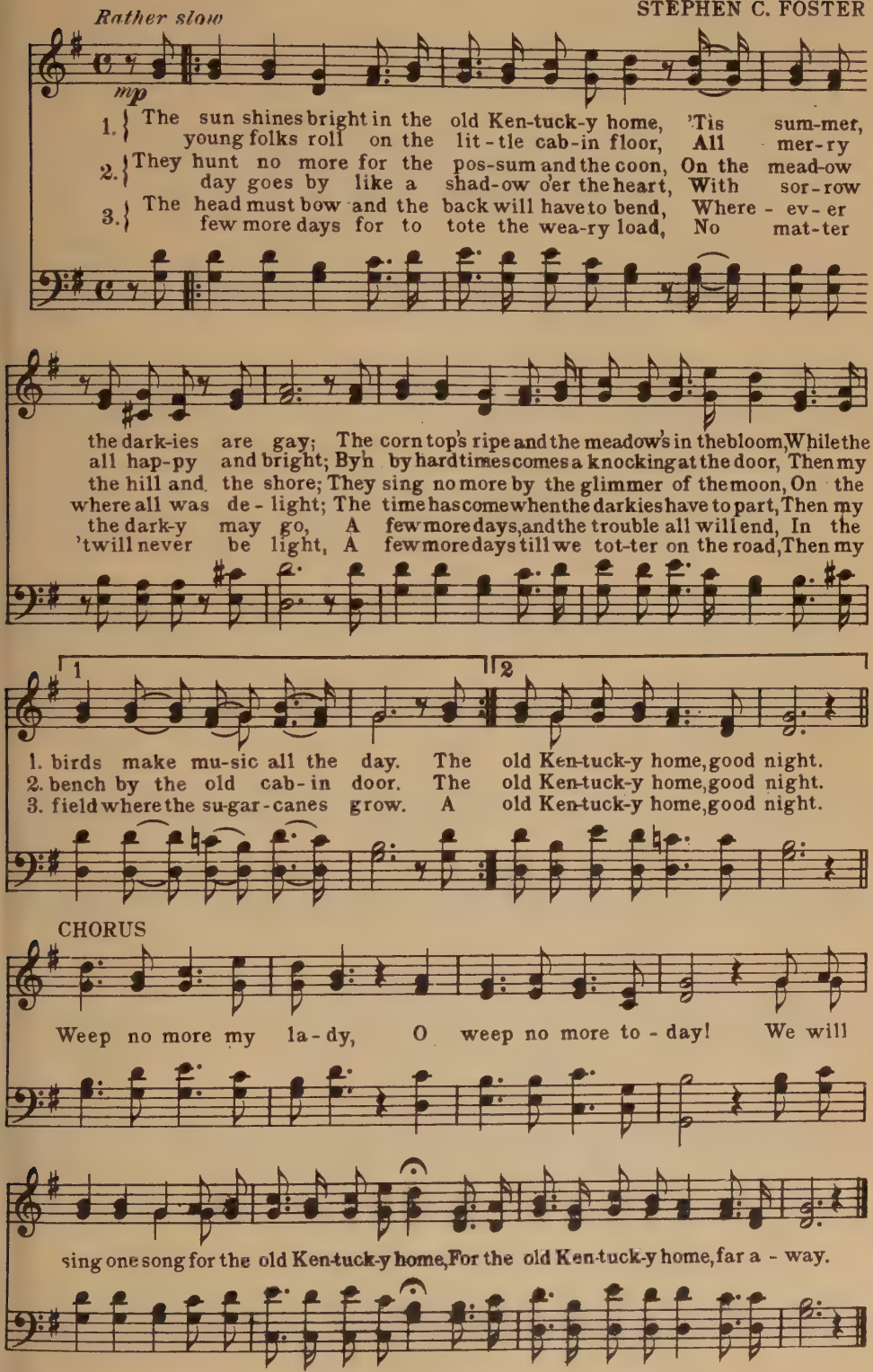
Massa's in de Cold Ground

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Andante
mp
1. Round de mead-ows am a ring-ing, De dark-ey's mourn-ful
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were
3. Mas-sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so
song, While de mocking bird am singing, Hap-py as de day am
cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and
kind, Now, dey sad-ly weep a-bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be-
long, While de i-vy am a-creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound,
old, Now de or-ange trees am blooming, On de sand-y shore,
hind, I can not work be-fore to-mor-row, Cayse de tear drop flow; I
Dare old mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-in' on de old ban-jo.
CHORUS
Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful sound;
rit.
All de dark-eys am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

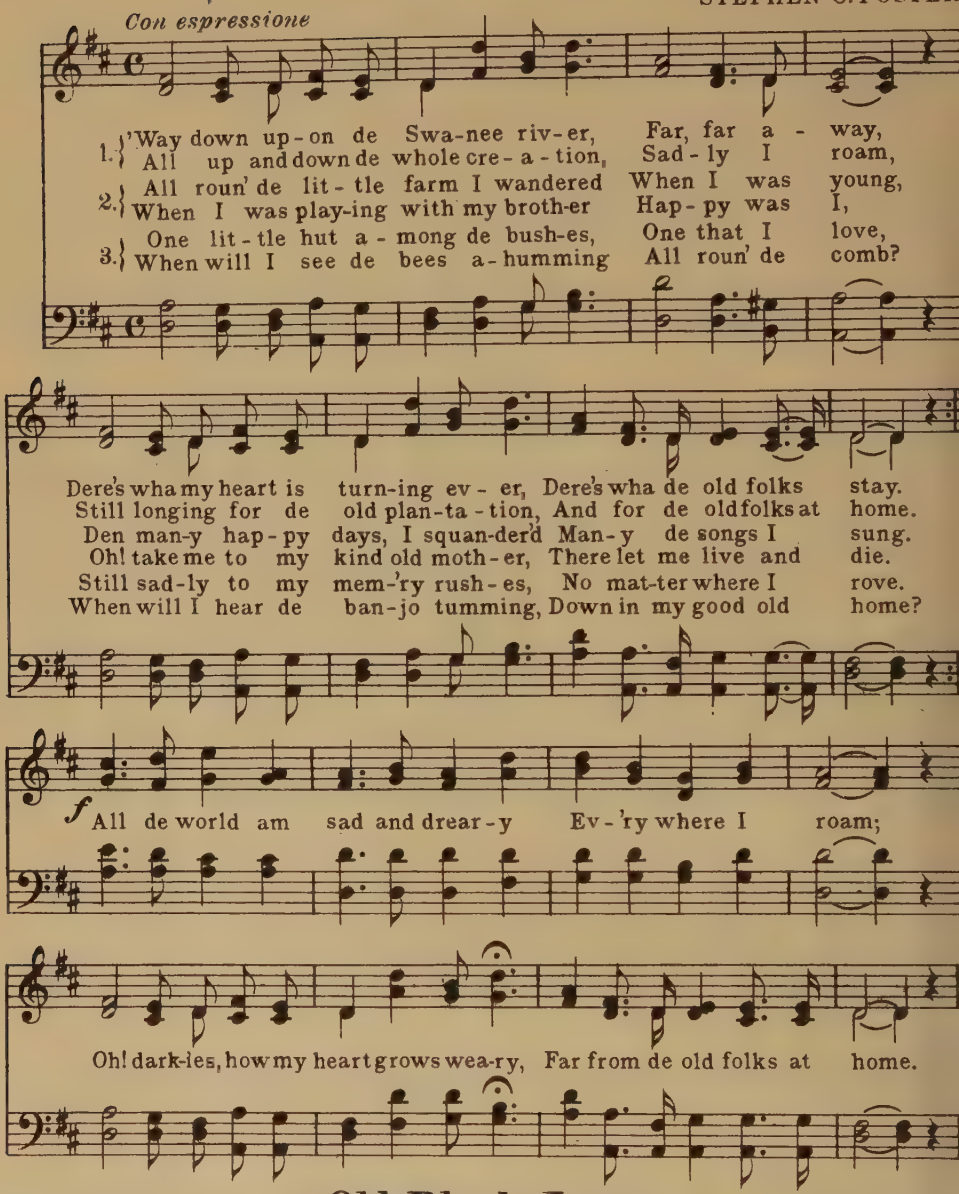
My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Rather slow
mp
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer,
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Where - ev-er
few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No mat-ter
the dark-ies are gay; The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
all hap-py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a knocking at the door, Then my
the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the
where all was de - light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
the dark-y may go, A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the
'twill never be light, A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my
1
2
1. birds make mu-sic all the day. The old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
2. bench by the old cab-in door. The old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
3. field where the su-gar-canes grow. A old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
CHORUS
Weep no more my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will
sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

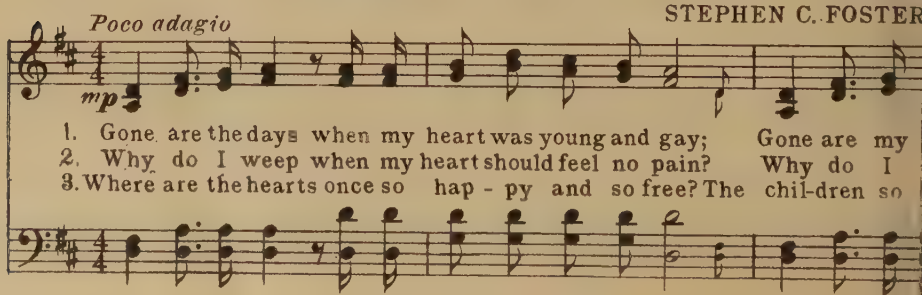
Old Folks at Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

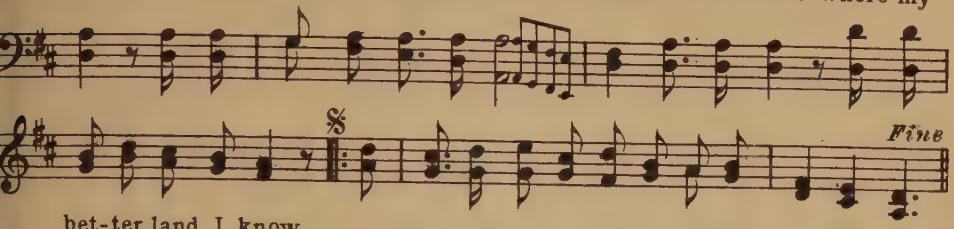

Con espressione
1. 'Way down up-on de Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit-tle farm I wandered When I was young,
When I was play-ing with my broth-er Hap-py was I,
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One that I love,
When will I see de bees a-humming All roun' de comb?
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still longing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man-y hap-py days, I squan-der'd Man-y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?
f All de world am sad and drear-y Ev-'ry where I roam;
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

Old Black Joe

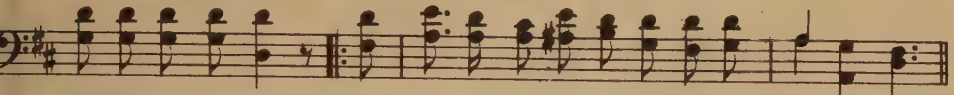
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

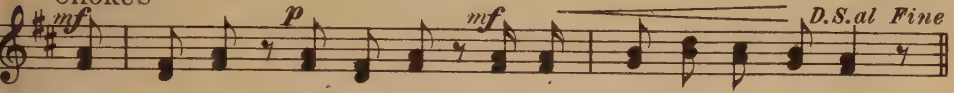

Poco adagio
mp
1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil-dren so

friends from the cot - ton fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my



bet-ter land I know,
part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go,

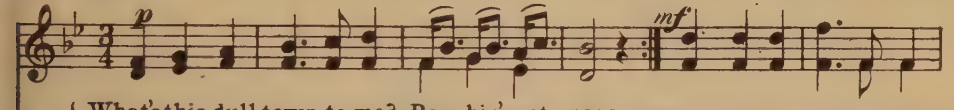


CHORUS

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low;

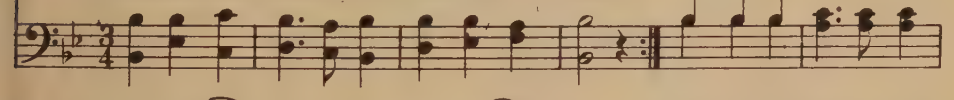
Robin Adair

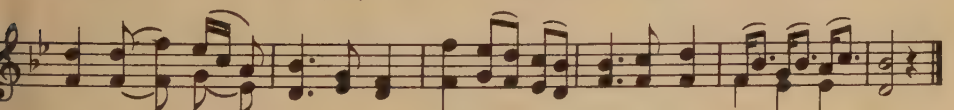
AROLINE KEPPEL

SCOTCH AIR



1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near. Where's all the joy and mirth
   What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear?
2. What made th'as-sem-bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair; What, when the play was o'er,
   What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there;
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair; Yet, him I lov'd so well,
   But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair;

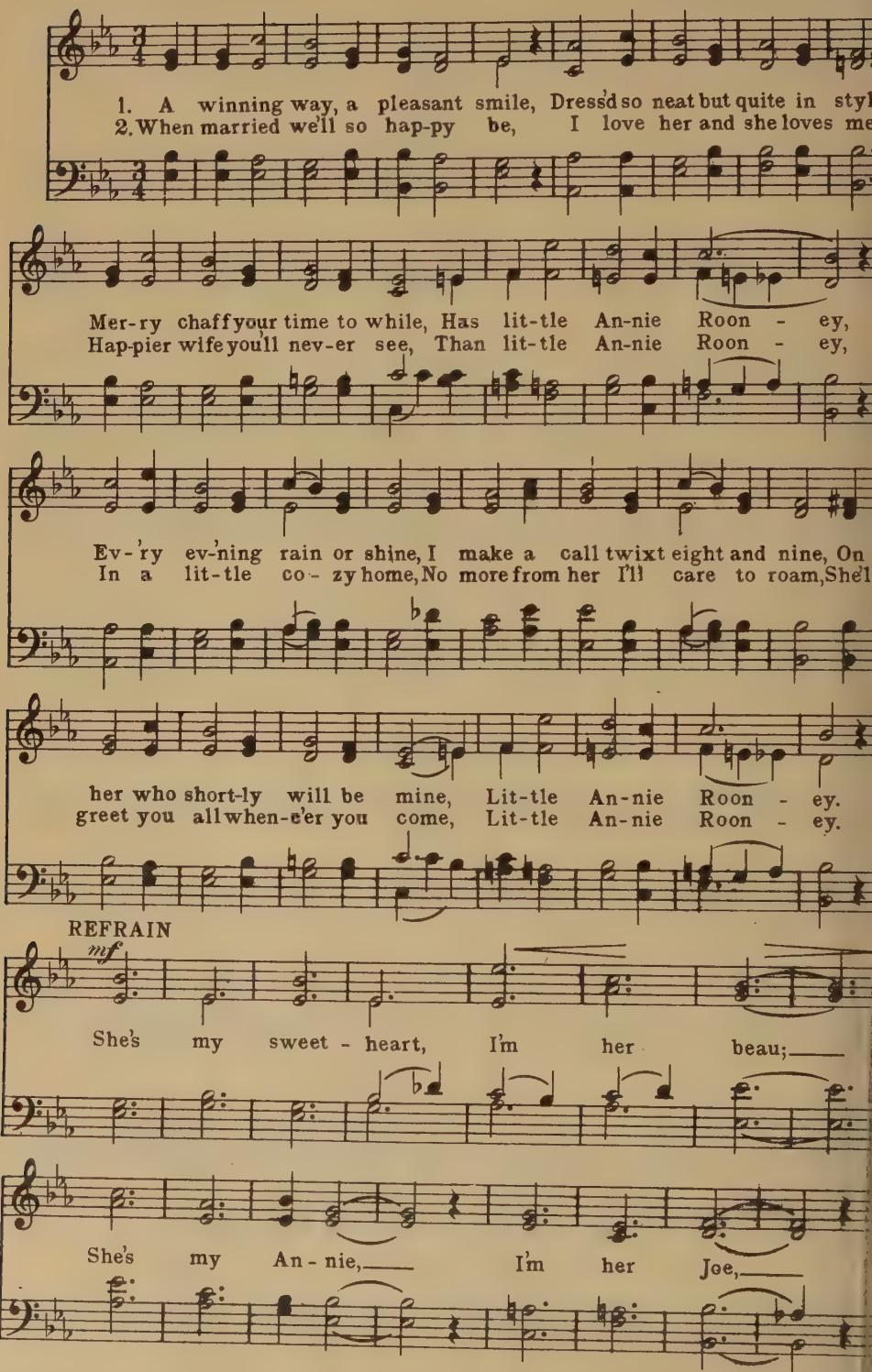


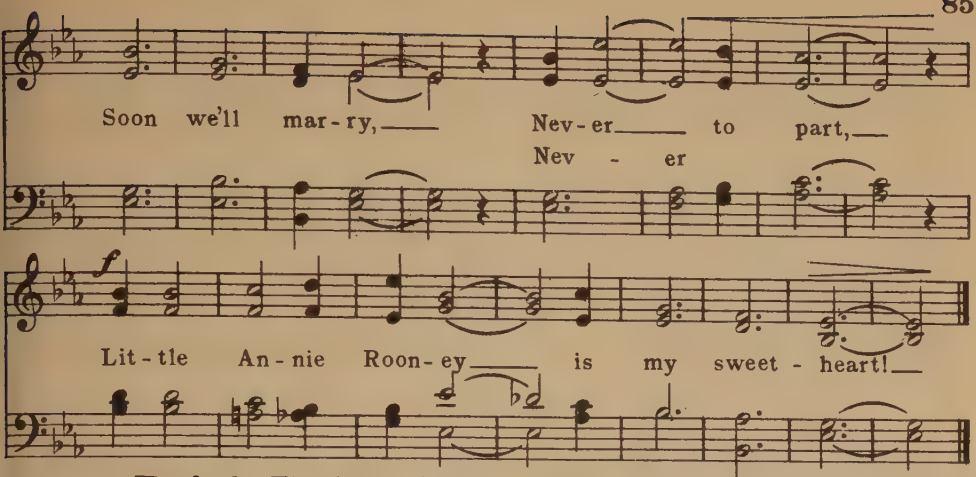


That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Robin A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Robin A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for - get Robin A - dair.

Little Annie Rooney

MICHAEL NOLA

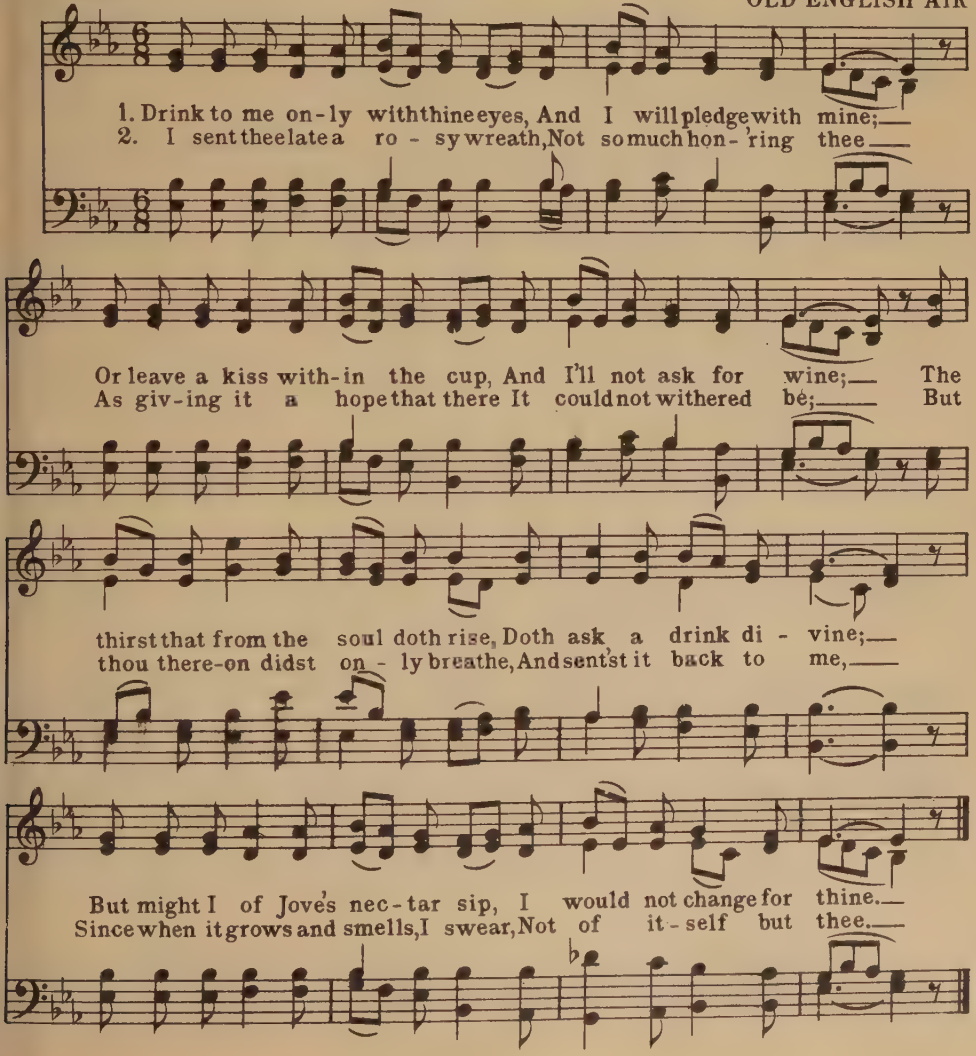

1. A winning way, a pleasant smile, Dress'd so neat but quite in styl
2. When married we'll so hap-py be, I love her and she loves me
Mer-ry chaff your time to while, Has lit-tle An-nie Roon - ey,
Hap-pier wife you'll nev-er see, Than lit-tle An-nie Roon - ey,
Ev-'ry ev-'ning rain or shine, I make a call twixt eight and nine, On
In a lit-tle co- zy home, No more from her I'll care to roam, She'l
her who short-ly will be mine, Lit-tle An-nie Roon - ey.
greet you all when-e'er you come, Lit-tle An-nie Roon - ey.
REFRAIN
mf
She's my sweet - heart, I'm her beau;
She's my An - nie, I'm her Joe,



Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON

OLD ENGLISH AIR

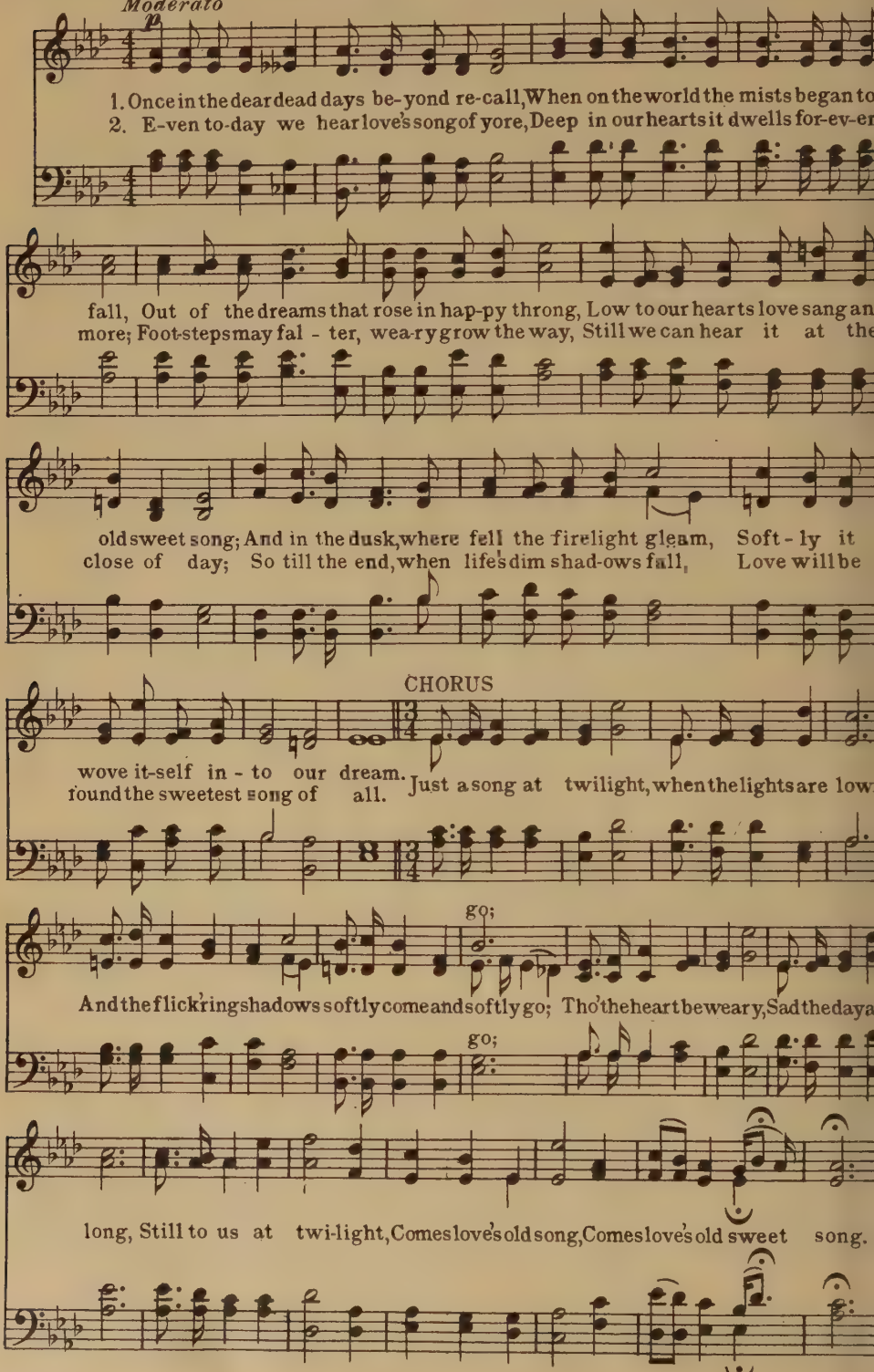

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;—
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee—
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine;— The
As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not withered be;— But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;—
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,—
But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.—
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self but thee.—

Love's Old Sweet Song

C. CLIFTON BINGHAM

MOLLOY - FELTO

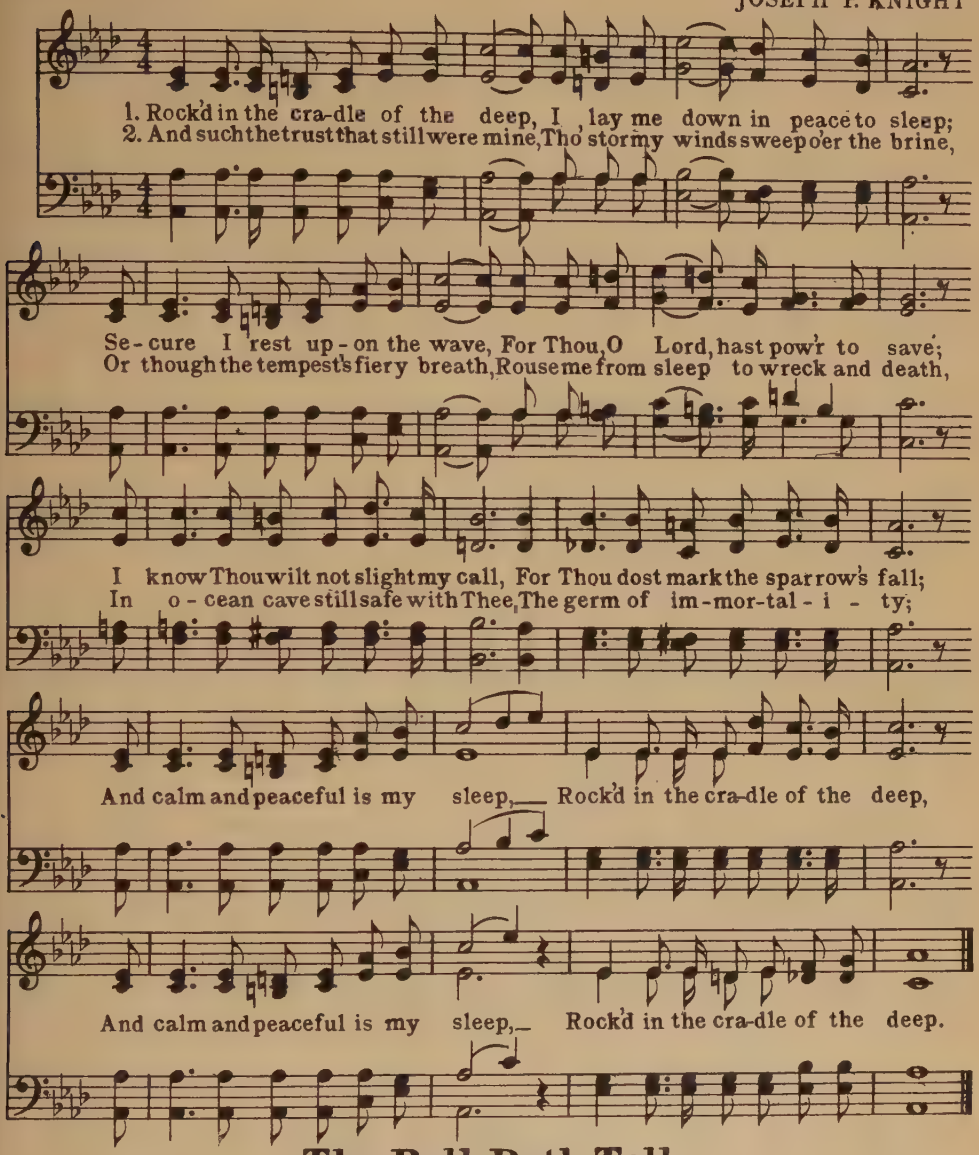
Moderato


1. Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists began to
2. E-ven to-day we hear love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev-er
fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts love sang an
more; Foot-steps may fal - ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the
old sweet song; And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam, Soft - ly it
close of day; So till the end, when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be
CHORUS
wove it-self in - to our dream. Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low
found the sweetest song of all.
go;
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and softly go; Tho' the heart be weary, Sad the day a
go;
long, Still to us at twi-light, Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

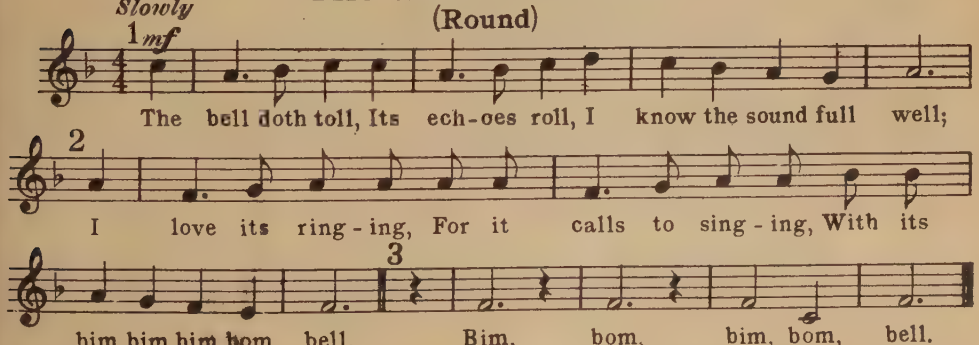
EMMA WILLARD

JOSEPH P. KNIGHT


1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath, Rouse me from sleep to wreck and death,
I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o-cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

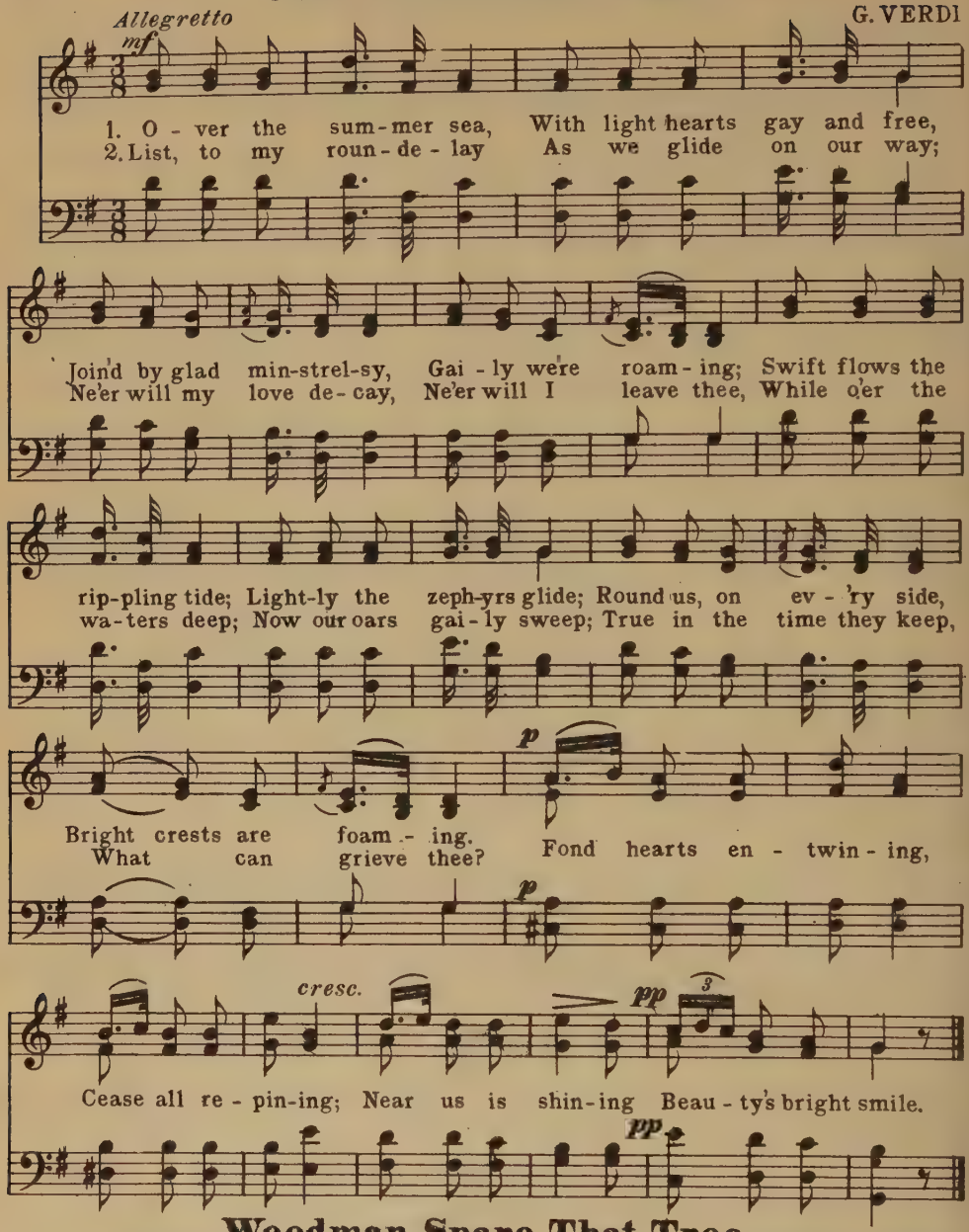
The Bell Doth Toll

(Round)


Slowly
1 mf
The bell doth toll, Its ech-oes roll, I know the sound full well;
2
I love its ring-ing, For it calls to sing-ing, With its
3
bim, bim, bim, bom, bell. Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

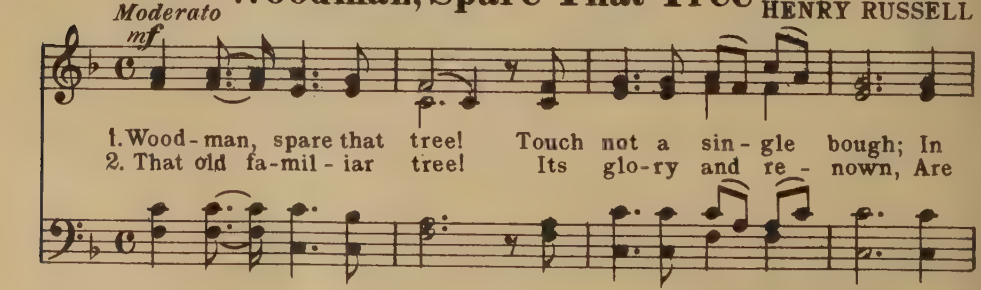
Over The Summer Sea

G. VERDI


Allegretto
mf
1. O - ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free,
2. List, to my roun-de-lay As we glide on our way;
Join'd by glad min-strel-sy, Gai - ly we're roam - ing; Swift flows the
Ne'er will my love de-cay, Ne'er will I leave thee, While o'er the
rip-pling tide; Light-ly the zeph-yrs glide; Round us, on ev - 'ry side,
wa-ters deep; Now our oars gai-ly sweep; True in the time they keep,
p
Bright crests are foam - ing.
What can grieve thee?
Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
p
cresc.
pp
3
Cease all re - pin-ing; Near us is shin-ing Beau - ty's bright smile.
pp

Woodman, Spare That Tree

HENRY RUSSELL



youth it shel-tered me, And I'll pro-tect it now; 'Twas
spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou hew it down? Wood-

my fore-fa-ther's hand, That placed it near his cot, There,
man, for-bear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties, Oh!

wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
spare that a-ged oak, Now tow'r-ing to the skies.

At Pierrot's Door

Andante
mf

FRENCH FOLK-SONG

1. With the moon's pale slimmer, Lit-tle friend Pier-rot, Shines thy can-dle's
2. See my lan-tern flicker, Now the light is out; Now the snow falls

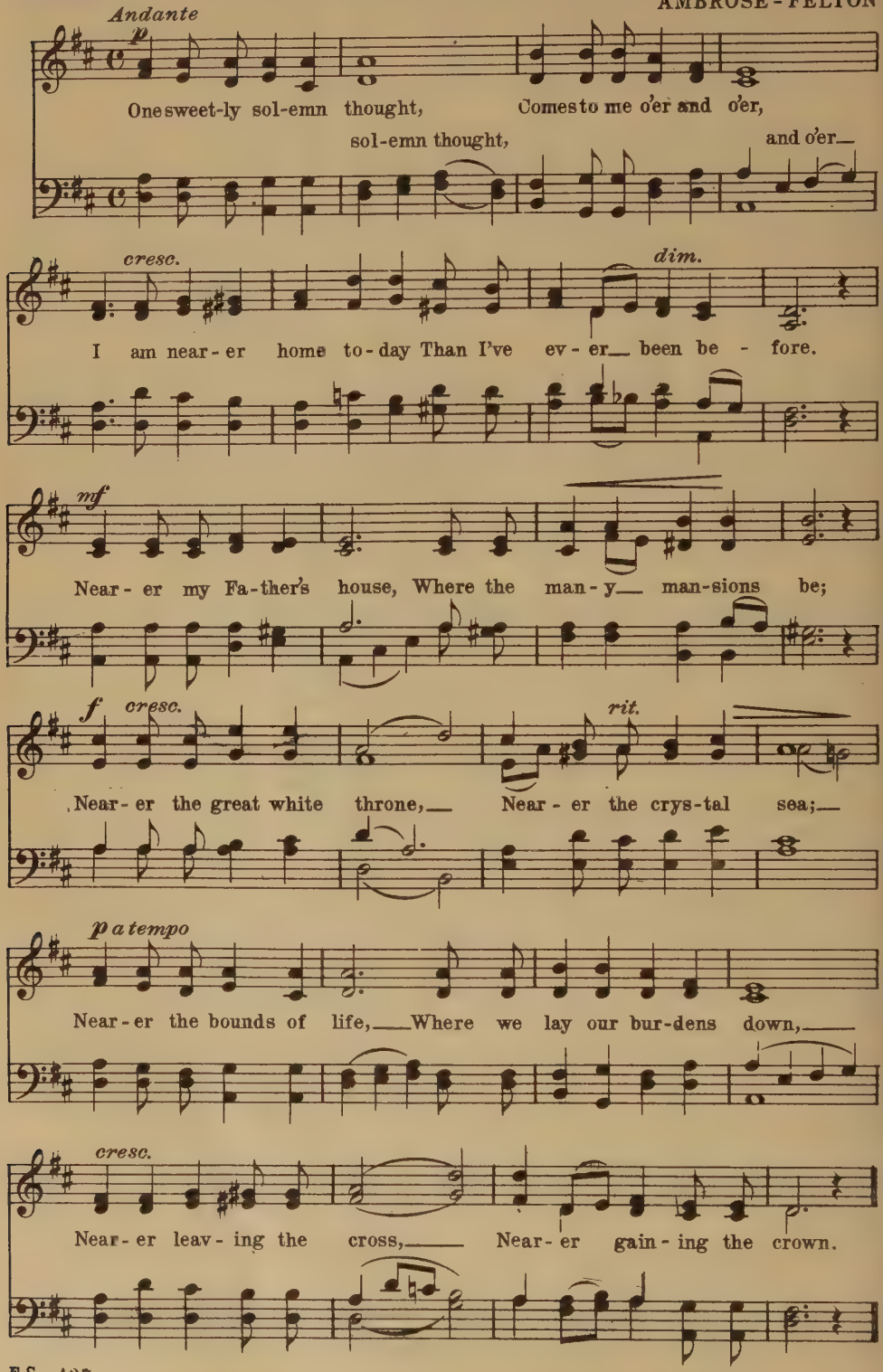
glim-mer, On the fall-en snow. Lend a pen, I pray thee,
thick-er, Round and round a-bout. Gusts go hel-ter-skel-ter,

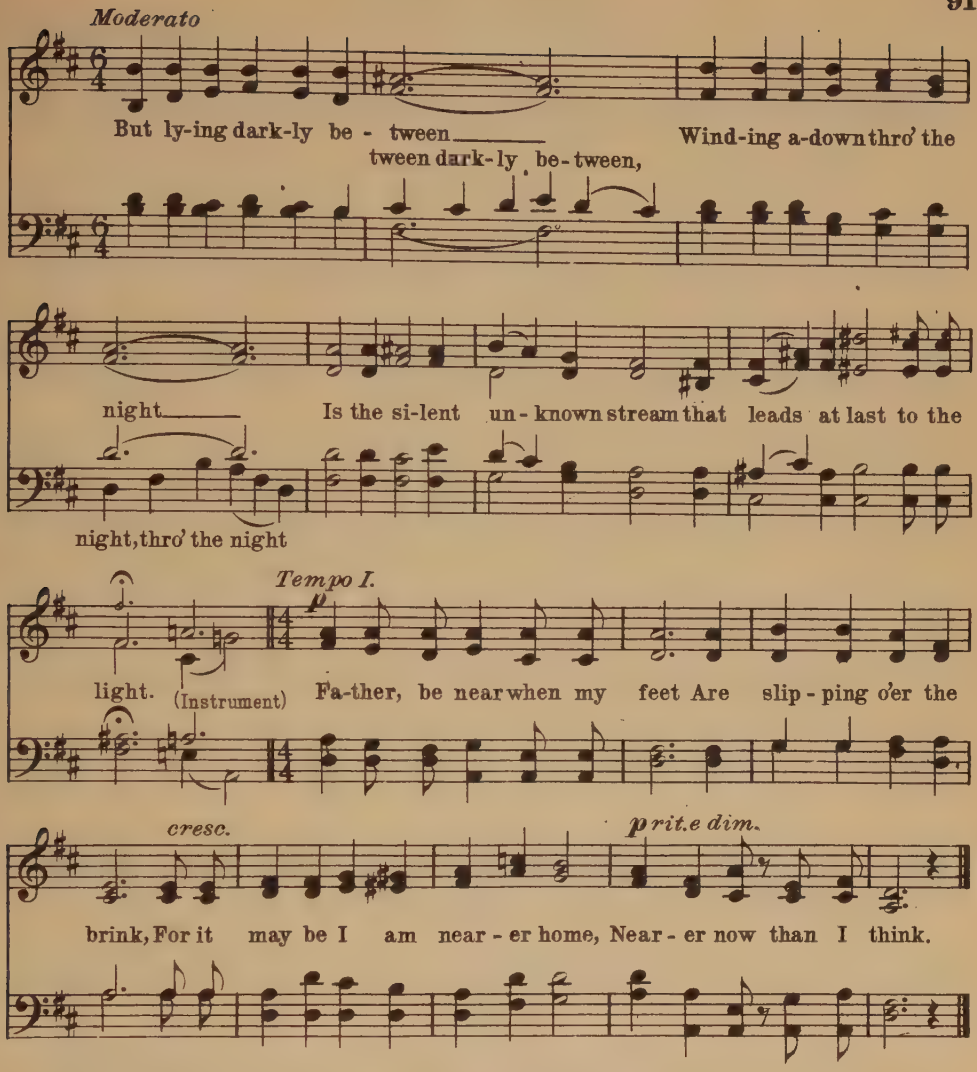
But a word to write, One fare well to say thee Ere I go to-night.
Lo, the night is old! Ope and give me shel-ter Ere I die of cold!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

PHOEBE CARY

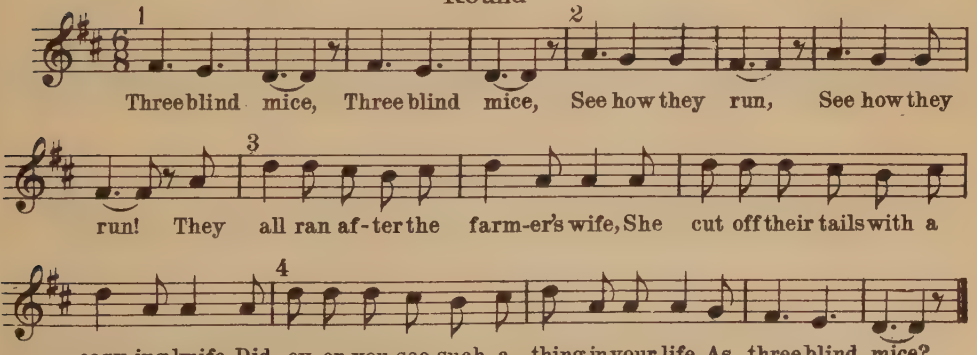
AMBROSE - FELTON


Andante
p
One sweet-ly sol-emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er,
sol-emn thought, and o'er
cresc.
dim.
I am near-er home to-day Than I've ev-er been be - fore.
mf
Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where the man-y man-sions be;
f
cresc.
rit.
Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea;
p a tempo
Near-er the bounds of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down,
cresc.
Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.


Moderato
But ly-ing dark-ly be - tween
Wind-ing a-down thro' the
tween dark-ly be-tween,
night
Is the si-lent un-known stream that leads at last to the
night, thro' the night
Tempo I.
p
light.
(Instrument)
Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are slip-ping o'er the
cresc.
prit.e dim.
brink, For it may be I am near-er home, Near-er now than I think.

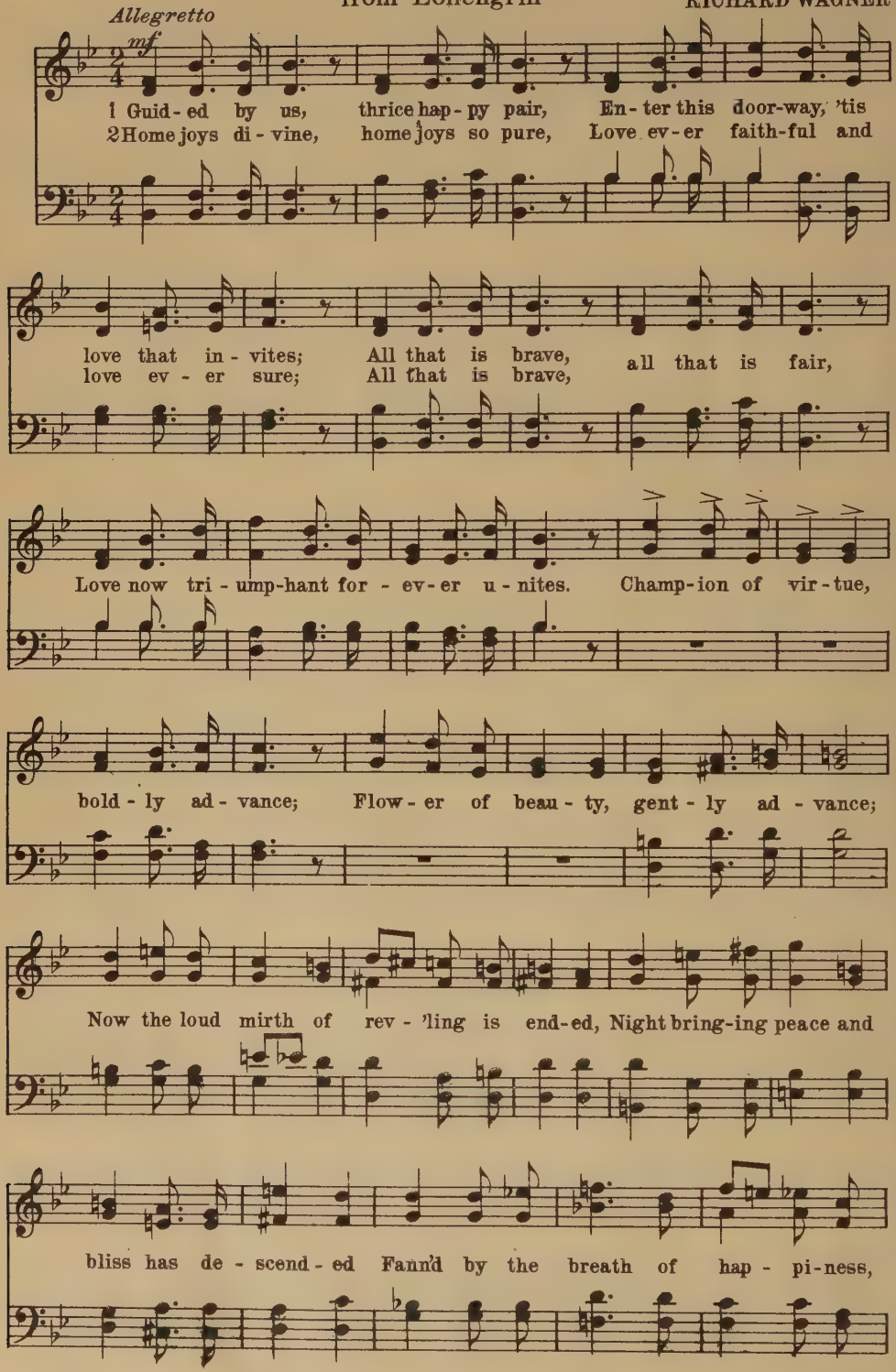
Three Blind Mice

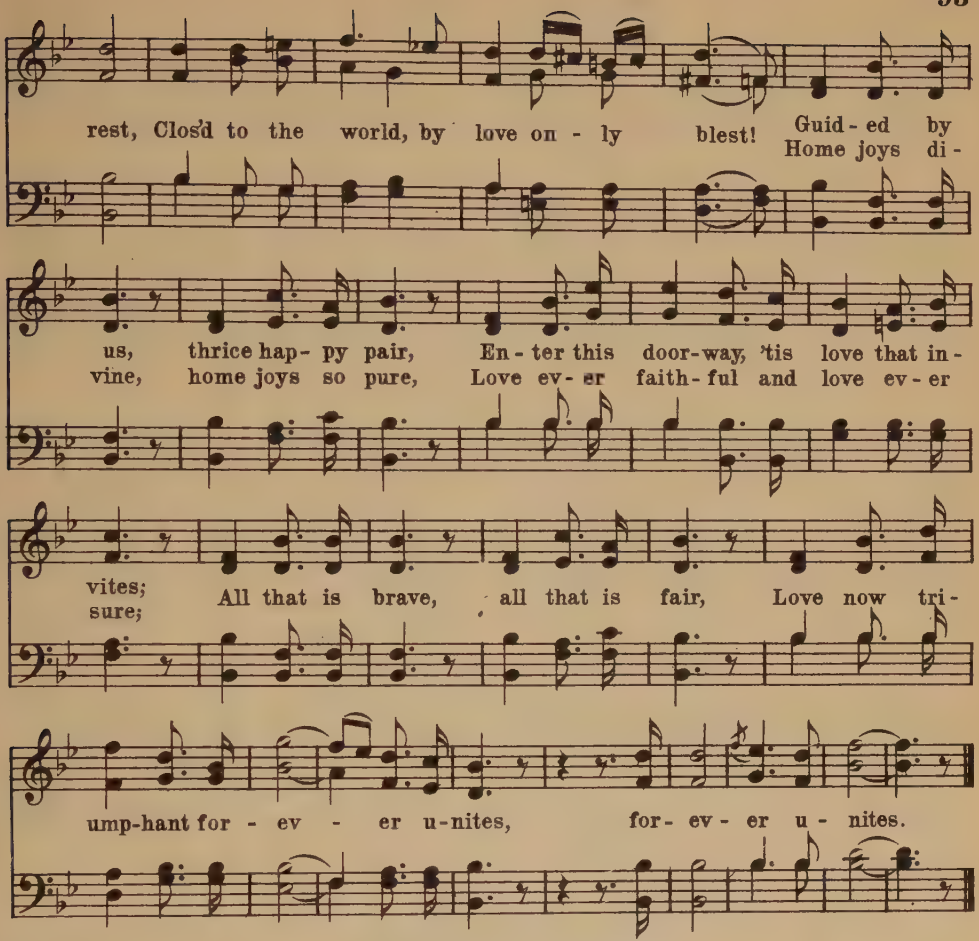
Round


1
2
Three blind mice, Three blind mice, See how they run, See how they
3
run! They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a
4
carv-ing knife; Did ev-er you see such a thing in your life, As three blind mice?

Bridal Chorus

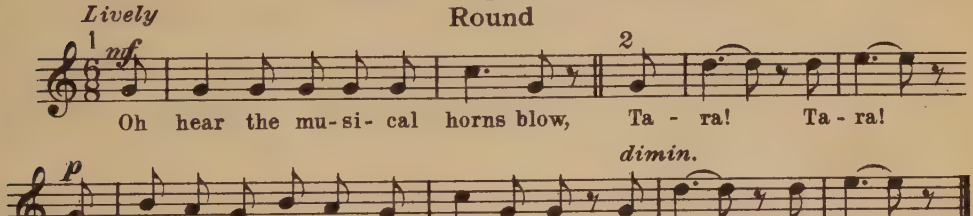
from "Lohengrin"

RICHARD WAGNER

Allegretto
mf
1 Guid-ed by us, thrice hap-py pair, En-ter this door-way, 'tis
2 Home joys di-vine, home joys so pure, Love ev-er faith-ful and
love that in-vites; All that is brave, all that is fair,
love ev-er sure; All that is brave,
Love now tri-ump-hant for-ev-er u-nites. Champ-ion of vir-tue,
bold-ly ad-vance; Flow-er of beau-ty, gent-ly ad-vance;
Now the loud mirth of rev-'ling is end-ed, Night bring-ing peace and
bliss has de-scend-ed Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness,


rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly blest! Guid - ed by
Home joys di -
us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this door-way, 'tis love that in -
vine, home joys so pure, Love ev - er faith - ful and love ev - er
vites;
sure;
All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri -
ump-hant for - ev - er u-nites, for- ev - er u - nites.

Hunting Horns

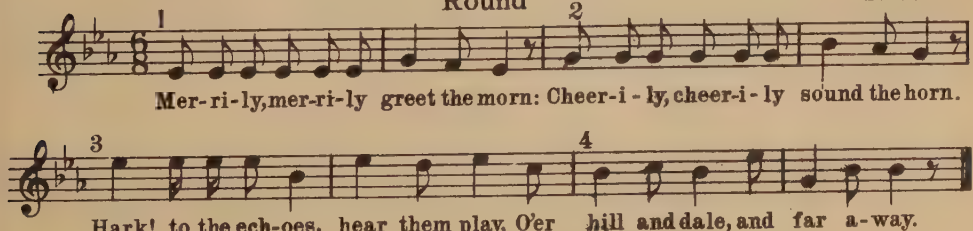
Round



Merrily, Merrily, Greet the Morn

Round

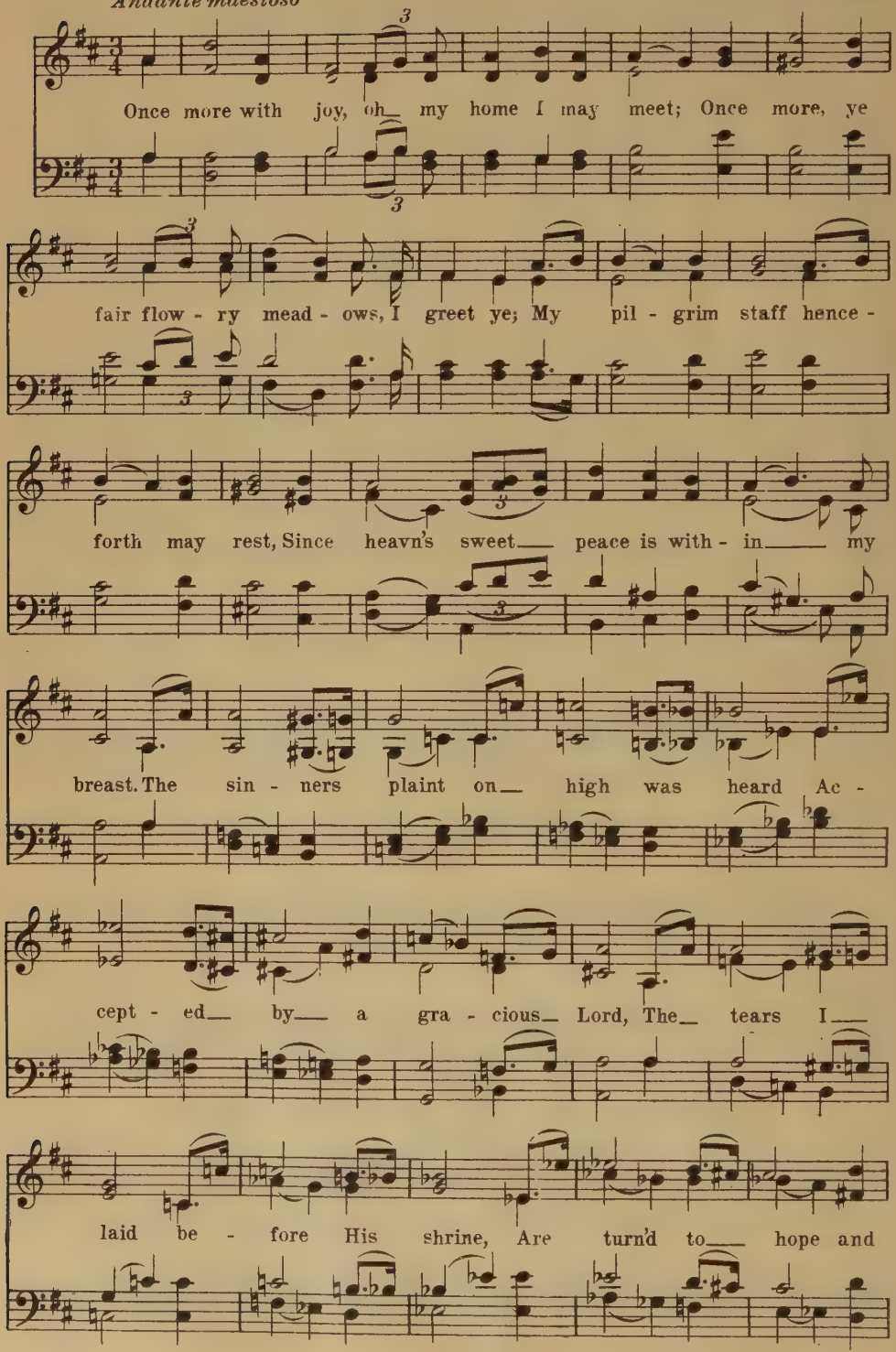
ENGLISH

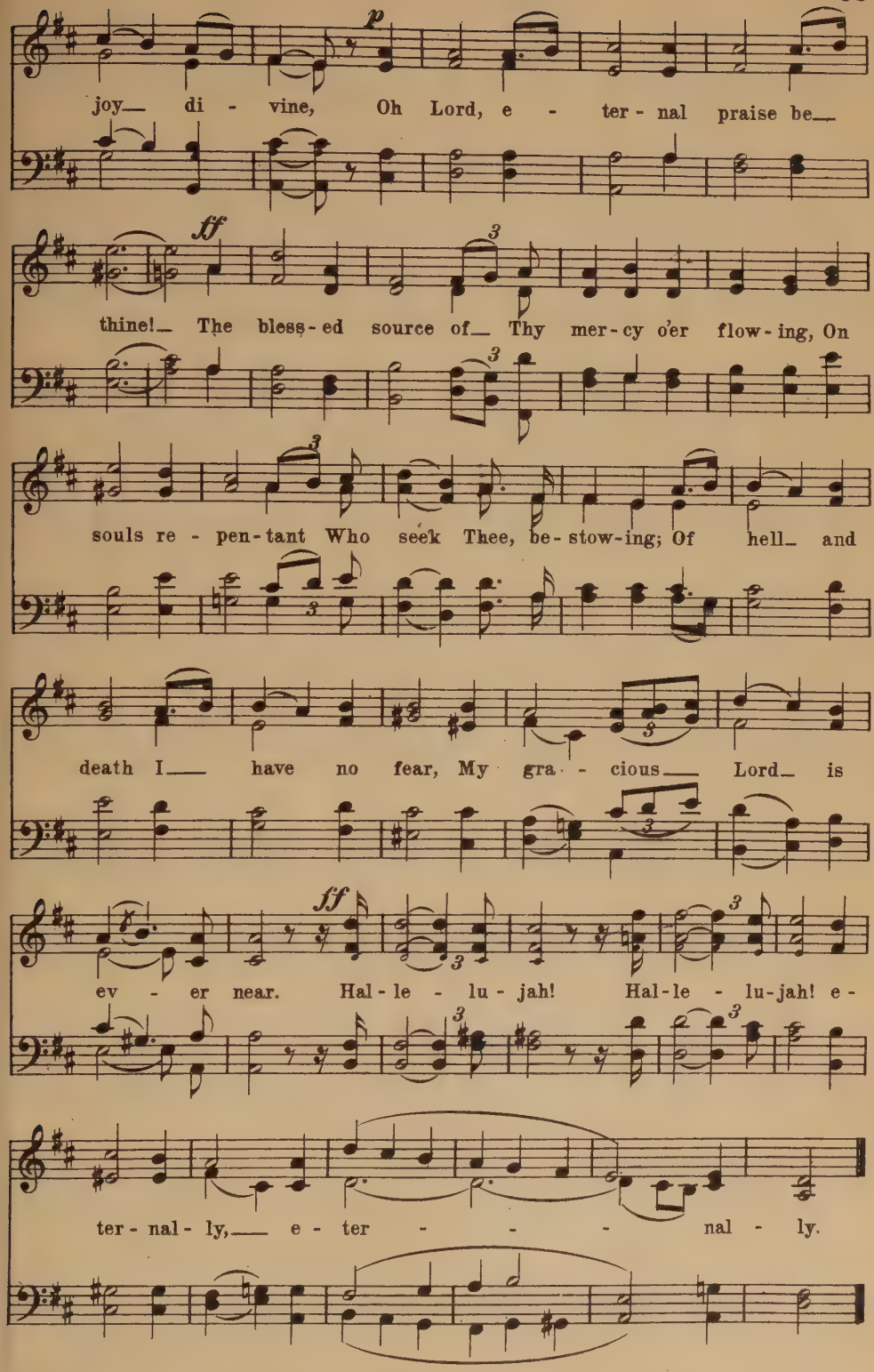

1
2
Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly greet the morn: Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.
3
4
Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a-way.

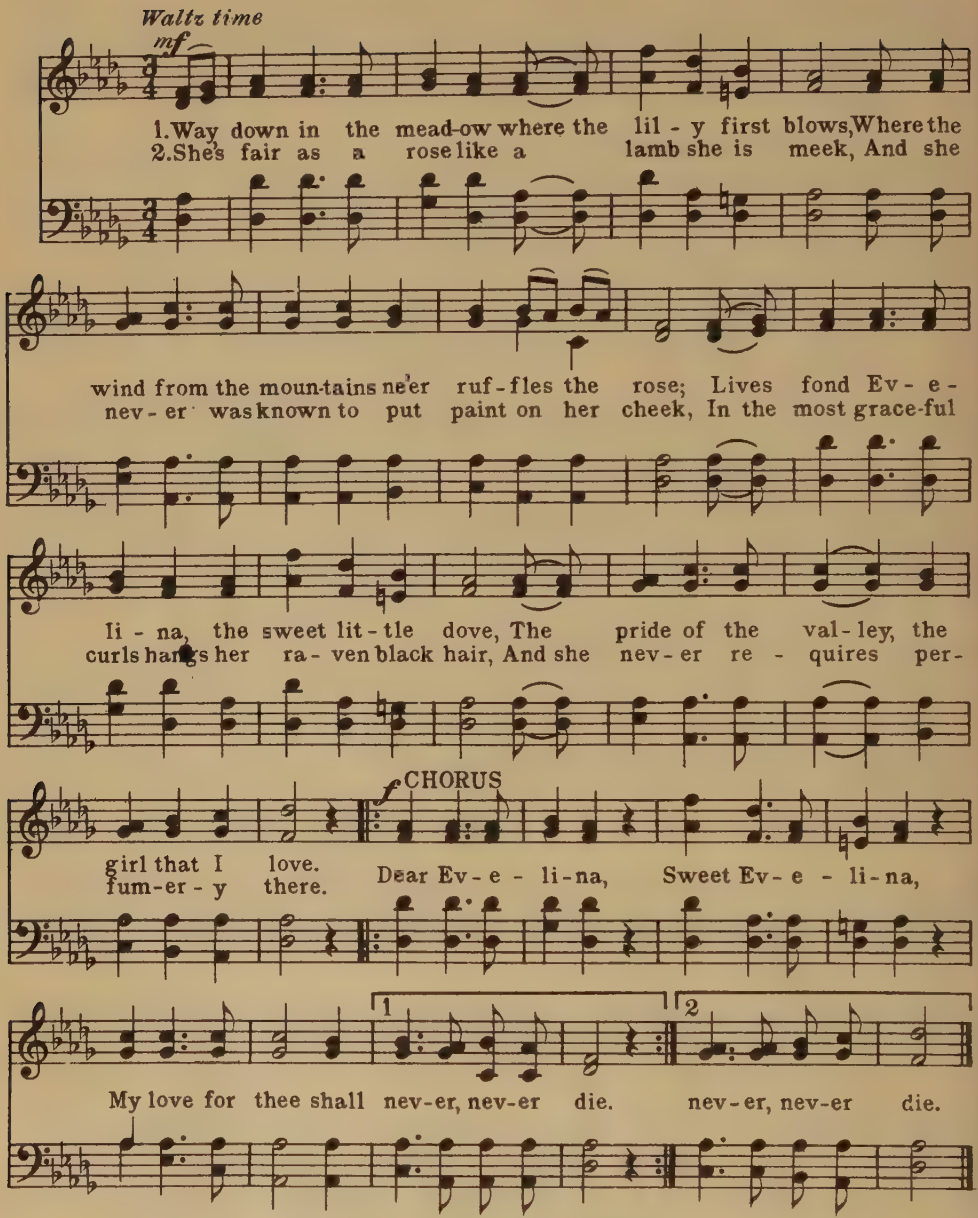
Pilgrim's Chorus

RICHARD WAGNER

Andante maestoso

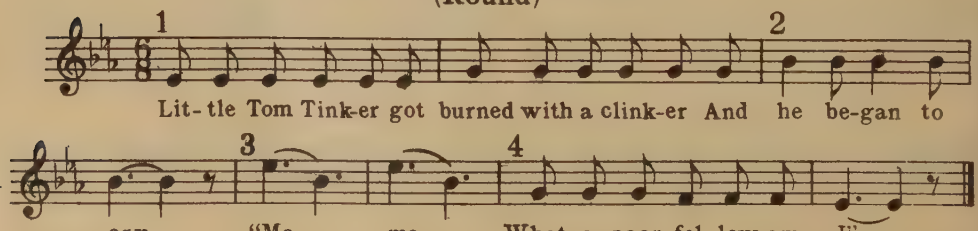

Once more with joy, oh my home I may meet; Once more, ye
fair flow - ry mead - ows, I greet ye; My pil - grim staff hence -
forth may rest, Since heavn's sweet peace is with - in my
breast. The sin - ners plaint on high was heard Ac -
cept - ed by a gra - cious Lord, The tears I
laid be - fore His shrine, Are turn'd to hope and


joy di - vine, Oh Lord, e - ter - nal praise be
thine! The bless-ed source of Thy mer-cy o'er flow-ing, On
souls re - pen-tant Who seek Thee, be-stow-ing; Of hell and
death I have no fear, My gra - cious Lord is
ev - er near. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! e -
ter - nal - ly, e - ter - - - - nal - ly.

Dear Evelina

Waltz time
mf
1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the
2. She's fair as a rose like a lamb she is meek, And she
wind from the moun-tains ne'er ruf-fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e -
nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek, In the most grace-ful
li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val - ley, the
curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per -
f CHORUS
girl that I love.
fum-er - y there.
Dear Ev - e - li-na, Sweet Ev - e - li-na,
1
2
My love for thee shall nev-er, nev-er die. nev-er, nev-er die.

Little Tom Tinker

(Round)



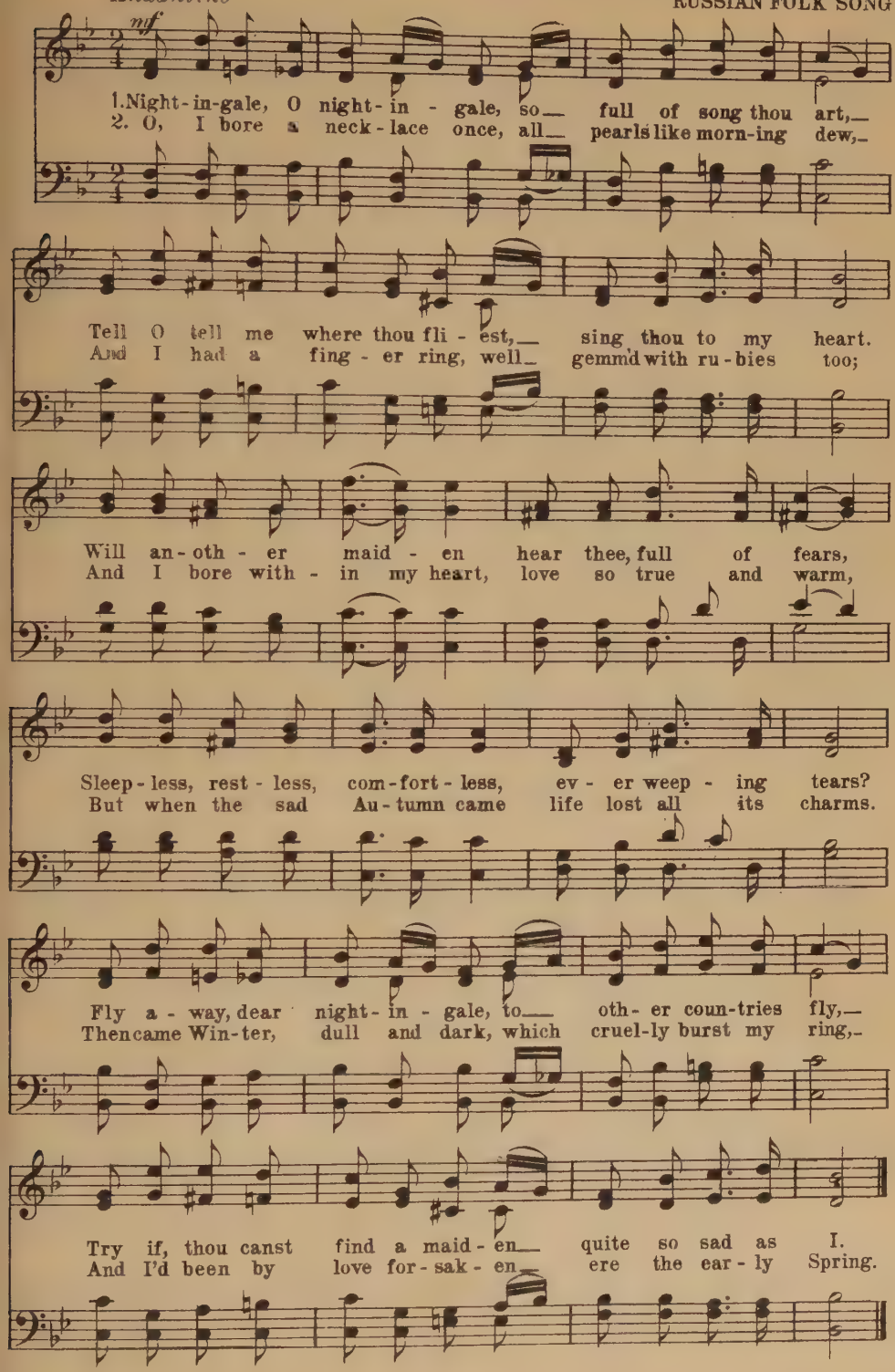
Arr. by
Wm. M. FELTON

Nightingale, O Nightingale

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

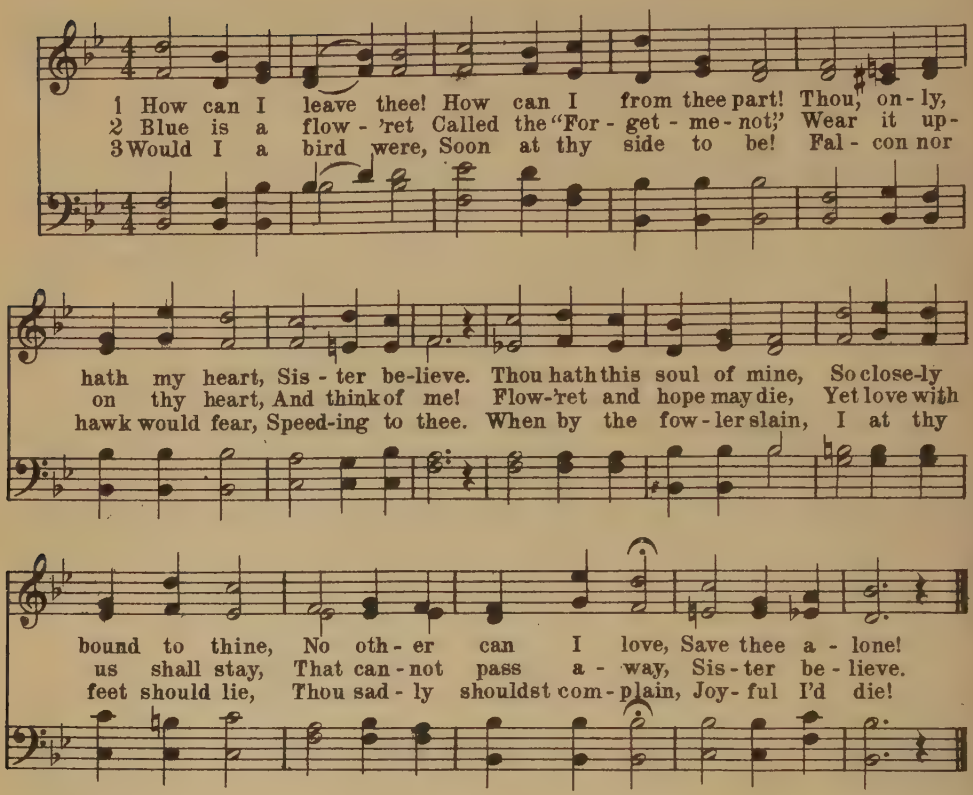
Andantino

mf


1. Night-in-gale, O night-in-gale, so full of song thou art,
2. O, I bore a neck-lace once, all pearls like morn-ing dew,
Tell O tell me where thou fli-est, sing thou to my heart.
And I had a fing-er ring, well gemm'd with ru-bies too;
Will an-oth-er maid-en hear thee, full of fears,
And I bore with-in my heart, love so true and warm,
Sleep-less, rest-less, com-fort-less, ev-er weep-ing tears?
But when the sad Au-tumn came life lost all its charms.
Fly a-way, dear night-in-gale, to oth-er coun-tries fly,
Then came Win-ter, dull and dark, which cruel-ly burst my ring,
Try if, thou canst find a maid-en quite so sad as I.
And I'd been by love for-sak-en ere the ear-ly Spring.

How Can I Leave Thee

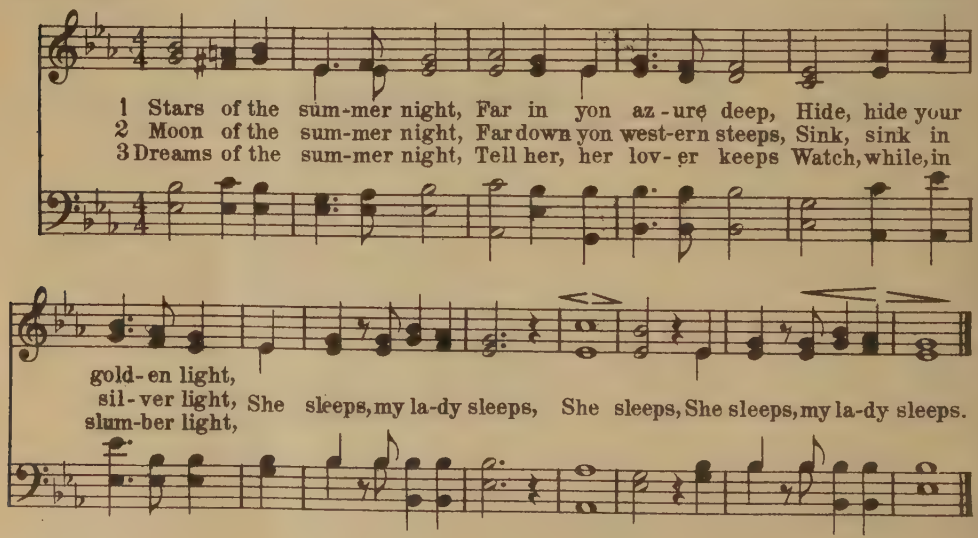
THURINGIAN FOLKSONG


1 How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou, on-ly,
2 Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not;" Wear it up-
3 Would I a bird were, Soon at thy side to be! Fal-con nor
hath my heart, Sis-ter be-lieve. Thou hath this soul of mine, So close-ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fow-ler slain, I at thy
bound to thine, No oth-er can I love, Save thee a-lone!
us shall stay, That can-not pass a-way, Sis-ter be-lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad-ly shouldst com-plain, Joy-ful I'd die!

Stars of the Summer Night

LONGFELLOW

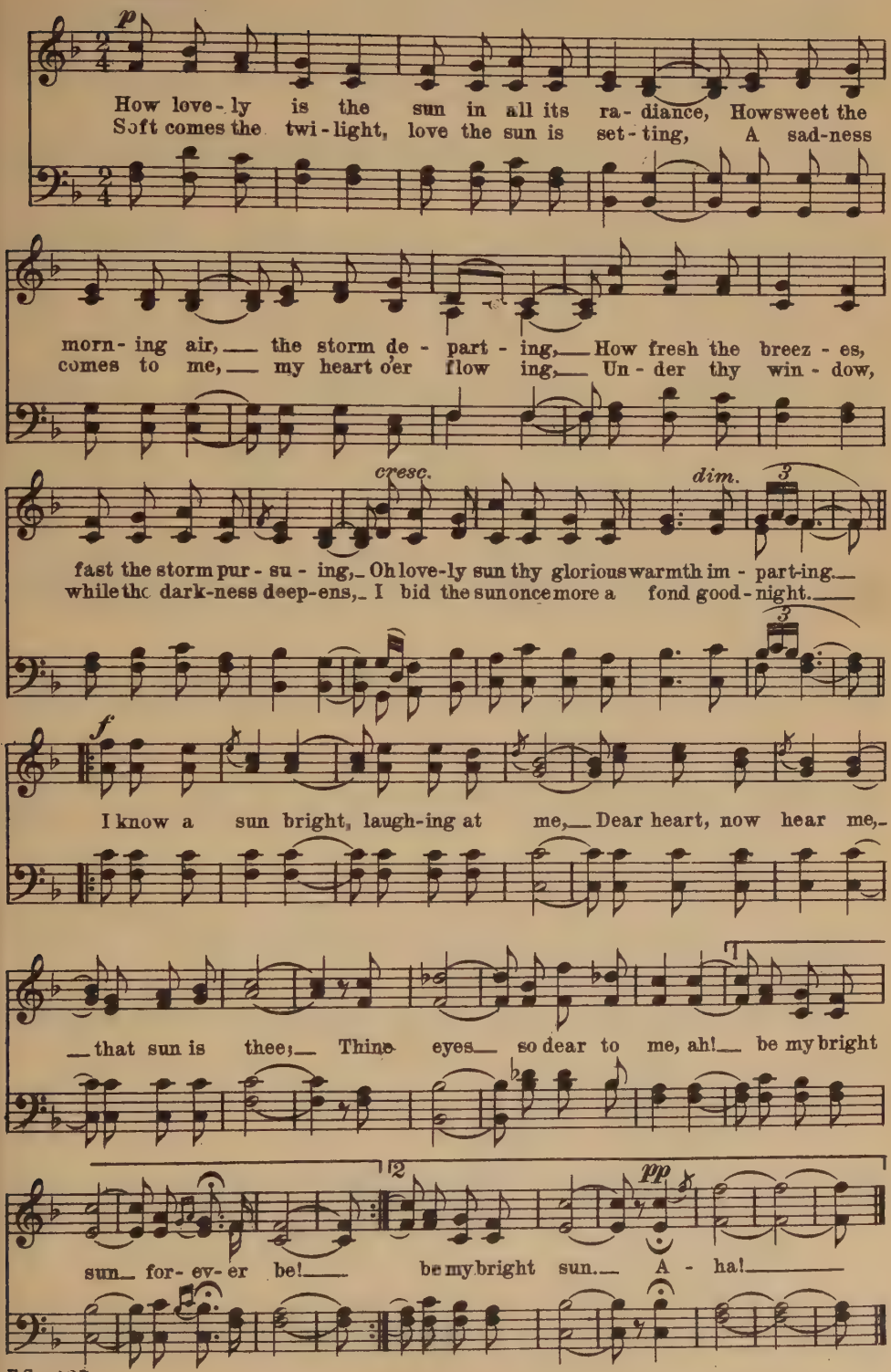
I.B. WOODBURY


1 Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deep, Hide, hide your
2 Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in
3 Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in
gold-en light,
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
slum-ber light,

'O Sole Mio!

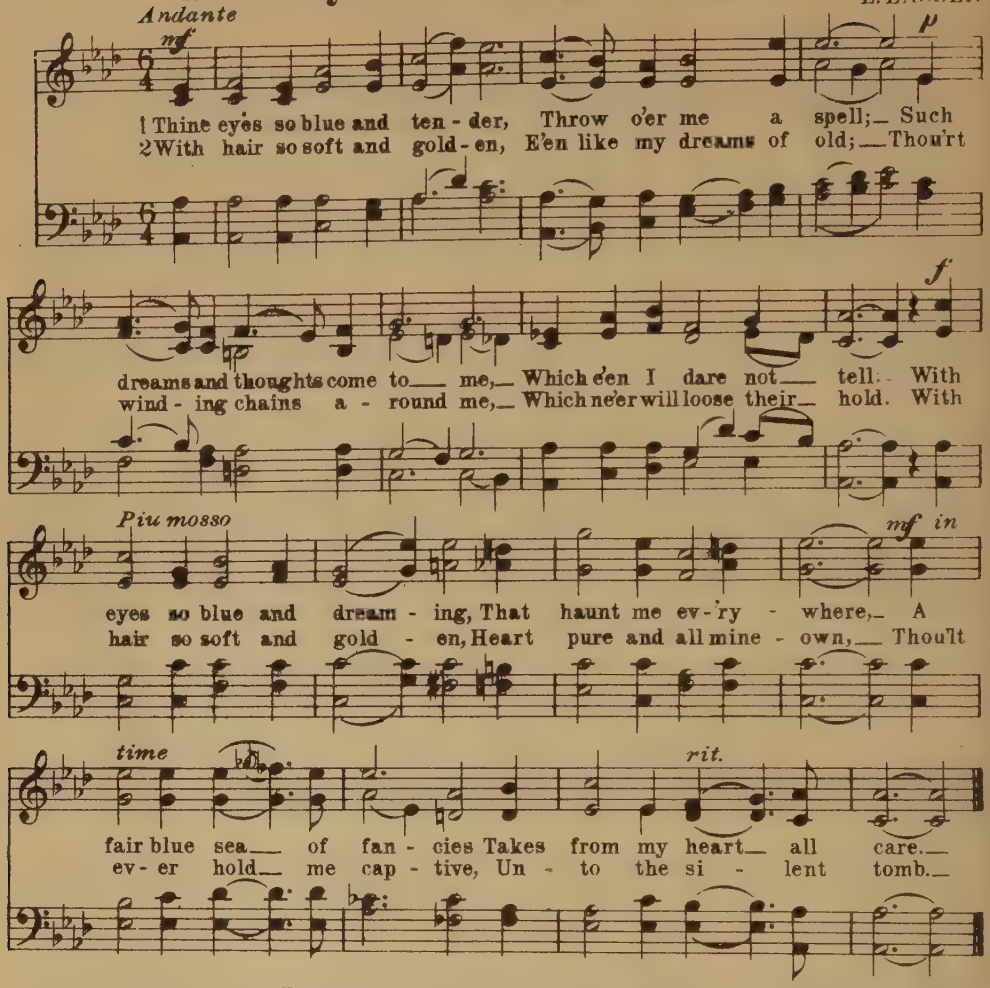
My Bright Sun

Andantino DI CAPUA


p
How love-ly is the sun in all its ra-diance, How sweet the
Soft comes the twi-light, love the sun is set-ting, A sad-ness
morn-ing air, the storm de-part-ing, How fresh the breez-es,
comes to me, my heart o'er flow ing, Un-der thy win-dow,
cresc.
dim.
3
fast the storm pur-su-ing, Oh love-ly sun thy glorious warmth im-part-ing.
while the dark-ness deep-ens, I bid the sun once more a fond good-night.
f
I know a sun bright, laugh-ing at me, Dear heart, now hear me,
that sun is thee; Thine eyes so dear to me, ah! be my bright
12
pp
sun for-ev-er be! be my bright sun. A-ha!

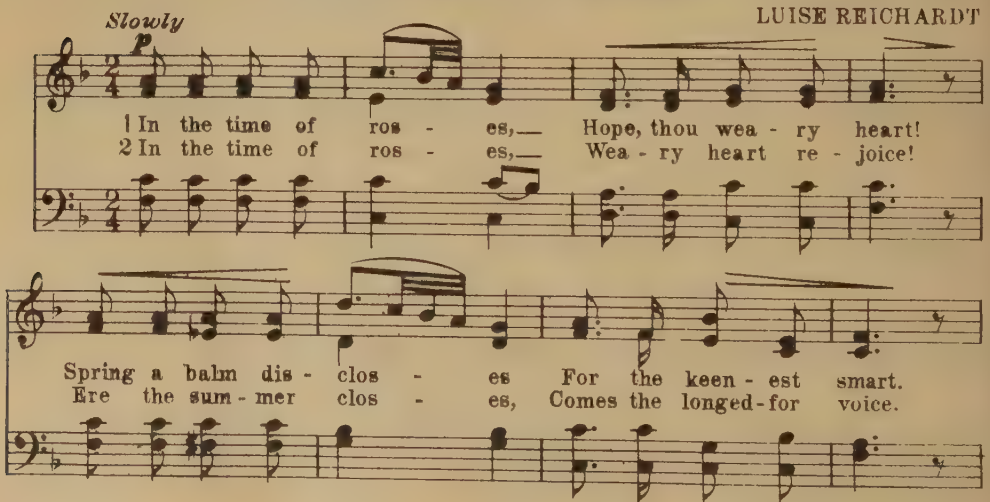
Thine Eyes So Blue and Tender

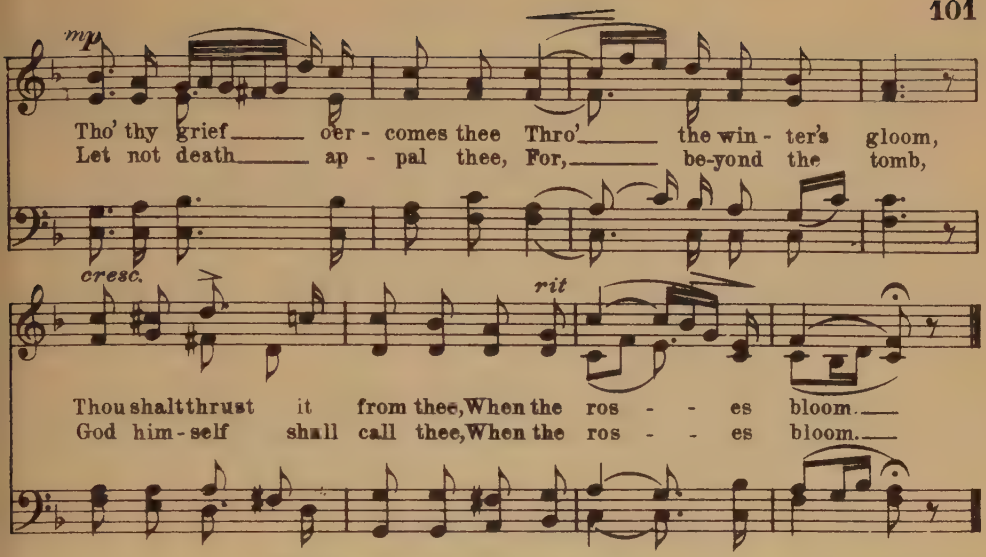
E. LASSEN


Andante
mf
p
1 Thine eyes so blue and ten - der, Throw o'er me a spell; Such
2 With hair so soft and gold - en, E'en like my dreams of old; Thou'rt
f
dreams and thoughts come to me, Which e'en I dare not tell. With
wind - ing chains a - round me, Which ne'er will loose their hold. With
Piu mosso
mf in
eyes so blue and dream - ing, That haunt me ev - 'ry - where, A
hair so soft and gold - en, Heart pure and all mine - own, Thou'lt
time
rit.
fair blue sea of fan - cies Takes from my heart all care.
ev - er hold me cap - tive, Un - to the si - lent tomb.

In the Time of Roses

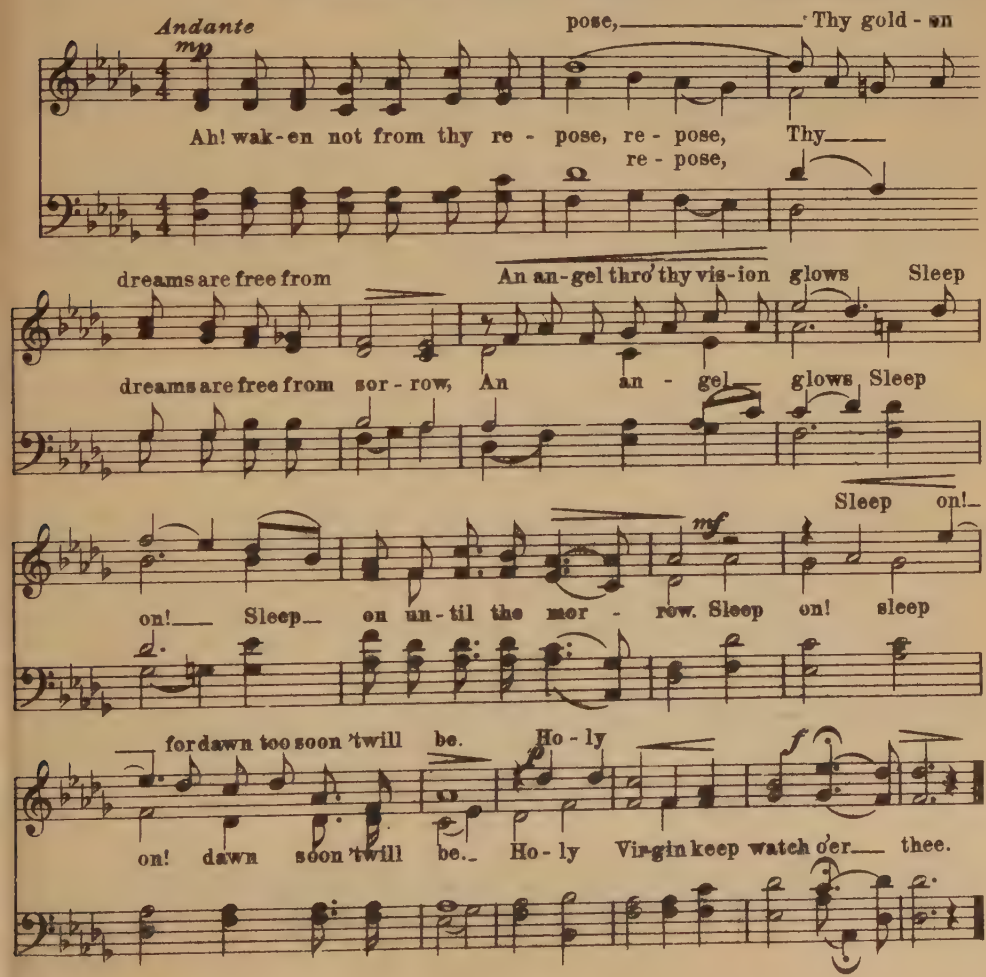
LUISE REICHARDT


Slowly
p
1 In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea - ry heart!
2 In the time of ros - es, Wea - ry heart re - joice!
Spring a balm dis - clos - es For the keen - est smart.
Ere the sum - mer clos - es, Comes the longed-for voice.


mp
Tho' thy grief oer - comes thee Thro' the win - ter's gloom,
Let not death ap - pal thee, For, be-yond the tomb,
cresc.
rit
Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - - es bloom.
God him-self shall call thee, When the ros - - es bloom.

Berceuse from Jocelyn

BENJAMIN GODARD

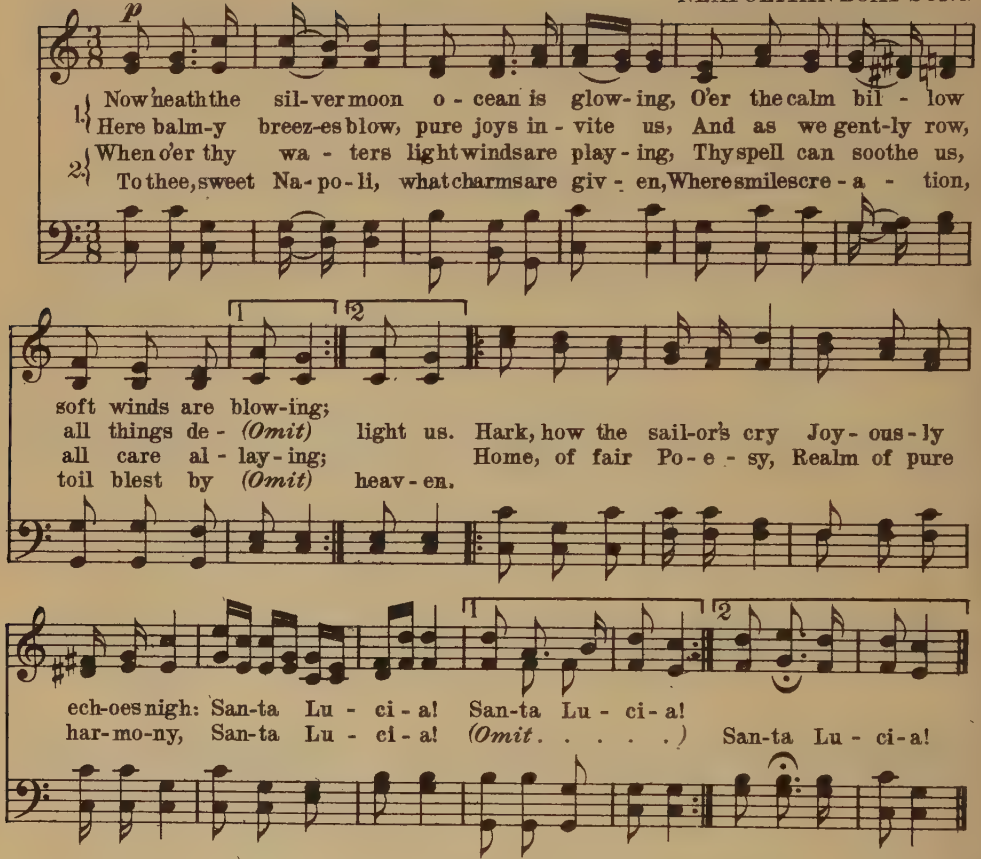

Andante
mp
pose, Thy gold - en
Ah! wak-en not from thy re - pose, re - pose, Thy
re - pose,
dreams are free from An an-gel thro' thy vis-ion glows Sleep
dreams are free from sor - row, An an - gel glows Sleep
Sleep on!
mf
on! Sleep on un - til the mor - row. Sleep on! sleep
for dawn too soon 'twill be. Ho - ly
f
on! dawn soon 'twill be. Ho - ly Vir-gin keep watch o'er thee.

Santa Lucia

Andantino

p

NEAPOLITAN BOAT SONG


1. Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o-cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil-low
Here balm-y breez-es blow, pure joys in-vite us, And as we gent-ly row,
2. When o'er thy wa-ters light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, what charms are giv-en, Where smiles cre-a-tion,
soft winds are blow-ing;
all things de- (Omit) light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy-ous-ly
all care al-lay-ing; Home, of fair Po-e-sy, Realm of pure
toil blest by (Omit) heav-en.
ech-oes nigh: San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!
har-mo-ny, San-ta Lu-ci-a! (Omit. . . . .) San-ta Lu-ci-a!

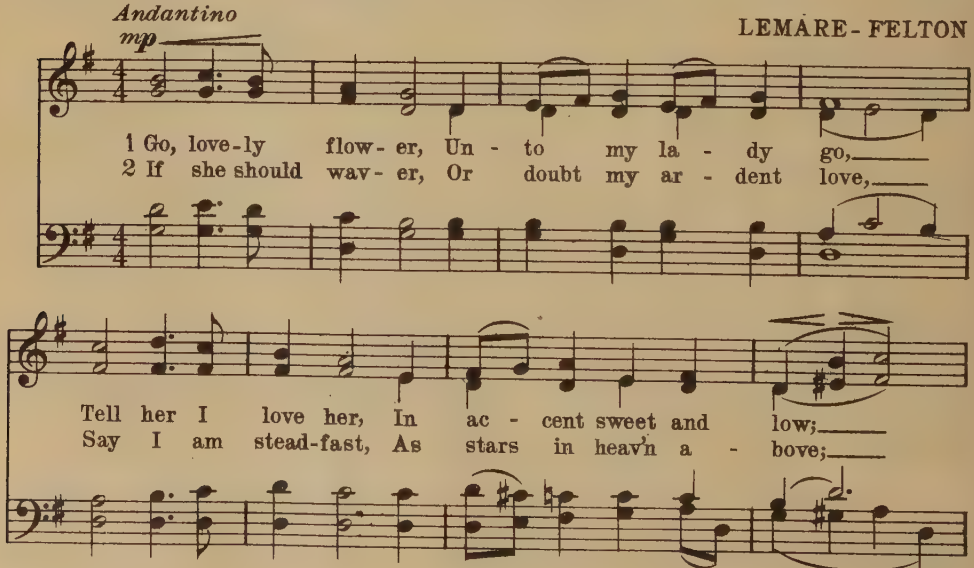
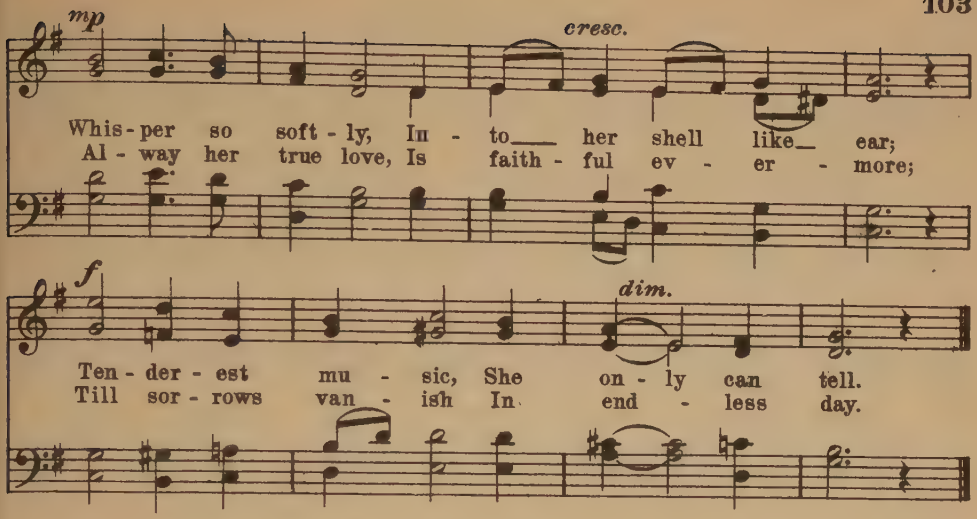
NICHOLAS DOUTY

Go, Lovely Flower

Andantino

mp

LEMARE-FELTON

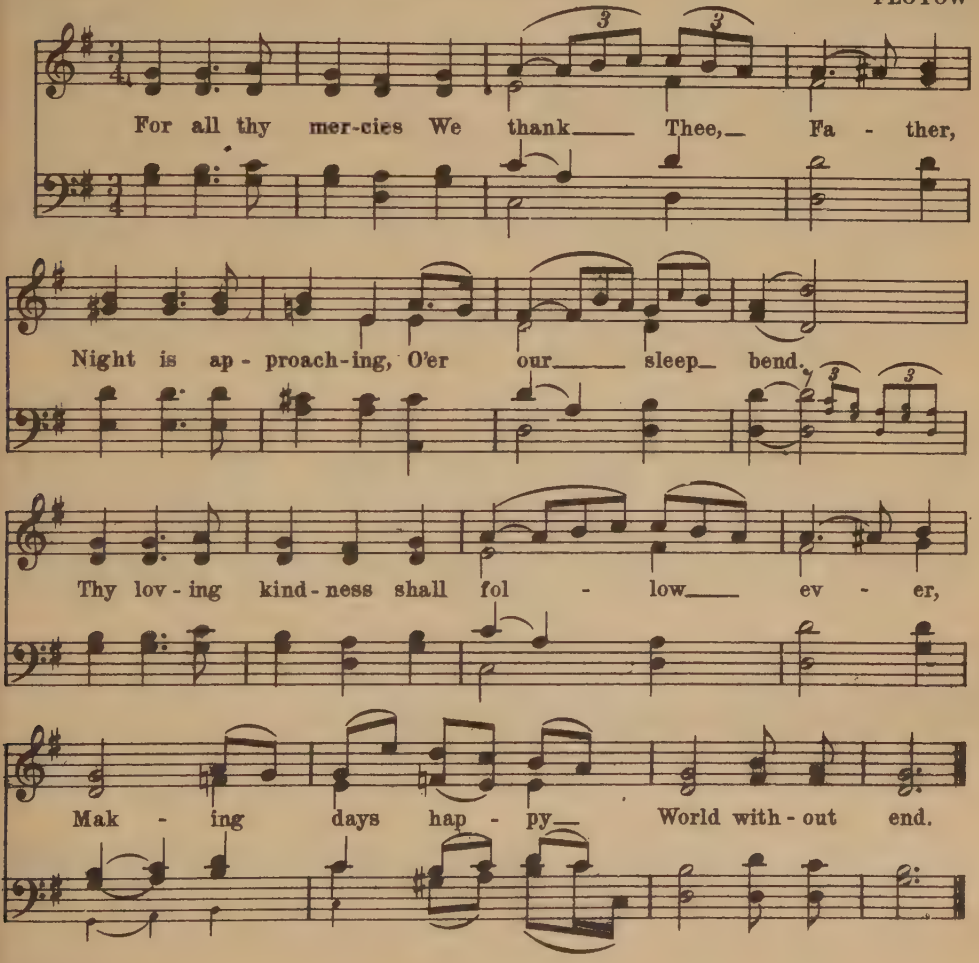

1 Go, love-ly flow-er, Un-to my la-dy go,
2 If she should wav-er, Or doubt my ar-dent love,
Tell her I love her, In ac-cent sweet and low;
Say I am stead-fast, As stars in heav'n a-bove;

mp
cresc.
Whis - per so soft - ly, In - to her shell like ear;
Al - way her true love, Is faith - ful ev - er - more;
f
dim.
Ten - der - est mu - sic, She on - ly can tell.
Till sor - rows van - ish In end - less day.

Evening Prayer

from Stradella

G. A. BROWN

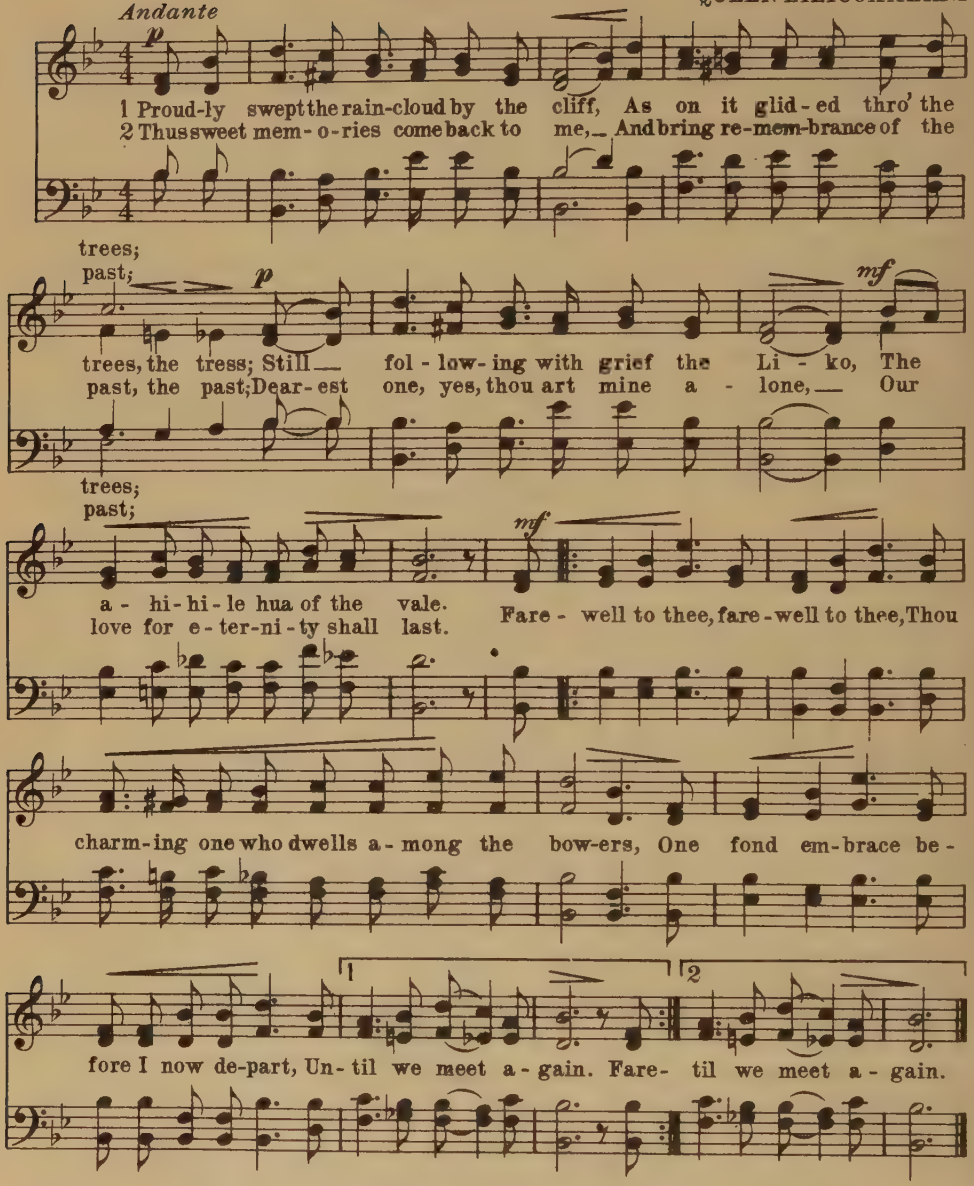
FLOTOW


For all thy mer-cies We thank Thee, Fa - ther,
Night is ap - proach-ing, O'er our sleep bend.
Thy lov - ing kind - ness shall fol - low ev - er,
Mak - ing days hap - py World with - out end.

Aloha Oe

Farewell to Thee

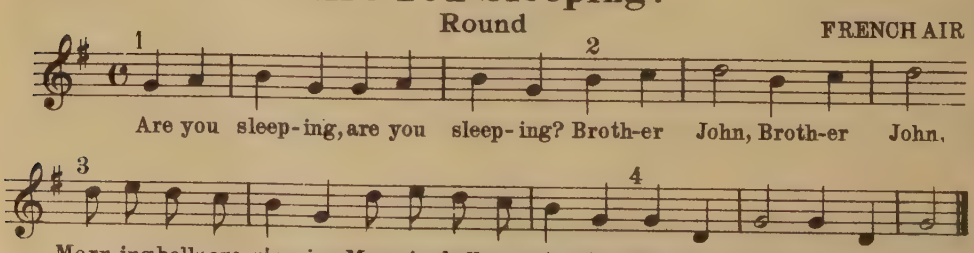
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI


Andante
p
1 Proud-ly swept the rain-cloud by the cliff, As on it glid-ed thro' the
2 Thus sweet mem-o-ries come back to me, And bring re-mem-brance of the
trees;
past;
p
mf
trees, the tress; Still fol-low-ing with grief the Li-ko, The
past, the past; Dear-est one, yes, thou art mine a-lone, Our
trees;
past;
mf
a-hi-hi-le hua of the vale.
love for e-ter-ni-ty shall last.
Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Thou
charm-ing one who dwells a-mong the bow-ers, One fond em-brace be-
1
2
fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet a-gain. Fare-til we meet a-gain.

Are You Sleeping?

Round

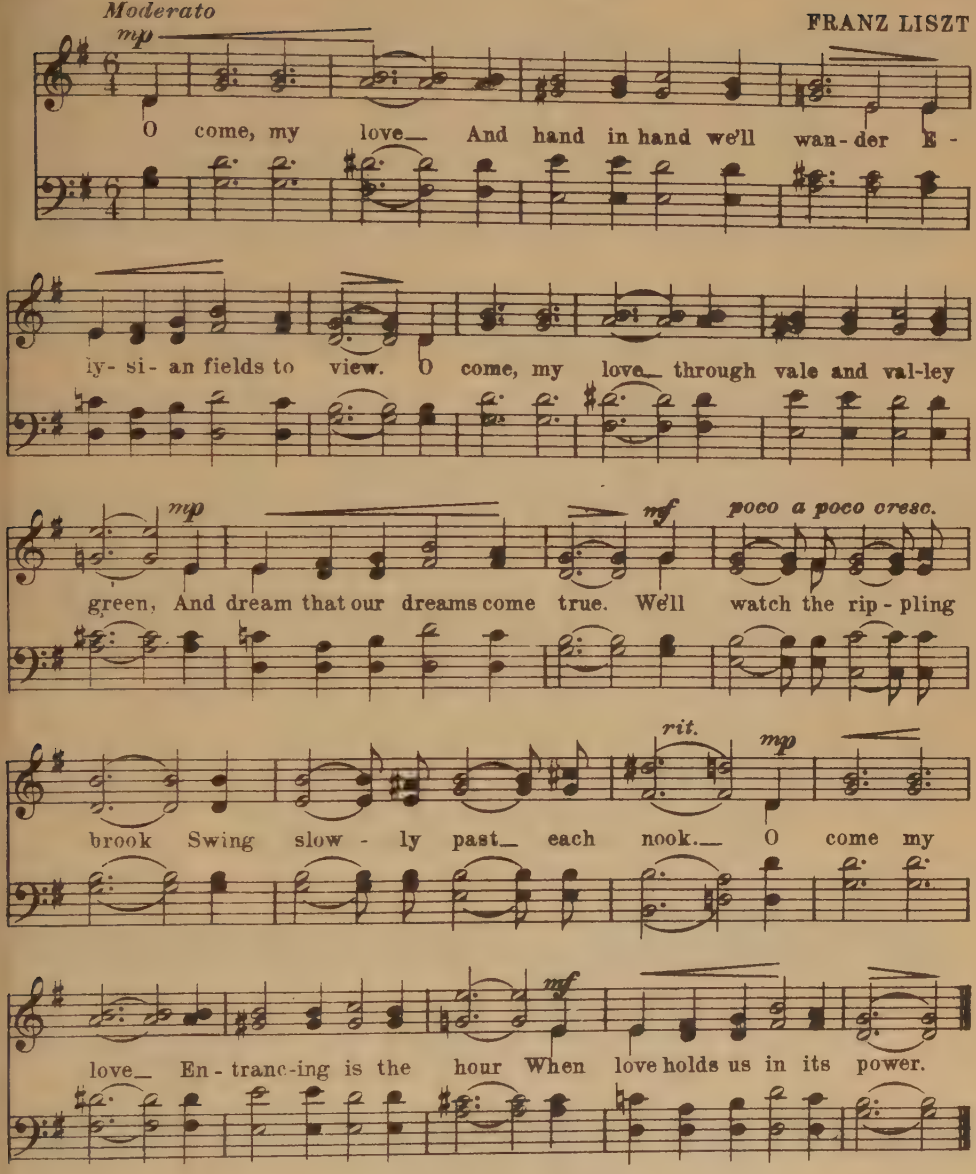
FRENCH AIR


1
2
Are you sleep-ing, are you sleep-ing? Broth-er John, Broth-er John,
3
4
Morn-ing bells are ring-ing. Morn-ing bells are ring-ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

A Love Dream

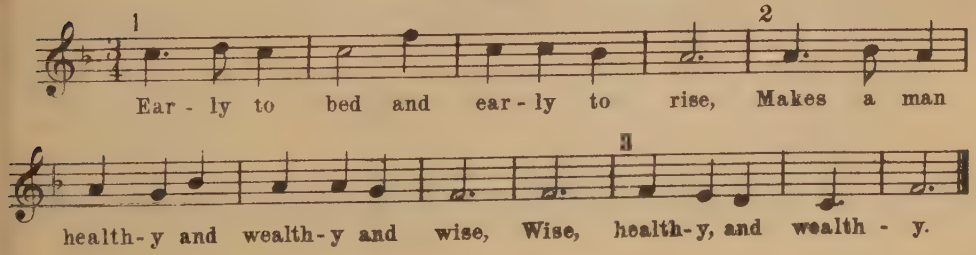
Moderato

FRANZ LISZT


mp
O come, my love_ And hand in hand we'll wan-der E -
ly- si- an fields to view. O come, my love_ through vale and val-ley
mp
mf
poco a poco cresc.
green, And dream that our dreams come true. We'll watch the rip - pling
rit.
mp
brook Swing slow - ly past_ each nook._ O come my
mf
love_ En - tranc-ing is the hour When love holds us in its power.

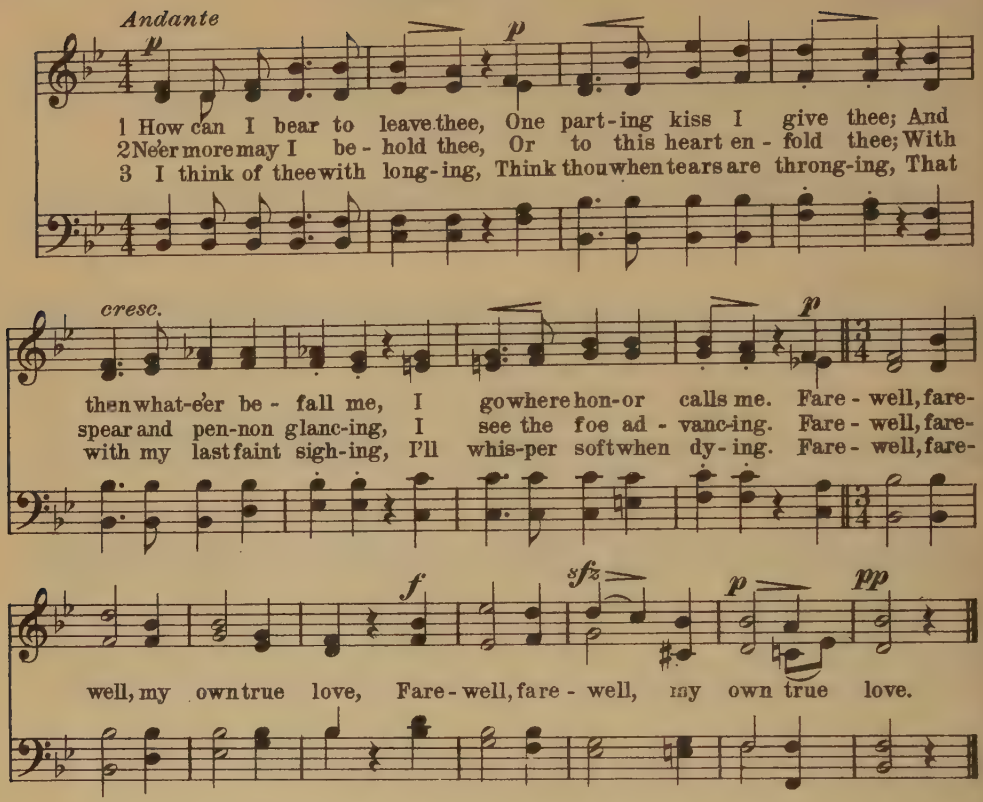
Early To Bed

Round



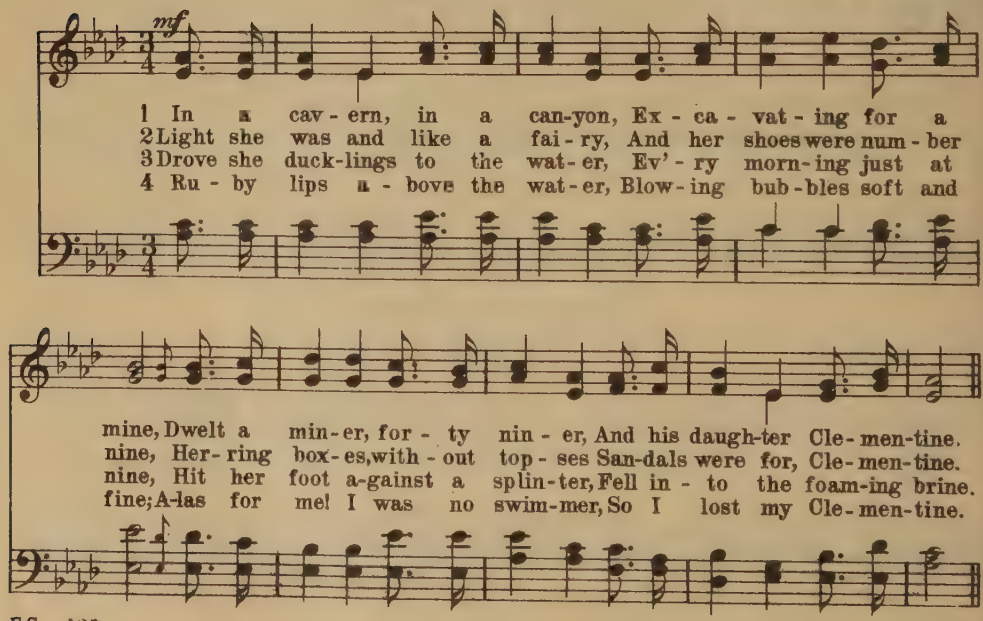
Soldier's Farewell

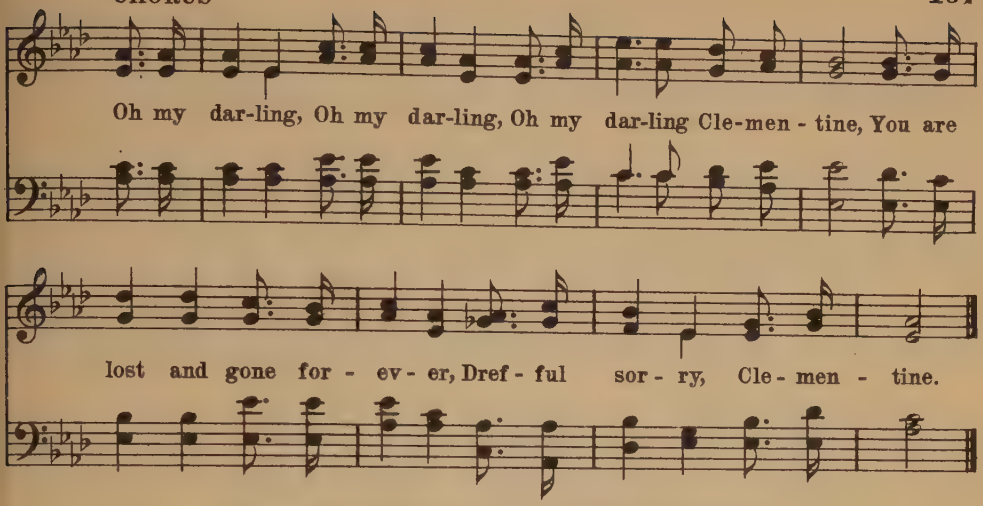
J. KINKEL


Andante
p
1 How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
2 Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With
3 I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou when tears are throng-ing, That
cresc.
then what-e'er be-fall me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare-well, fare-
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing. Fare-well, fare-
with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft when dy-ing. Fare-well, fare-
f
sfz
p
pp
well, my own true love, Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

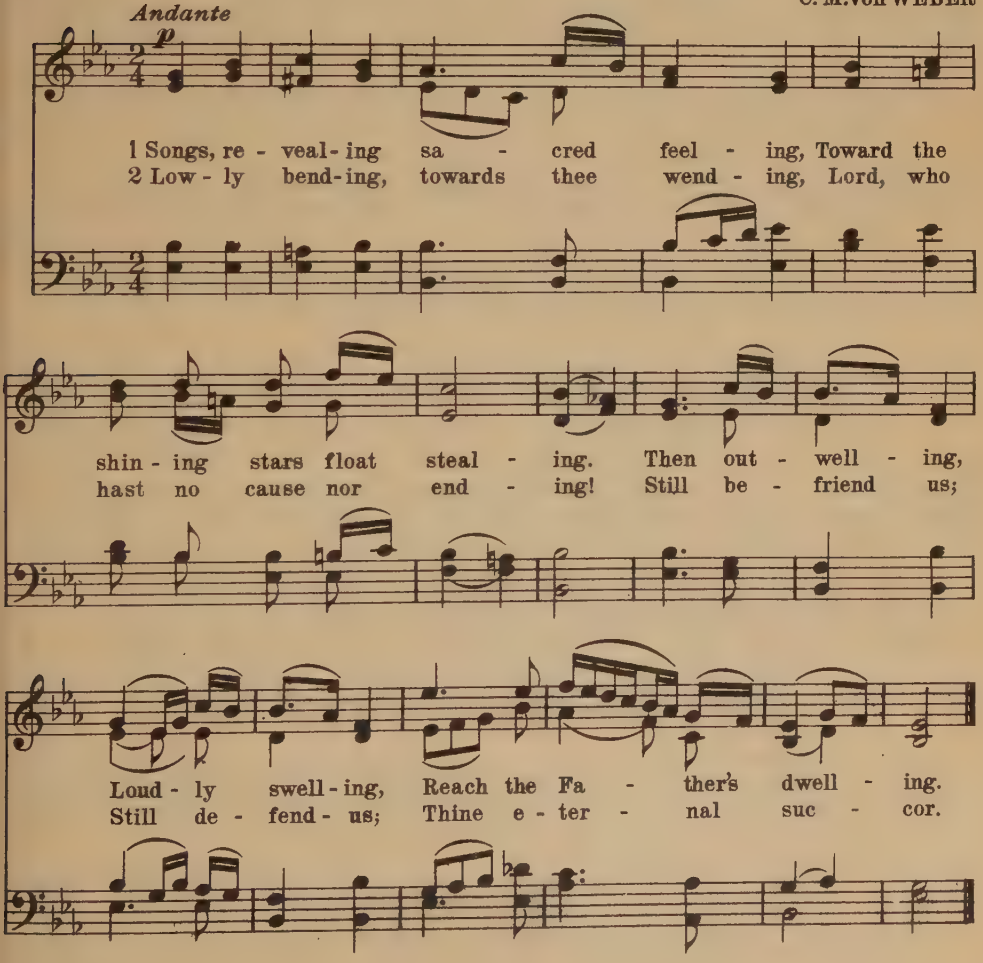
Oh, My Darling Clementine

P. MONTROSE


mf
1 In a cav-ern, in a can-yon, Ex-ca-vat-ing for a
2 Light she was and like a fai-ry, And her shoes were num-ber
3 Drove she duck-lings to the wat-er, Ev'-ry morn-ing just at
4 Ru-by lips a-bove the wat-er, Blow-ing bub-bles soft and
mine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty nin-er, And his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine.
nine, Her-ring box-es, with-out top-ses San-dals were for, Cle-men-tine.
nine, Hit her foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.
fine; A-las for me! I was no swim-mer, So I lost my Cle-men-tine.

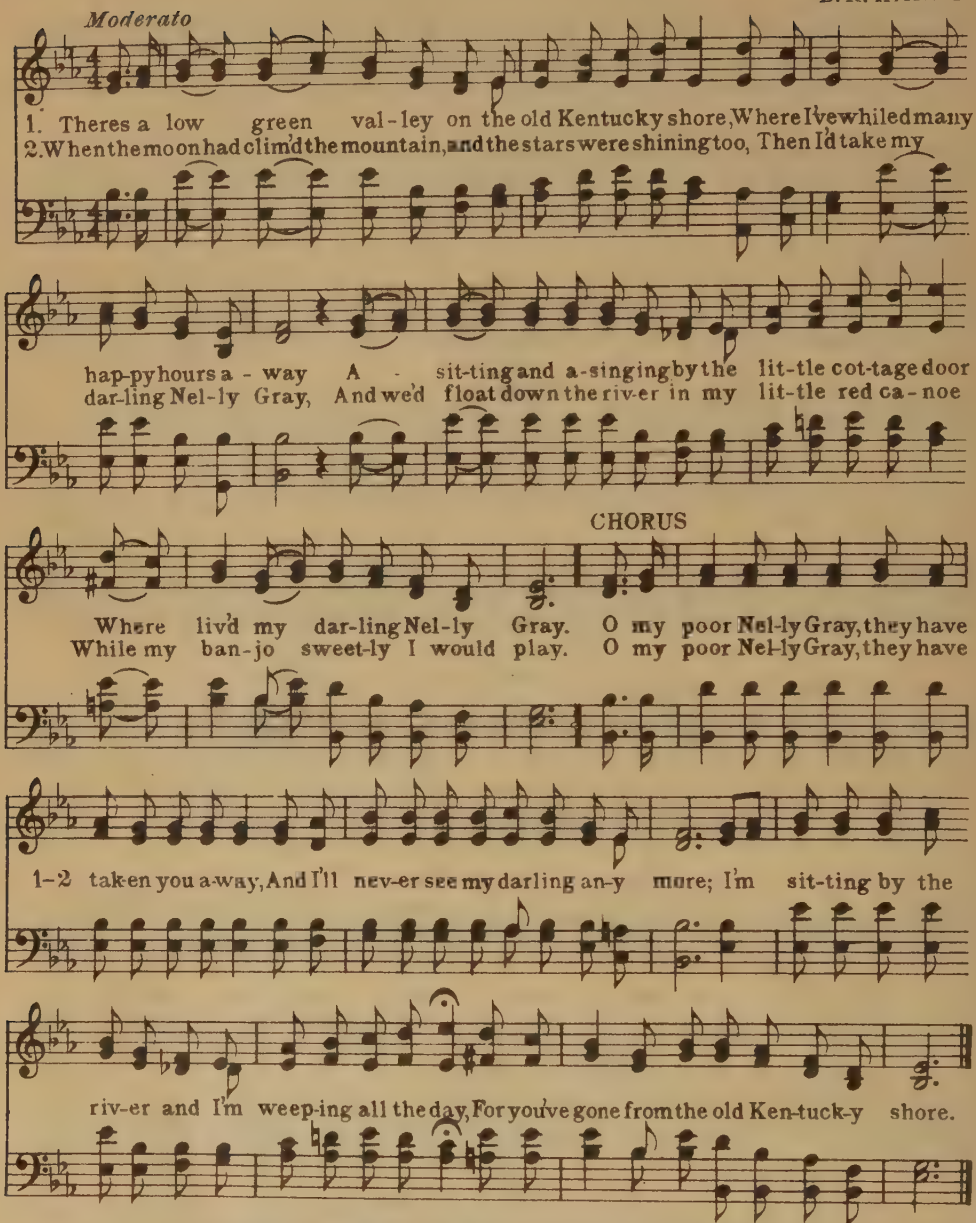


Prayer from Der Freischütz

C. M. von WEBER

Andante
p
1 Songs, re - veal - ing sa - cred feel - ing, Toward the
2 Low - ly bend - ing, towards thee wend - ing, Lord, who
shin - ing stars float steal - ing. Then out - well - ing,
hast no cause nor end - ing! Still be - friend us;
Loud - ly swell - ing, Reach the Fa - ther's dwell - ing.
Still de - fend - us; Thine e - ter - nal suc - cor.

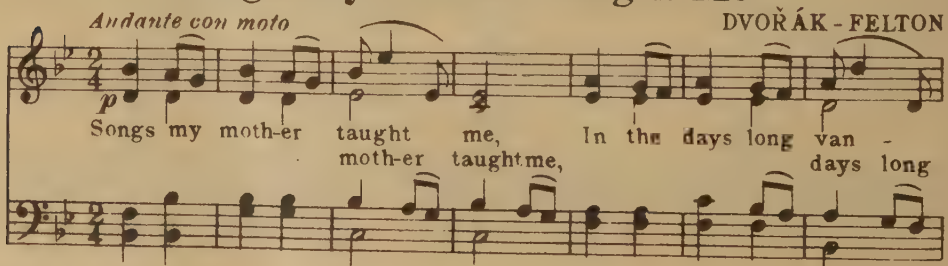
Darling Nelly Gray

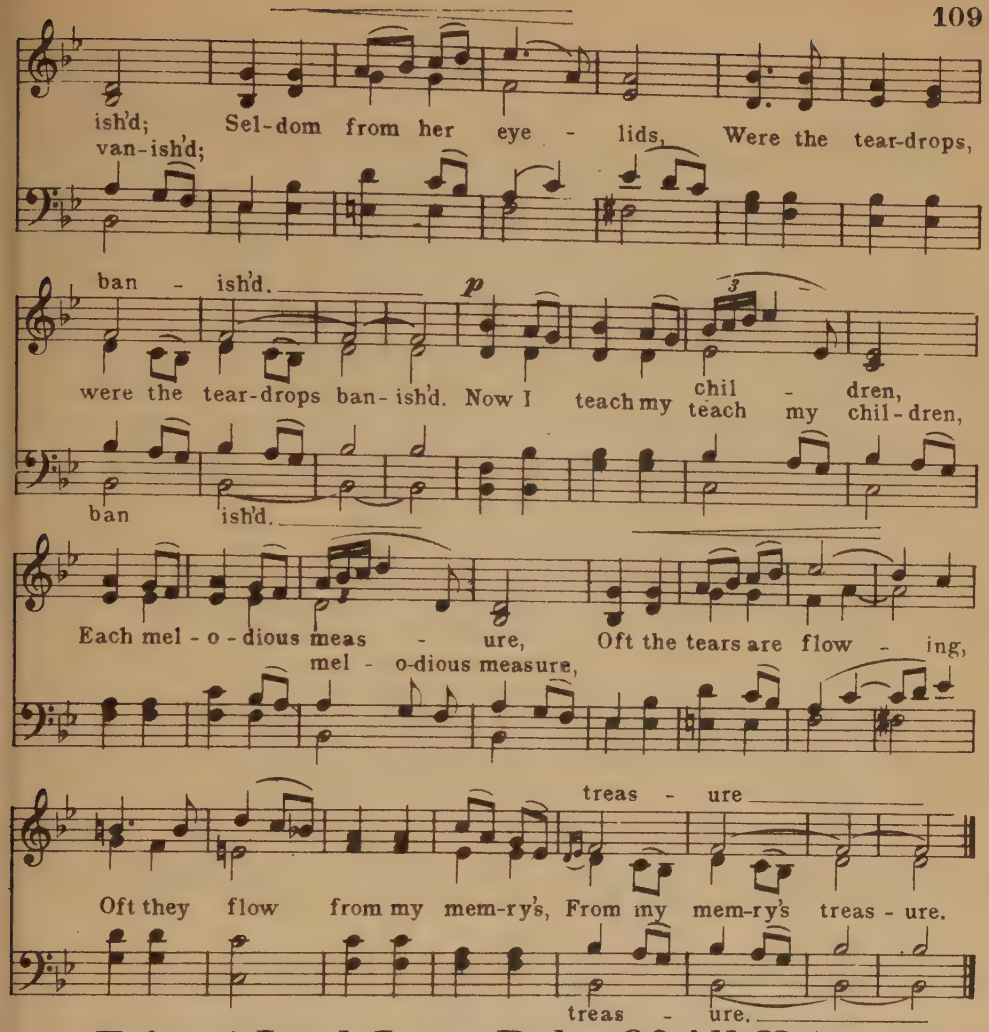
B. R. HANBY


Moderato
1. Theres a low green val-ley on the old Kentucky shore, Where I've while'd many
2. When the moon had clim'd the mountain, and the stars were shining too, Then I'd take my
hap-py hours a-way A-sit-ting and a-singing by the lit-tle cot-tage door
dar-ling Nel-ly Gray, And we'd float down the riv-er in my lit-tle red ca-noe
CHORUS
Where liv'd my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray. O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have
While my ban-jo sweet-ly I would play. O my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have
1-2 taken you a-way, And I'll nev-er see my darling an-y more; I'm sit-ting by the
riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day, For you've gone from the old Ken-tuck-y shore.

Songs My Mother Taught Me

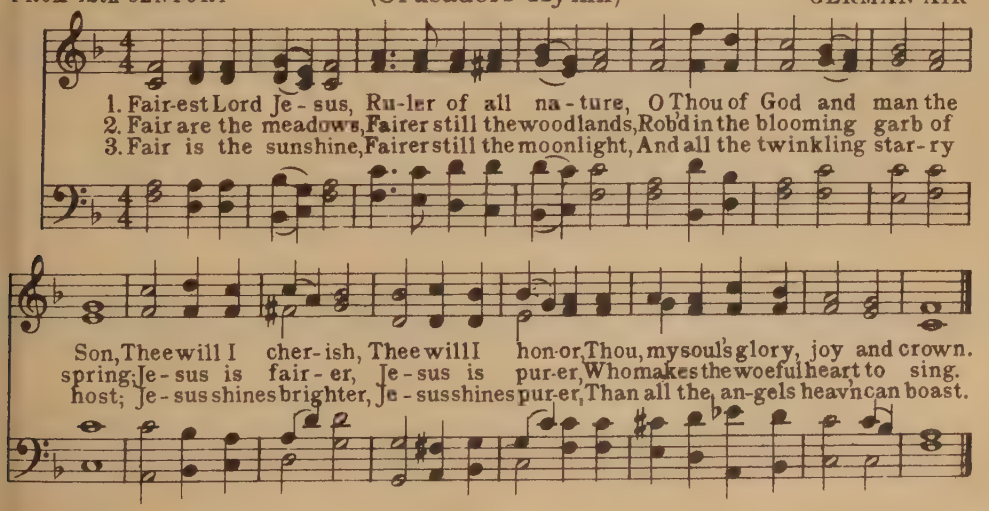
DVOŘÁK - FELTON




ish'd; Sel-dom from her eye - lids, Were the tear-drops,
van-ish'd;
ban - ish'd.
p
were the tear-drops ban-ish'd. Now I teach my chil - dren,
teach my chil-dren,
ban ish'd.
Each mel - o - dious meas - ure, Oft the tears are flow - ing,
mel - o-dious measure,
treas - ure
Oft they flow from my mem-ry's, From my mem-ry's treas - ure.
treas - ure.

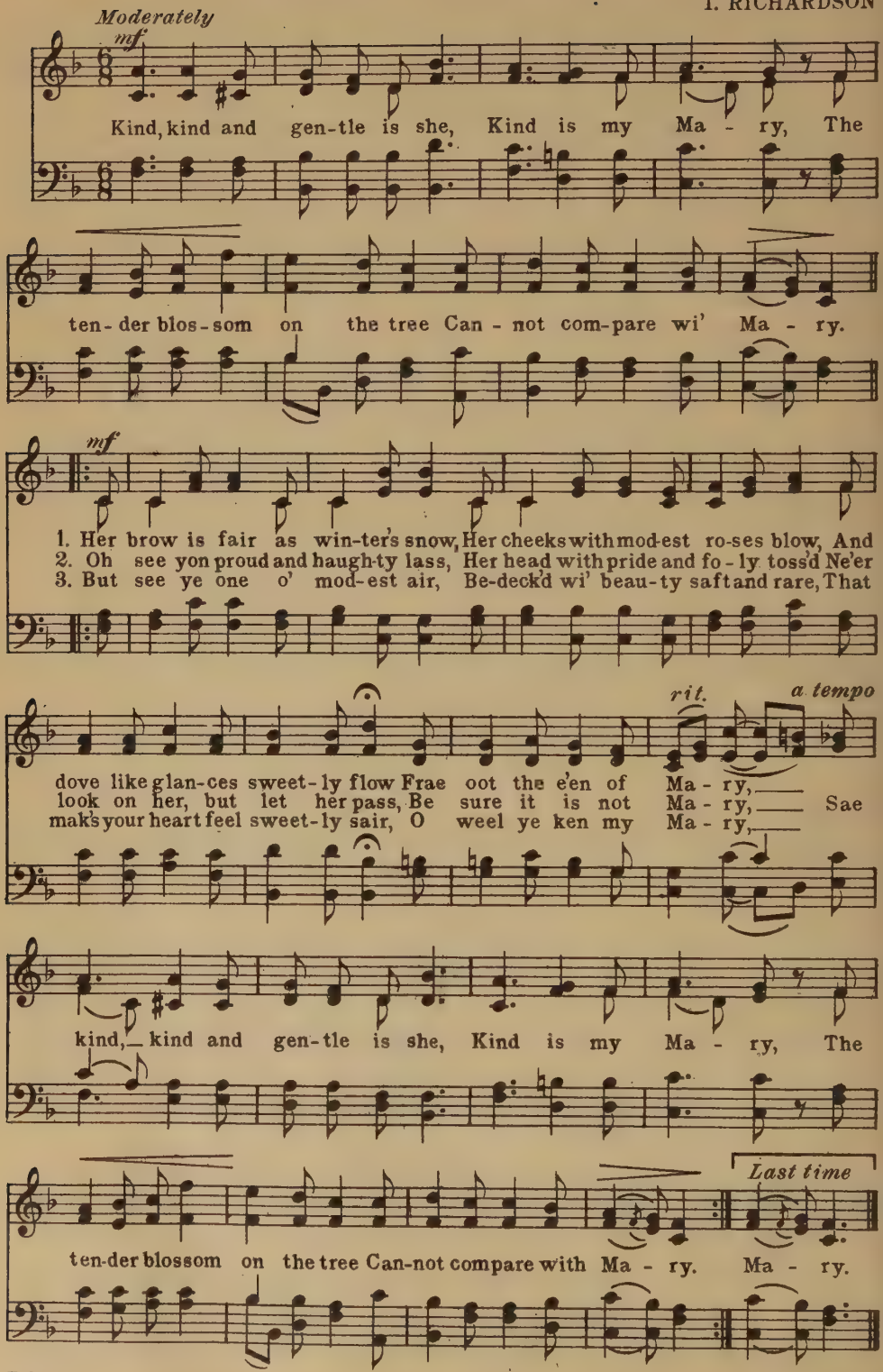
Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler Of All Nature

FROM 12th CENTURY (Crusaders' Hymn) GERMAN AIR


1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus, Ru-ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry
Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
host; Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur-er, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast.

Mary

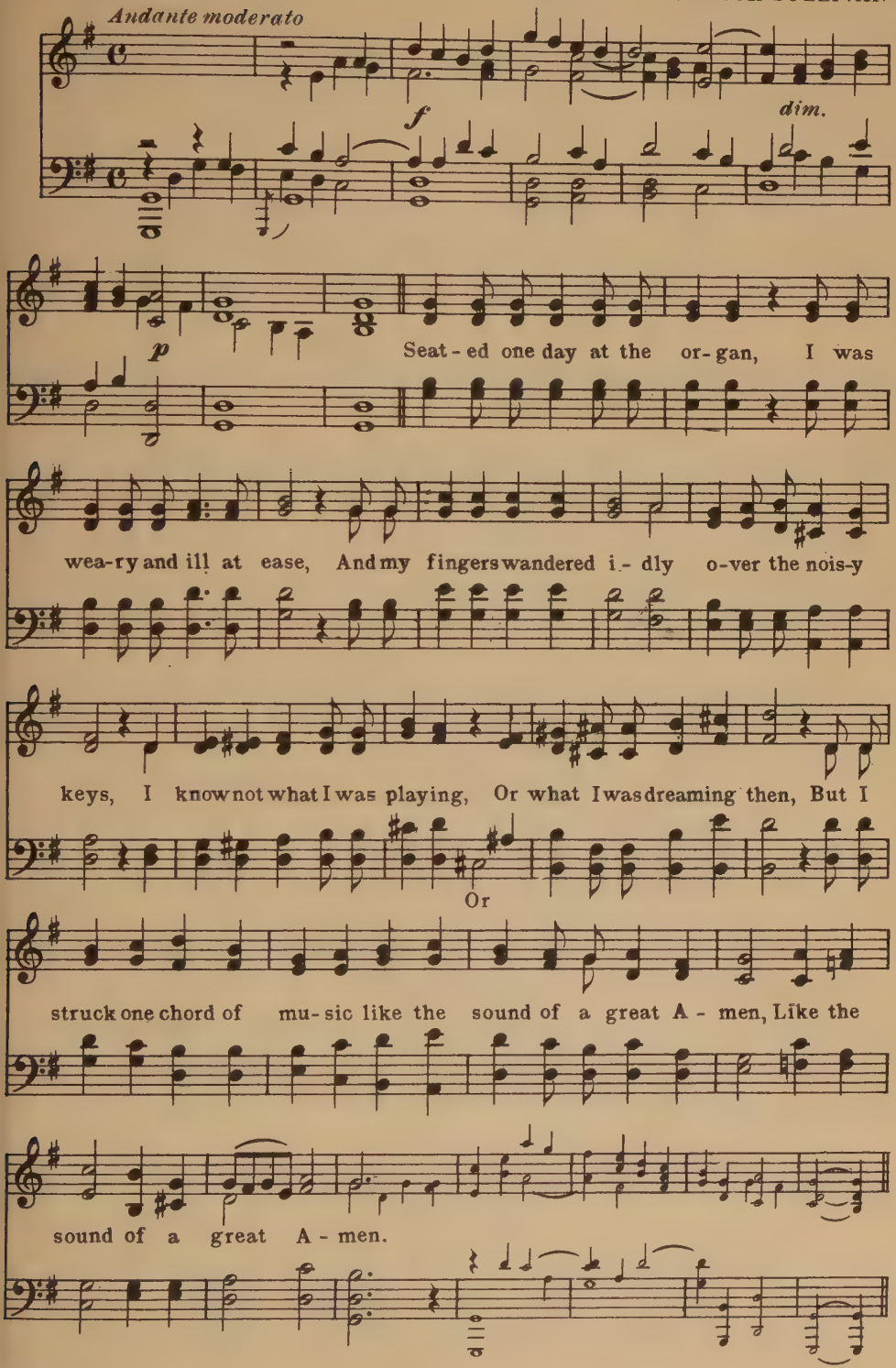
T. RICHARDSON

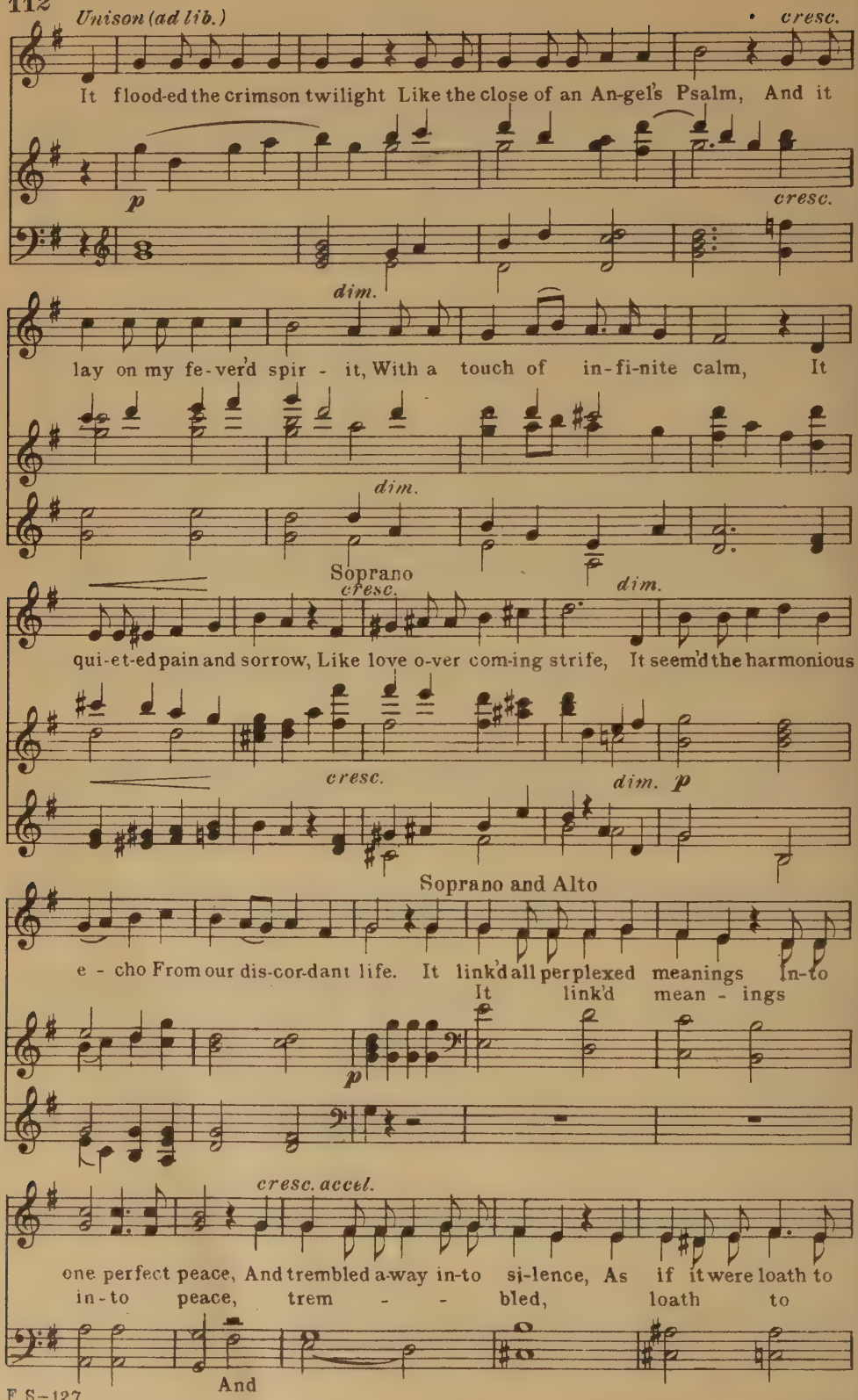

Moderately
mf
Kind, kind and gen-tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
ten-der blos-som on the tree Can - not com-pare wi' Ma - ry.
mf
1. Her brow is fair as win-ter's snow, Her cheeks with mod-est ro-ses blow, And
2. Oh see yon proud and haugh-ty lass, Her head with pride and fo - ly toss'd Ne'er
3. But see ye one o' mod-est air, Be-deck'd wi' beau-ty saft and rare, That
rit.
a tempo
dove like glan-ces sweet-ly flow Frae oot the e'en of Ma - ry,
look on her, but let her pass, Be sure it is not Ma - ry, Sae
mak's your heart feel sweet-ly sair, O weel ye ken my Ma - ry,
kind, kind and gen-tle is she, Kind is my Ma - ry, The
Last time
ten-der blossom on the tree Can-not compare with Ma - ry. Ma - ry.

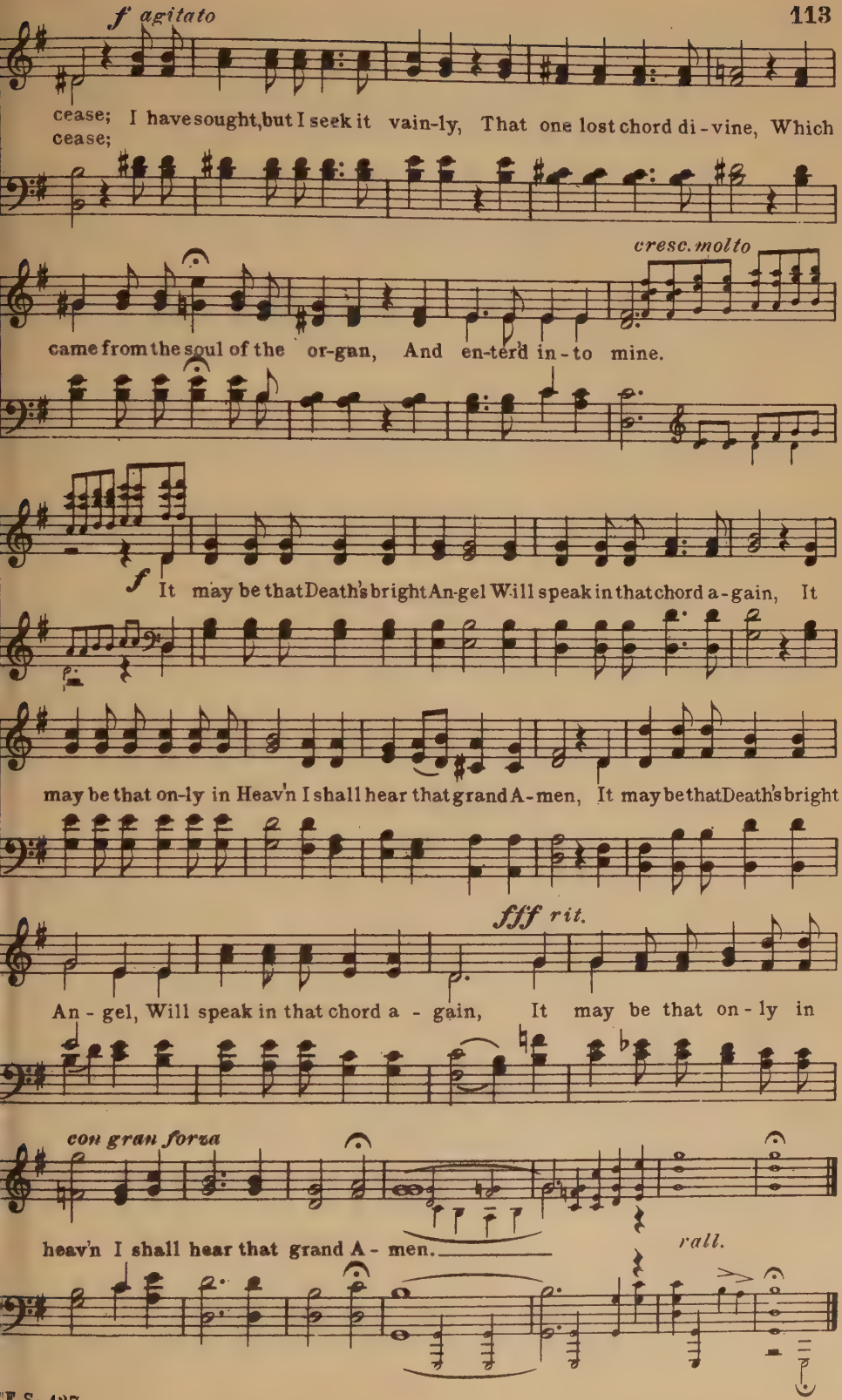
The Lost Chord

Arr. by W. P. MERO

ARTHUR SULLIVAN


Andante moderato
f
dim.
p
Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was
wea - ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i - dly o - ver the nois - y
keys, I know not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I
Or
struck one chord of mu - sic like the sound of a great A - men, Like the
sound of a great A - men.

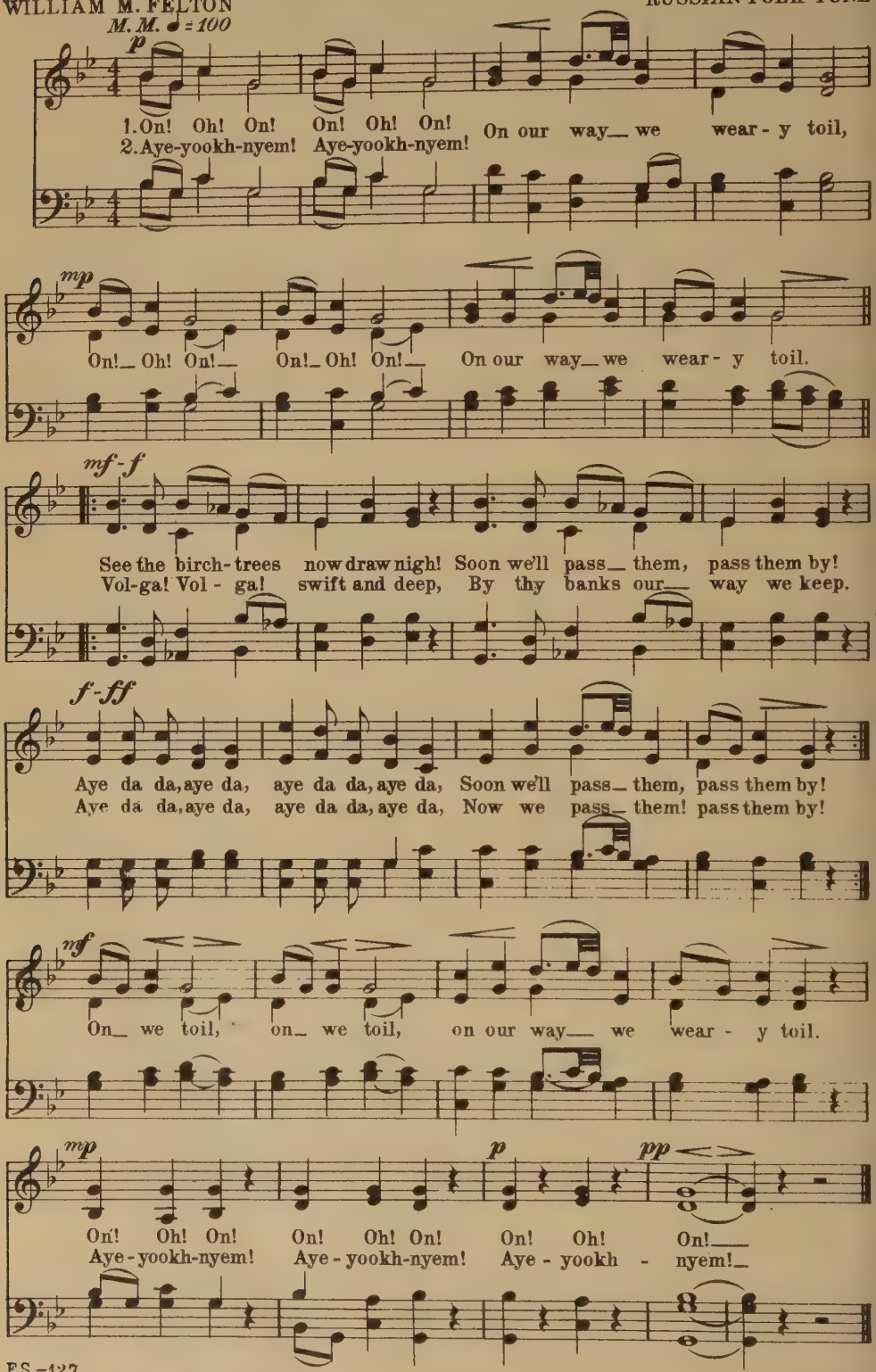

Unison (ad lib.)
cresc.
It flood-ed the crimson twilight Like the close of an An-gel's Psalm, And it
p
cresc.
dim.
lay on my fe-ver'd spir - it, With a touch of in-fi-nite calm, It
dim.
Soprano
cresc.
dim.
qui-et-ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver com-ing strife, It seem'd the harmonious
cresc.
dim. p
Soprano and Alto
e - cho From our dis-cor-dant life. It link'd all per plexed meanings in-to
It link'd mean - ings
p
cresc. accel.
one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loath to
in-to peace, trem - - bled, loath to
And


f agitato
cease; I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That one lost chord di-vine, Which
cease;
cresc. molto
came from the soul of the or-gan, And en-ter'd in-to mine.
f
It may be that Death's bright An-gel Will speak in that chord a-gain, It
may be that on-ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men, It may be that Death's bright
fff rit.
An-gel, Will speak in that chord a-gain, It may be that on-ly in
con gran forza
heav'n I shall hear that grand A-men.
rall.

114 Arranged by
WILLIAM M. FELTON

Volga Boatmen's Song

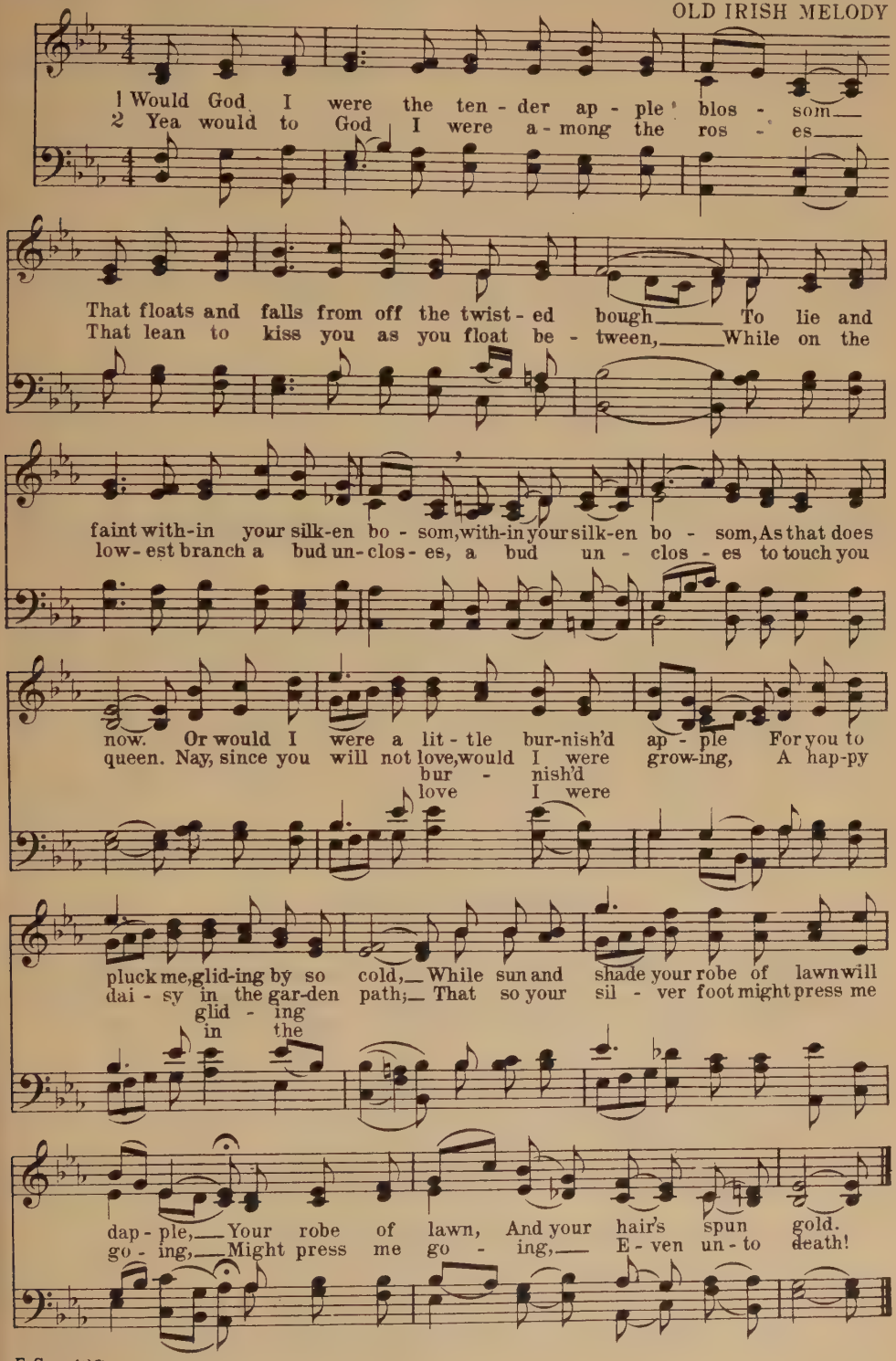
RUSSIAN FOLK TUNE

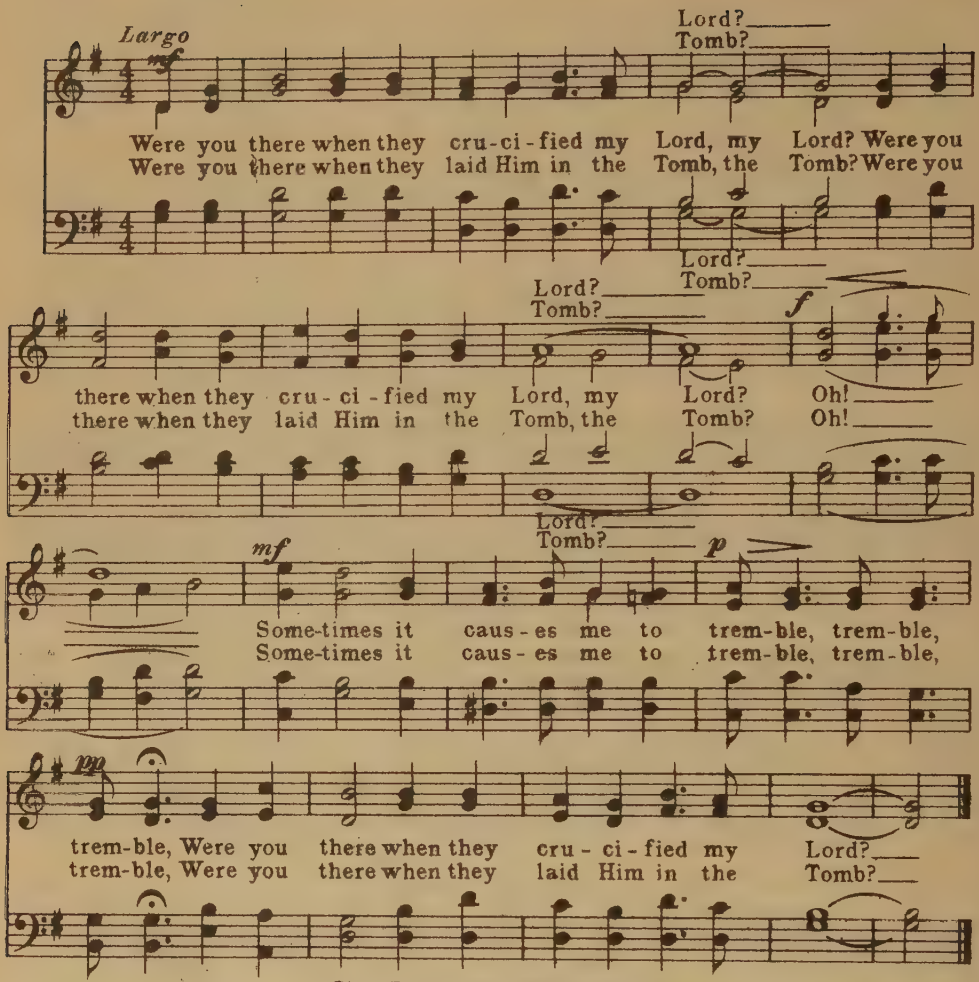

M.M. ♩ = 100
p
1. On! Oh! On! On! Oh! On! On our way we wear - y toil,
2. Aye-yookh-nyem! Aye-yookh-nyem!
mp
On! Oh! On! On! Oh! On! On our way we wear - y toil.
mf - f
See the birch - trees now draw nigh! Soon we'll pass them, pass them by!
Vol-ga! Vol - ga! swift and deep, By thy banks our way we keep.
f - ff
Aye da da, aye da, aye da da, aye da, Soon we'll pass them, pass them by!
Aye da da, aye da, aye da da, aye da, Now we pass them! pass them by!
mf
On we toil, on we toil, on our way we wear - y toil.
mp
p
pp
On! Oh! On! On! Oh! On! On! Oh! On!
Aye - yookh-nyem! Aye - yookh-nyem! Aye - yookh - nyem!

Would God, I were the Tender Apple Blossom

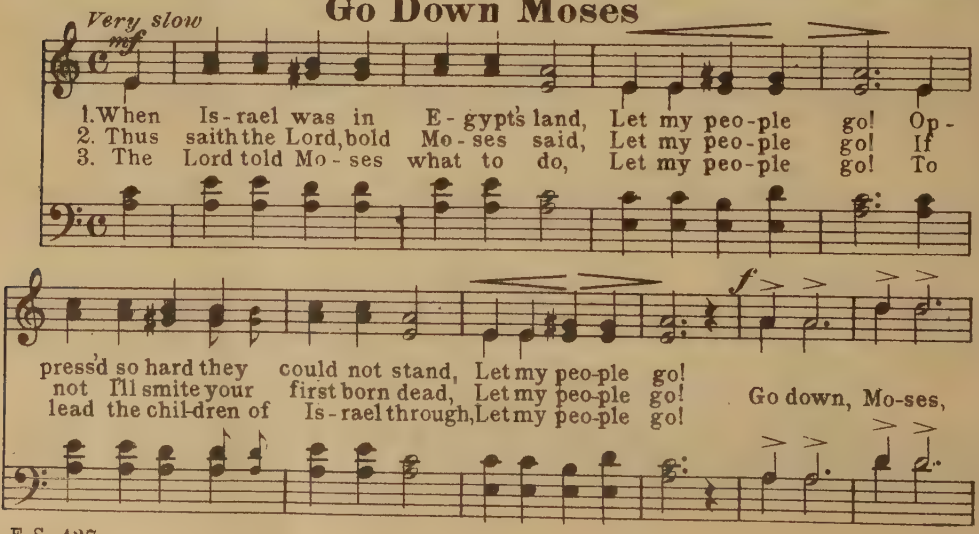
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

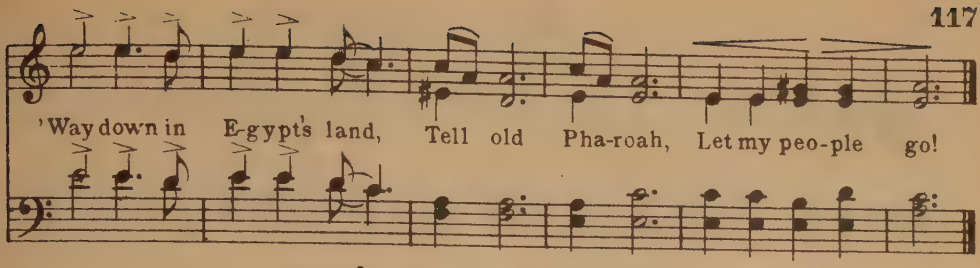
Arr. by WILLIAM M. FELTON
OLD IRISH MELODY


1 Would God I were the ten - der ap - ple blos - som
2 Yea would to God I were a - mong the ros - es
That floats and falls from off the twist - ed bough To lie and
That lean to kiss you as you float be - tween, While on the
faint with-in your silk-en bo - som, with-in your silk-en bo - som, As that does
low - est branch a bud un-clos - es, a bud un - clos - es to touch you
now. Or would I were a lit - tle bur-nish'd ap - ple For you to
queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow-ing, A hap-py
bur - nish'd
love I were
pluck me, glid-ing by so cold, While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dai - sy in the gar-den path; That so your sil - ver foot might press me
glid - ing
in the
dap - ple, Your robe of lawn, And your hair's spun gold.
go - ing, Might press me go - ing, E - ven un - to death!

Were You There?

Largo
mf
Lord?
Tomb?
Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord, my Lord? Were you
Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb, the Tomb? Were you
f
there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord, my Lord? Oh!
there when they laid Him in the Tomb, the Tomb? Oh!
mf
p
Some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
Some-times it caus-es me to trem-ble, trem-ble,
pp
trem-ble, Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the Tomb?

Go Down Moses

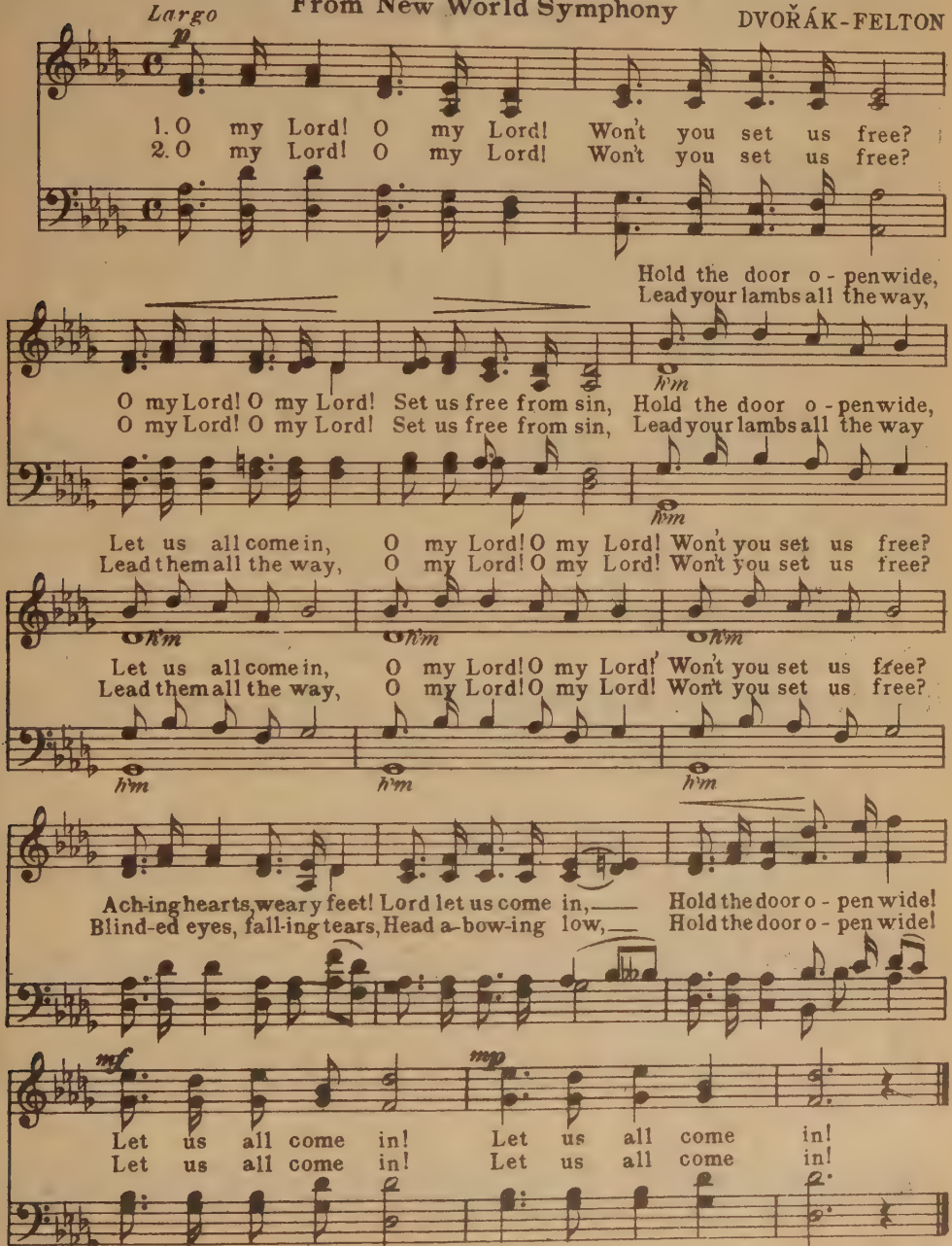

Very slow
mf
1. When Is-rael was in E-gypt's land, Let my peo-ple go! Op-
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo-ses said, Let my peo-ple go! If
3. The Lord told Mo-ses what to do, Let my peo-ple go! To
f
press'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go!
not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my peo-ple go!
lead the chil-dren of Is-rael through, Let my peo-ple go!
Go down, Mo-ses,



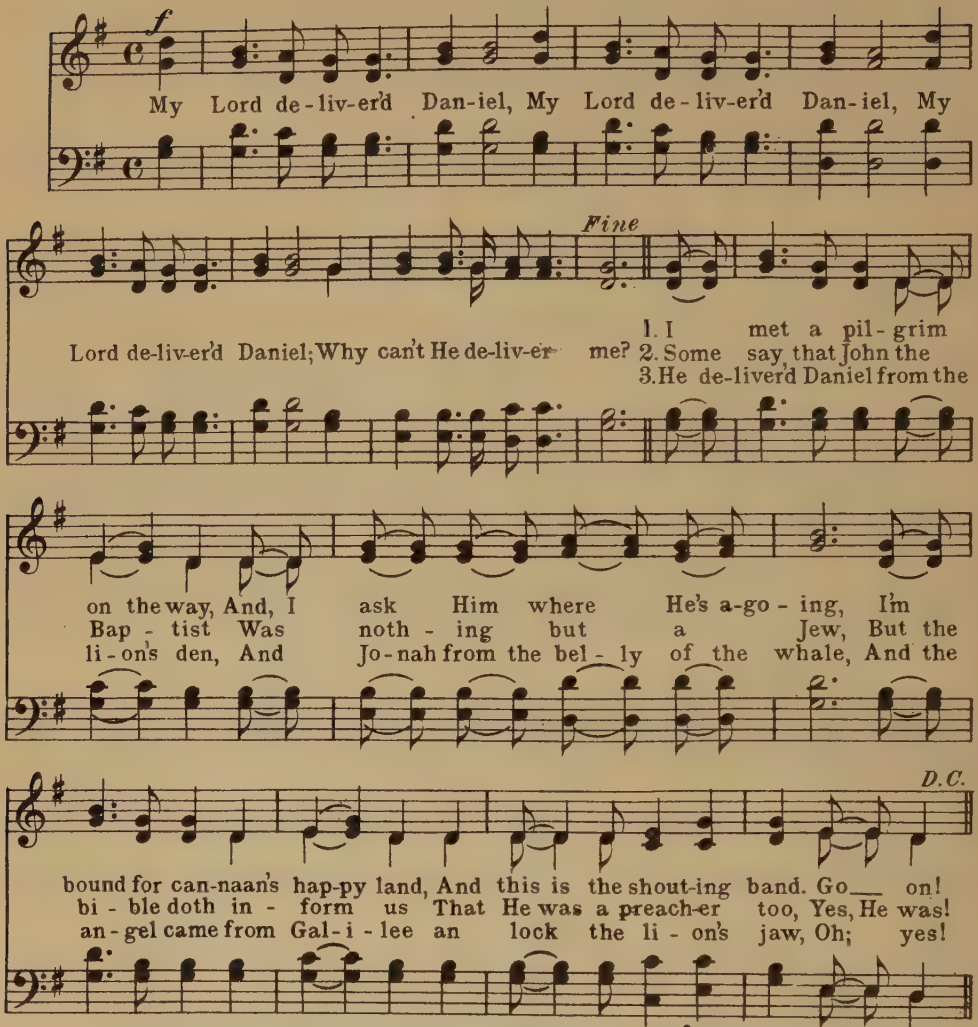
Won't You Set Us Free?

From New World Symphony

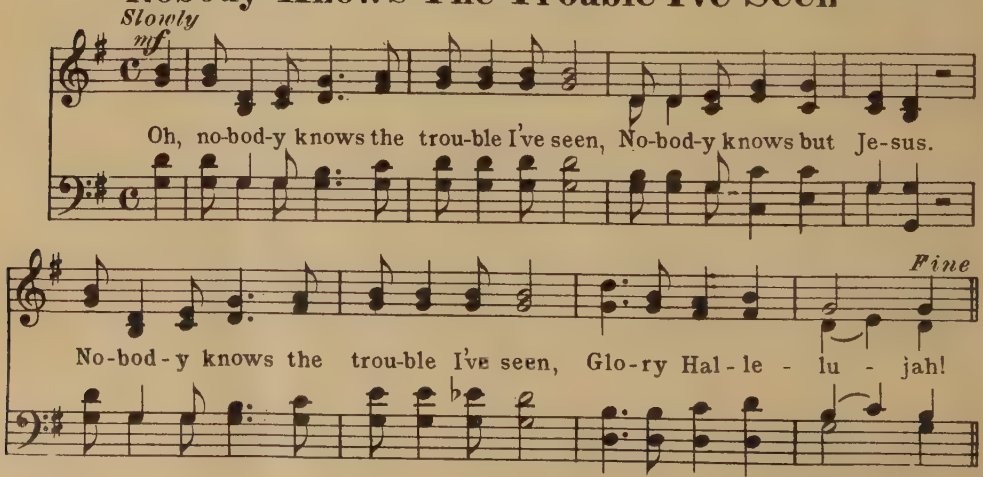
DVOŘÁK-FELTON

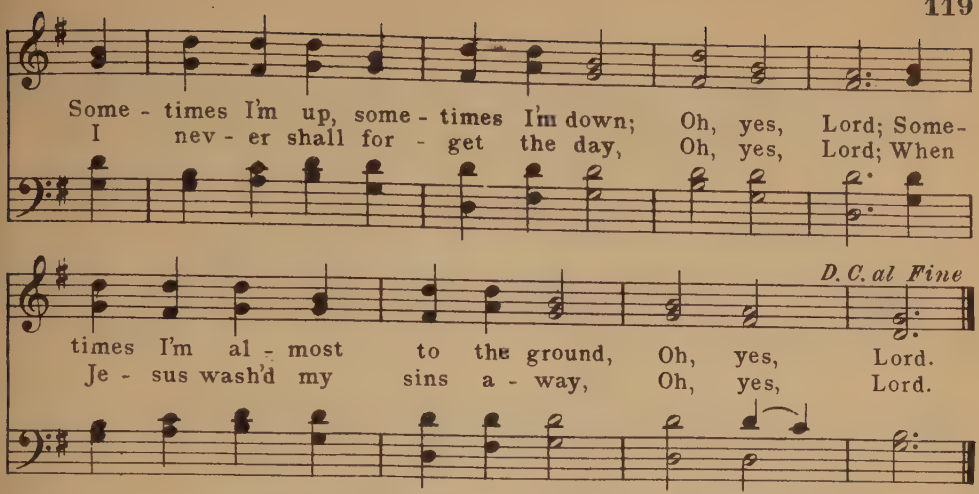

Largo
p
1. O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
2. O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
Hold the door o - penwide,
Lead your lambs all the way,
O my Lord! O my Lord! Set us free from sin,
O my Lord! O my Lord! Set us free from sin,
Let us all come in,
Lead them all the way,
O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
h'm
Let us all come in,
Lead them all the way,
O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
O my Lord! O my Lord! Won't you set us free?
Ach-ing hearts, weary feet! Lord let us come in,
Blind-ed eyes, fall-ing tears, Head a-bow-ing low,
Hold the door o - pen wide!
Hold the door o - pen wide!
mf
mp
Let us all come in!
Let us all come in!
Let us all come in!
Let us all come in!

My Lord Delivered Daniel

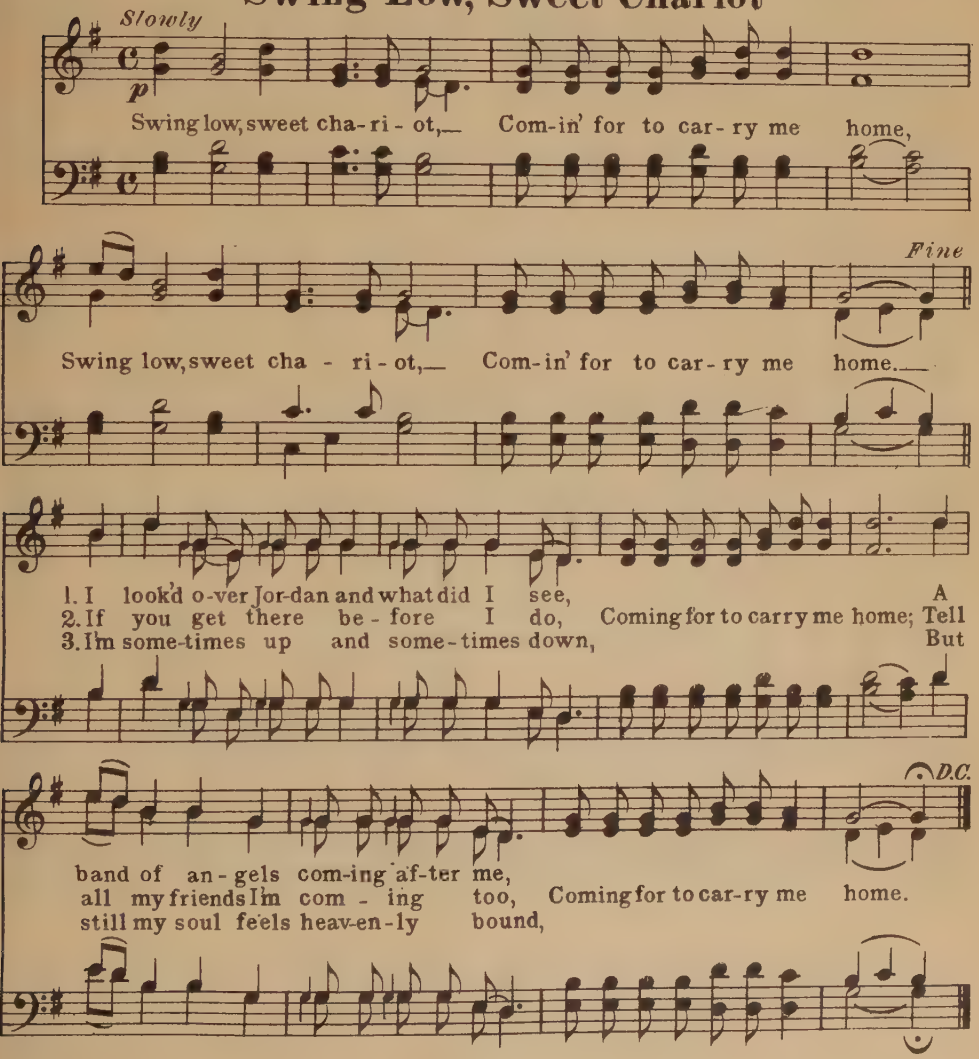

f
My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-iel, My
Fine
Lord de-liv-er'd Daniel; Why can't He de-liv-er me?
1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask Him where He's a-go-ing, I'm
2. Some say that John the Bap-tist Was noth-ing but a Jew, But the
3. He de-liver'd Daniel from the li-on's den, And Jo-nah from the bel-ly of the whale, And the
D.C.
bound for can-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!
bi-ble doth in-form us That He was a preach-er too, Yes, He was!
an-gel came from Gal-i-lee an lock the li-on's jaw, Oh; yes!

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen


Slowly
mf
Oh, no-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus.
Fine
No-bod-y knows the trou-ble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

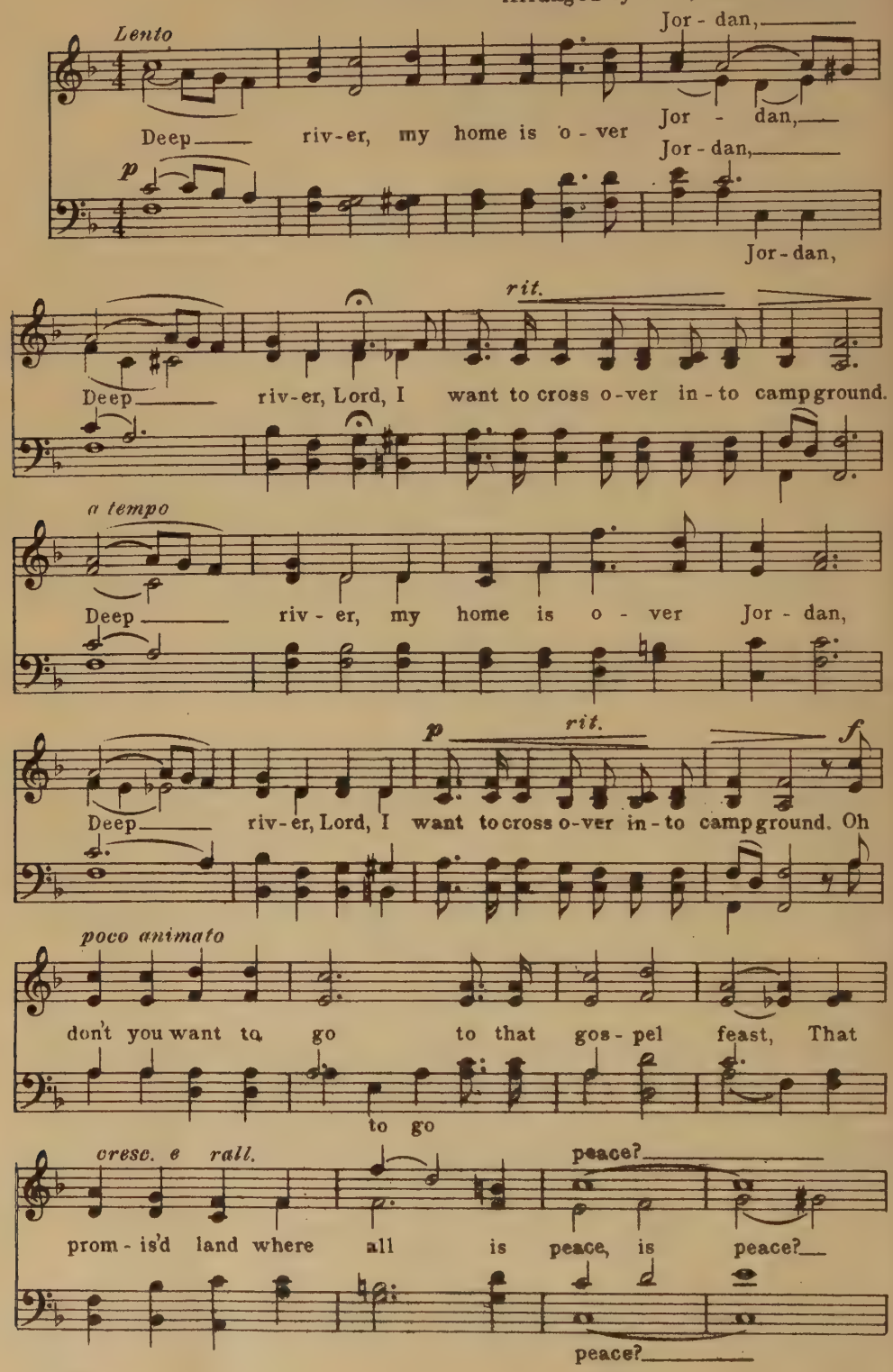

Some - times I'm up, some - times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Some-
I nev - er shall for - get the day, Oh, yes, Lord; When
D. C. al Fine
times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.
Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Oh, yes, Lord.

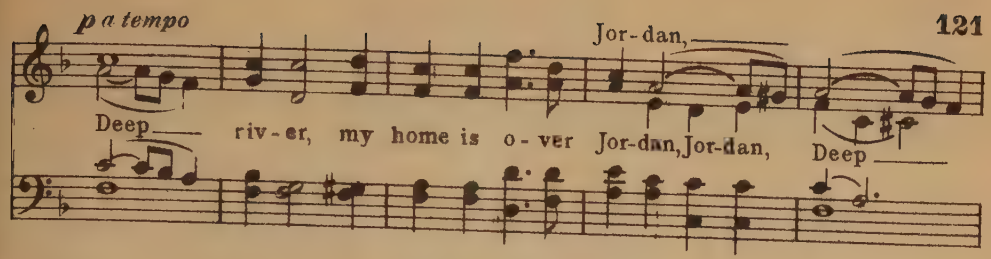
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

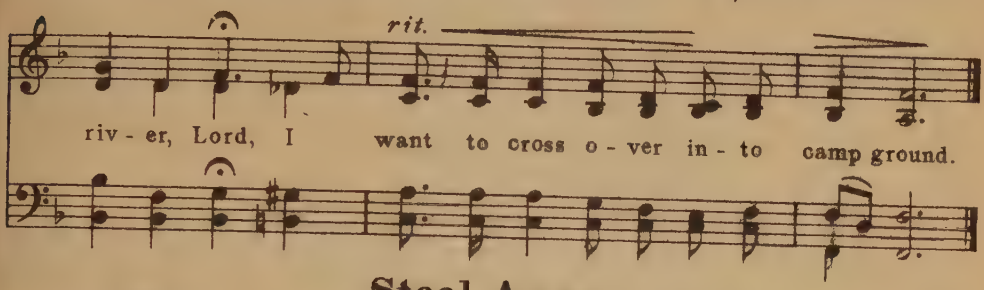

Slowly
p
Swing low, sweet cha-ri-ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home,
Fine
Swing low, sweet cha - ri - ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home.—
1. I look'd o-ver Jor-dan and what did I see, A
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Coming for to carry me home; Tell
3. I'm some-times up and some-times down, But
D.C.
band of an-gels com-ing af-ter me,
all my friends I'm com - ing too, Coming for to car-ry me home.
still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound,

Deep River

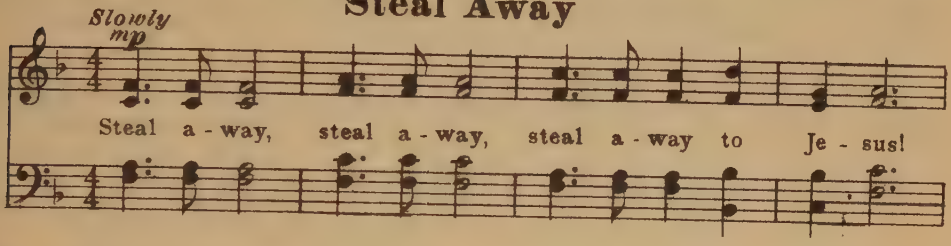
Arranged by WILLIAM M. FELTON

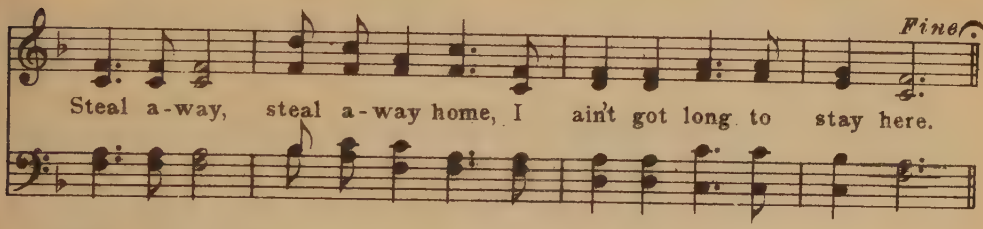

Lento
Jor - dan,
Deep riv-er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan,
Jor - dan,
p
Jor-dan,
rit.
Deep riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to camp ground.
a tempo
Deep riv - er, my home is o - ver Jor - dan,
p
rit.
f
Deep riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to camp ground. Oh
poco animato
don't you want to go to that gos - pel feast, That
to go
cresc. e rall.
peace?
prom - is'd land where all is peace, is peace?
peace?

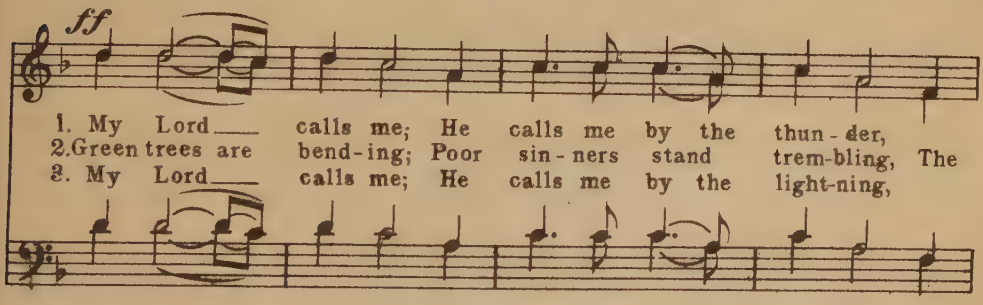

p a tempo
Jor-dan,
Deep riv-er, my home is o-ver Jor-dan, Jor-dan, Deep

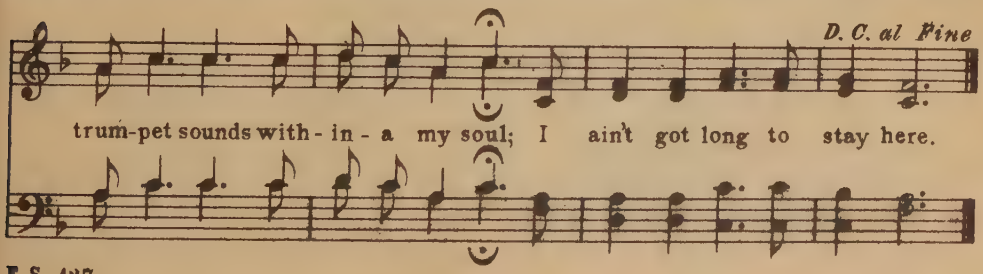

rit.
riv-er, Lord, I want to cross o-ver in-to camp ground.

Steal Away

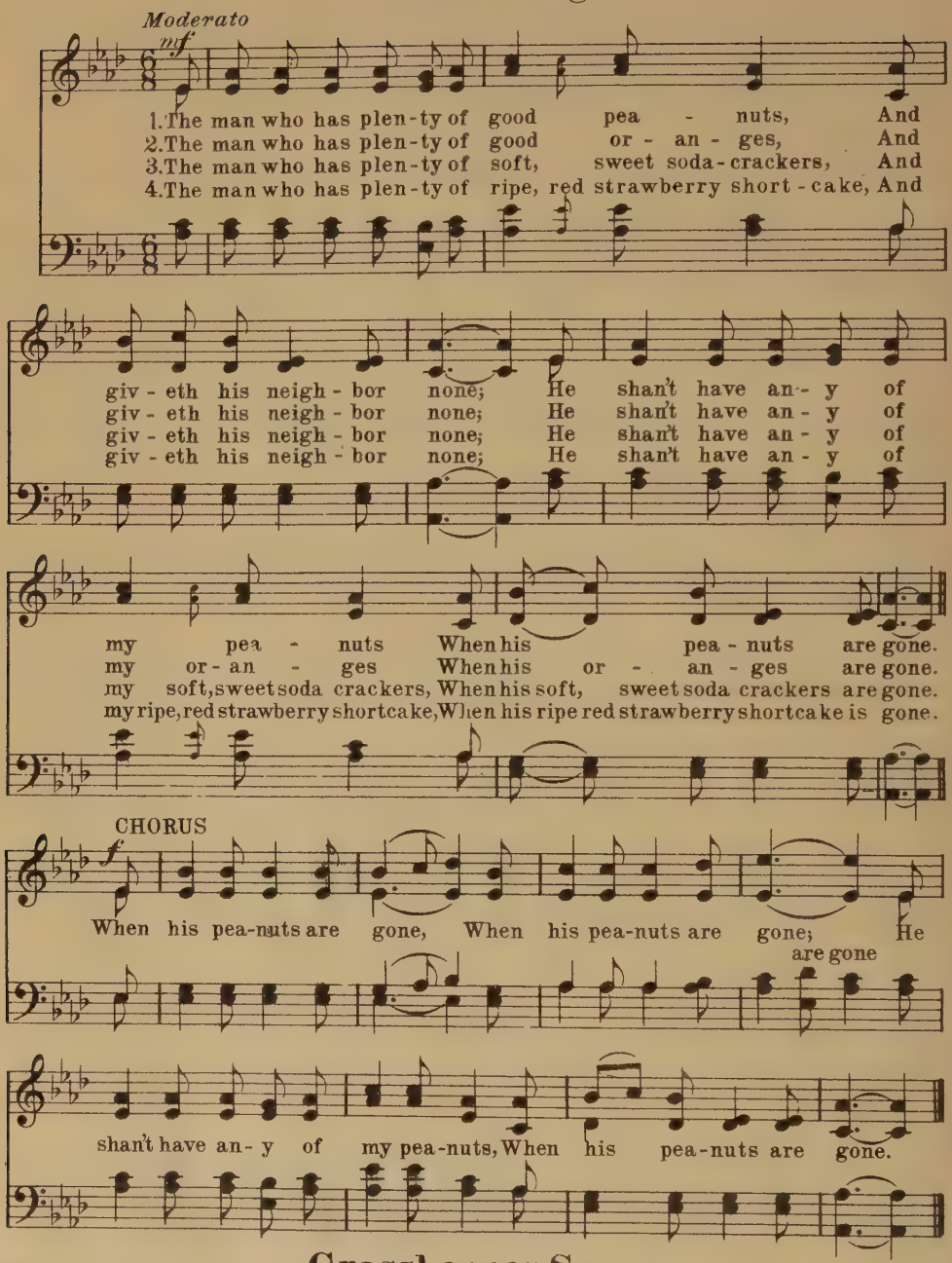

Slowly
mp
Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!


Fine
Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.


ff
1. My Lord calls me; He calls me by the thun-der,
2. Green trees are bend-ing; Poor sin-ners stand trem-bling, The
3. My Lord calls me; He calls me by the light-ning,


D. C. al Fine
trum-pet sounds with-in-a my soul; I ain't got long to stay here.

Peanut Song


Moderato
mf
1. The man who has plen-ty of good pea - nuts, And
2. The man who has plen-ty of good or - an - ges, And
3. The man who has plen-ty of soft, sweet soda-crackers, And
4. The man who has plen-ty of ripe, red strawberry short-cake, And
giv - eth his neigh - bor none; He shan't have an - y of
giv - eth his neigh - bor none; He shan't have an - y of
giv - eth his neigh - bor none; He shan't have an - y of
giv - eth his neigh - bor none; He shan't have an - y of
my pea - nuts When his pea - nuts are gone.
my or - an - ges When his or - an - ges are gone.
my soft, sweet soda crackers, When his soft, sweet soda crackers are gone.
my ripe, red strawberry shortcake, When his ripe red strawberry shortcake is gone.
CHORUS
f
When his pea-nuts are gone, When his pea-nuts are gone; He
are gone
shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts, When his pea-nuts are gone.

Grasshopper Song

Tune: John Brown's Body

When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back,
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
They were only playing leap frog,
When one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.

The Bulldog

COLLEGE SONG

Men's Voices

SOLO, FIRST TENOR

SOLO, SECOND TENOR

1. Oh! the bulldog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bulldog stopp'd to catch him,
3. Says the monkey to the owl:
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,

Oh! the bulldog on the
Oh! the bulldog stopp'd to
Says the monkey to the
Pharaoh's daughter on the

SOLO, FIRST BASS

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mos - es in the pool.

CHORUS *Lively*

bank,
catch him,
owl:
bank,

Air

Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
Says the mon-key to the owl: "Oh!
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank, Lit-tle

rit. ad lib.

SOLO, SECOND BASS

And the bullfrog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
Little Mos-es in the pool,

bullfrog in the pool, The bull - dog called the bull-frog, A green old water fool.
snapper caught his paw, The pol - ly-wog died a laughing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so ver - y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mos-es in the pool, She fish'd him out with a telegraph pole, And sent him off to school.

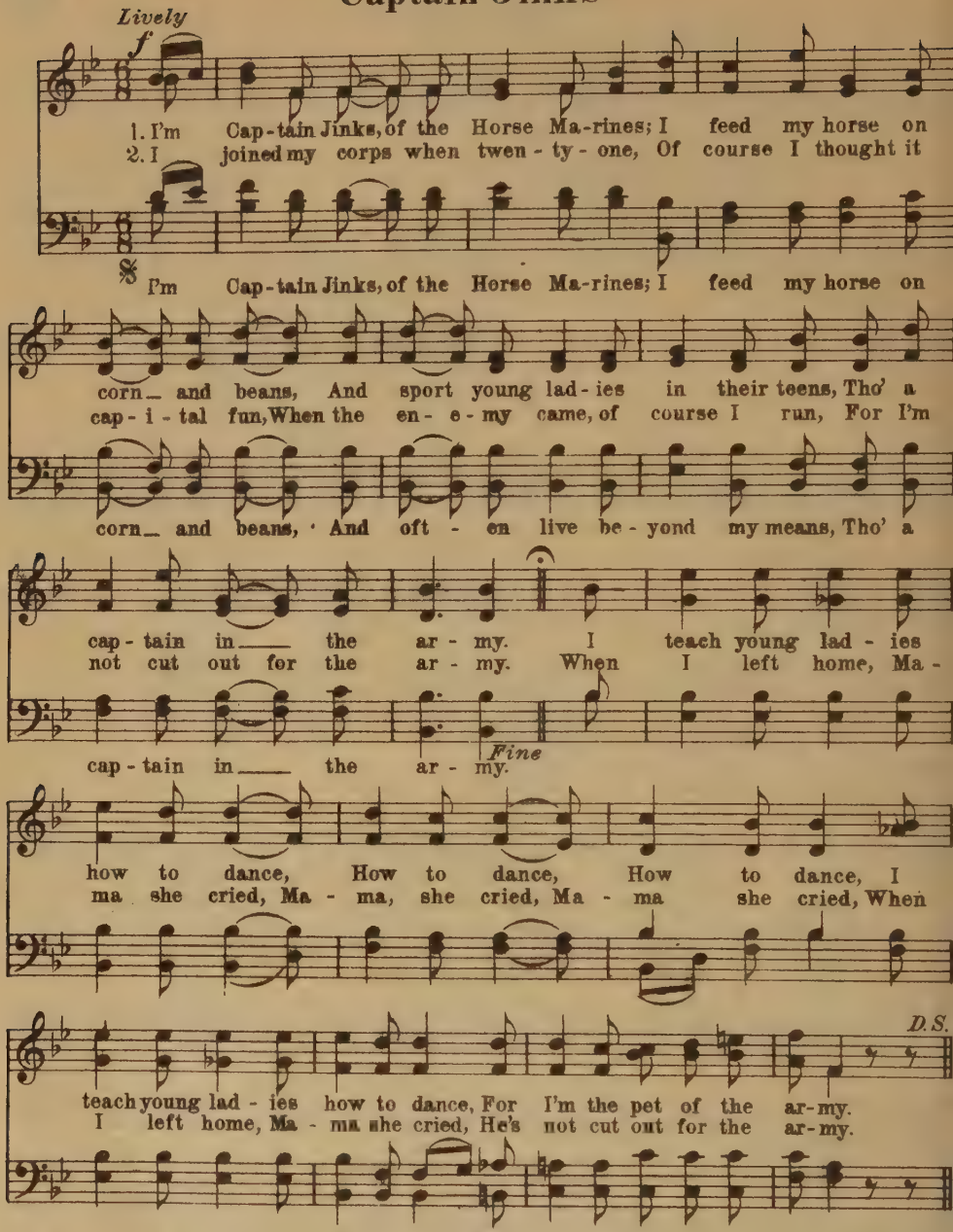
Singing tra la la la la la, Singing tra la la la la la, Singing
leil-i - o, leil-i - o,

3 3 3 3 3 *Repeat pp*

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i - o.

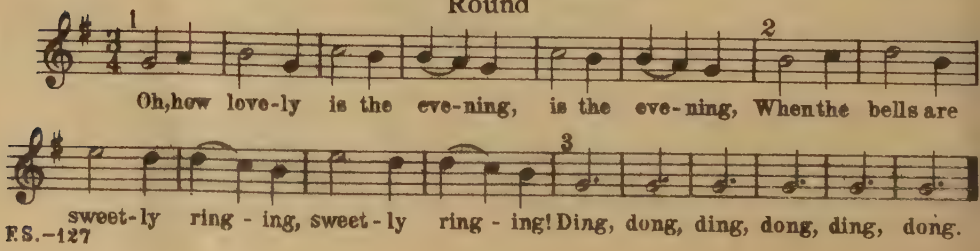
3 3 3 3 3

Captain Jinks


Lively
f
1. I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on
2. I joined my corps when twen-ty-one, Of course I thought it
I'm Cap-tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on
corn and beans, And sport young lad-ies in their teens, Tho' a
cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm
corn and beans, And oft-en live be-yond my means, Tho' a
cap-tain in the ar-my. I teach young lad-ies
not cut out for the ar-my. When I left home, Ma-
cap-tain in the ar-my.
Fine
how to dance, How to dance, How to dance, I
ma she cried, Ma-ma, she cried, Ma-ma she cried, When
D.S.
teach young lad-ies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my.
I left home, Ma-ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my.

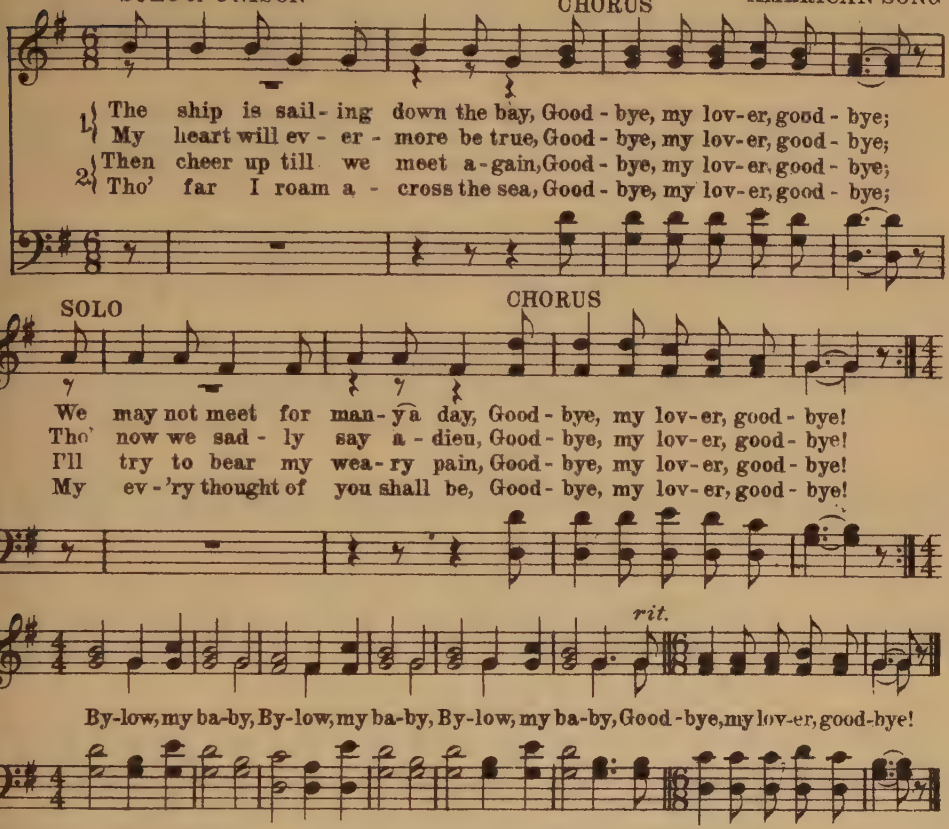
Lovely Evening

Round

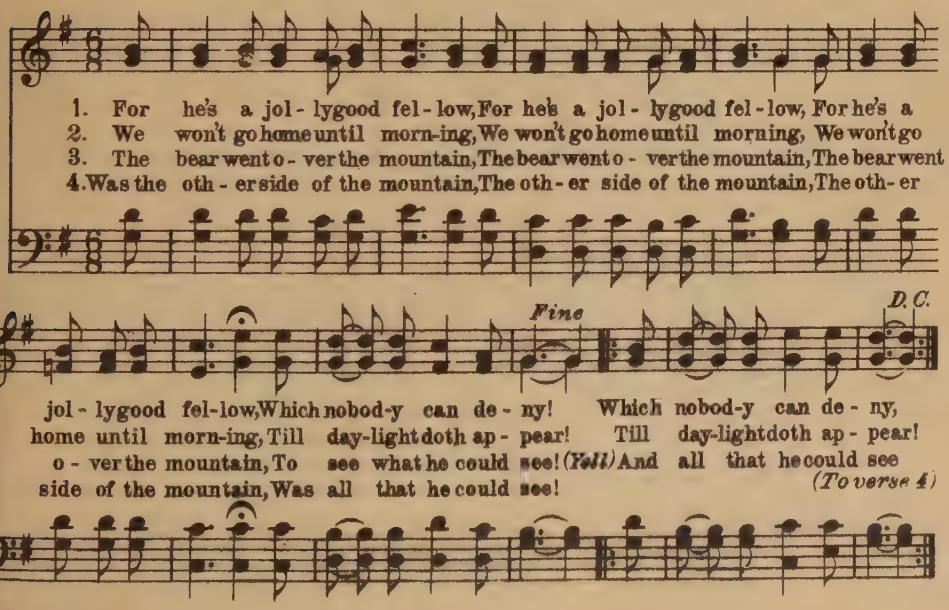

1
2
Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are
3
sweet-ly ring-ing, sweet-ly ring-ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

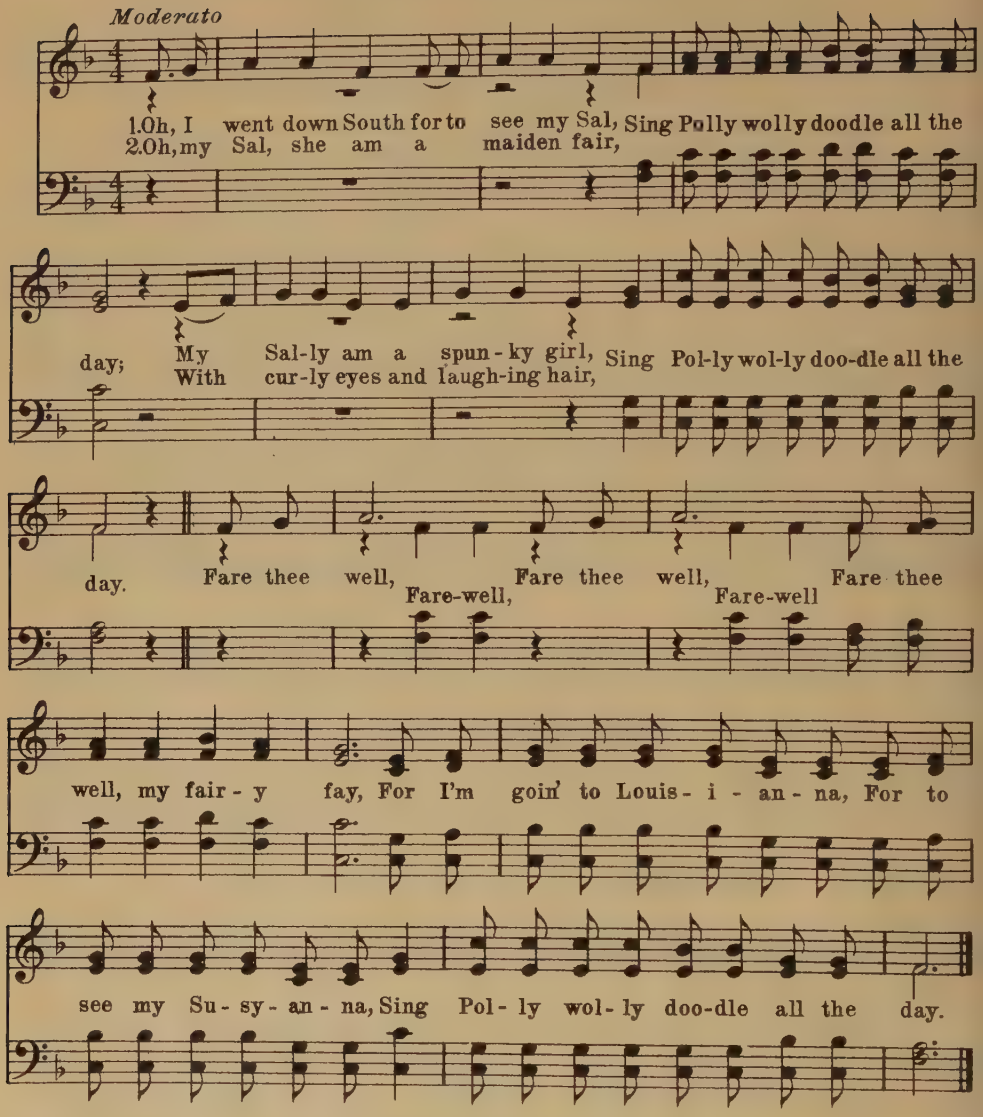
SOLO or UNISON CHORUS AMERICAN SONG


1. The ship is sail-ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;
My heart will ev-er-more be true, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;
2. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;
Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;
SOLO
CHORUS
We may not meet for man-y a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
Tho' now we sad-ly say a-dieu, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
I'll try to bear my wea-ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
My ev-'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
rit.
By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!


1. For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a
2. We won't go home until morn-ing, We won't go home until morning, We won't go
3. The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went
4. Was the oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er
Fine
D.C.
jol-ly good fel-low, Which nobod-y can de-ny! Which nobod-y can de-ny,
home until morn-ing, Till day-light doth ap-pear! Till day-light doth ap-pear!
o-ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (Yell) And all that he could see
side of the mountain, Was all that he could see! (To verse 4)

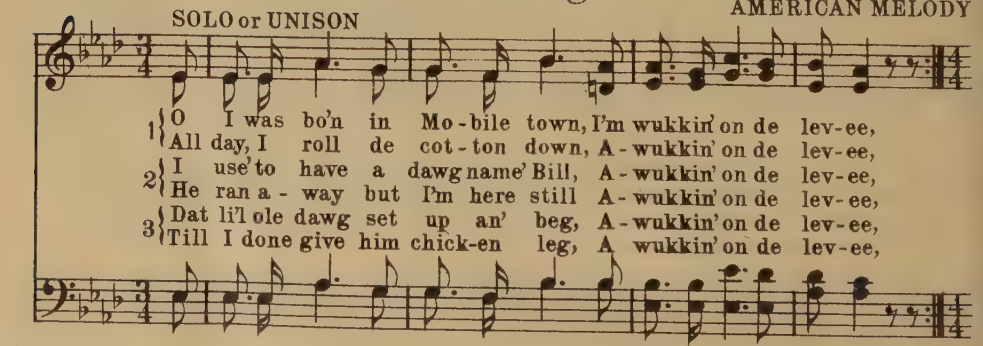
Polly-Wolly-Doodle


Moderato
1.Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day;
2.Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair, My Sal-ly am a spun-ky girl, Sing Pol-ly wol-ly doo-dle all the day.
With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair,
Fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare-well, Fare-well
well, my fair-y fay, For I'm goin' to Louis-i-an-na, For to see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly wol-ly doo-dle all the day.

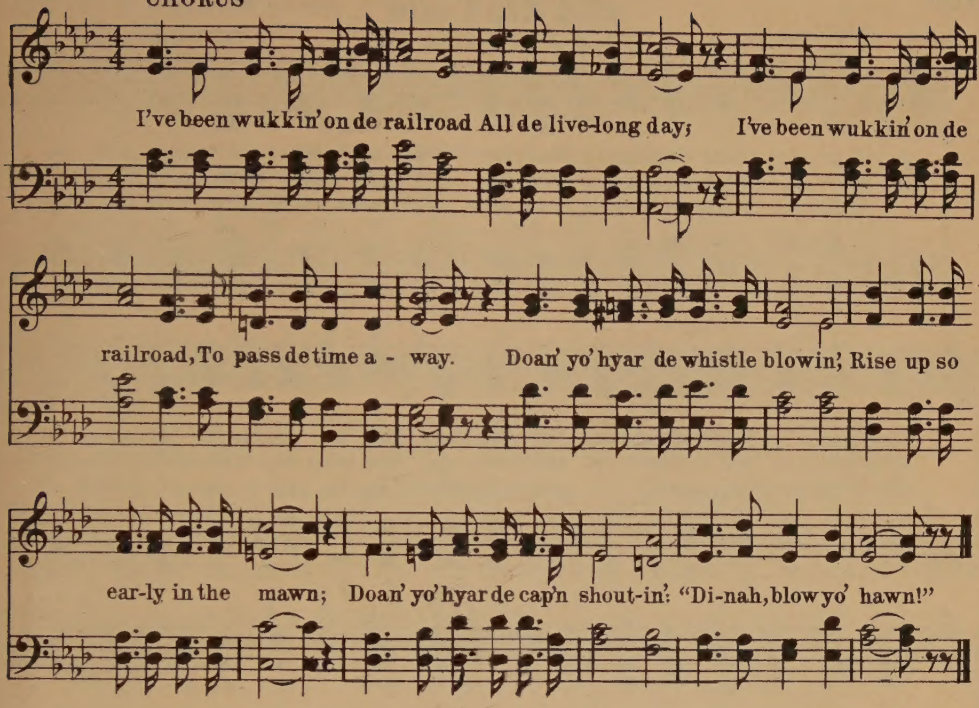
Levee Song

SOLO or UNISON

AMERICAN MELODY

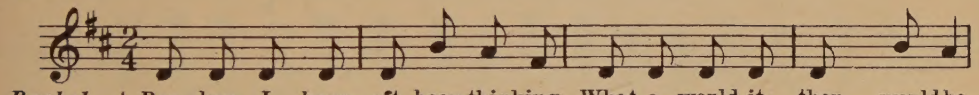

1 O I was bo'n in Mo-bile town, I'm wukkin' on de lev-ee,
All day, I roll de cot-ton down, A-wukkin' on de lev-ee,
2 I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A-wukkin' on de lev-ee,
He ran a-way but I'm here still A-wukkin' on de lev-ee,
3 Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A-wukkin' on de lev-ee,
Till I done give him chick-en leg, A wukkin' on de lev-ee,

CHORUS

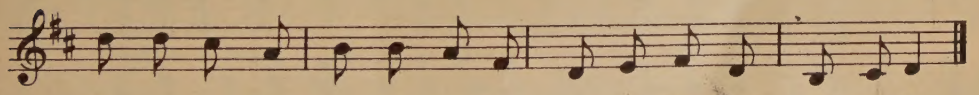

I've been wukkin' on de railroad All de live-long day; I've been wukkin' on de
railroad, To pass de time a - way. Doan' yo' hyar de whistle blowin'; Rise up so
ear-ly in the mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap'n shout-in': "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!"

By E. A. B.

Reuben and Rachel



Rachel 1 Reu-ben, I have oft been thinking What a world it then would be
Reuben Ra-chel, I have oft been thinking T'would be well, un-doubt-ed-ly,
Rachel 2 Reu-ben, I'm a lorn, lone wom-an, Men don't seem to fav-or me;
Reuben I am not a "lad-y kil-ler," But I think e-vent-ual-ly
Rachel 3 Reu-ben, please be done with jest-ing, Speak up now right man-ful-ly;
Reuben Well now, real-ly, it is cur-ious What a change there straight would be,
Rachel 4 Reu-ben, you're so tan-ta-liz-ing! Stop, and tell me truth-ful-ly:
Reuben On the con-tra-ry, dear Ra-chel, You and all your quip-per-y



If all men could be transport-ed Leagues be-yond the North-ern Sea.
Were there more and more young lad-ies Just this side the North-ern Sea.
How I wish they were transport-ed Miles be-yond the North-ern Sea!
I shall win some love-ly las-sie Whose ad-dress isn't "North-ern Sea."
If you want a first-class lov-er Hunt no farth-er— look at me.
Had some Pow'r the mind to send all Men be-yond the North-ern Sea.
Do you love me, though my fool-ing Real-ly both-ers you, I see.
I do dote on. Be my wife, and Then the deuce with the North-ern Sea.

Note: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses.

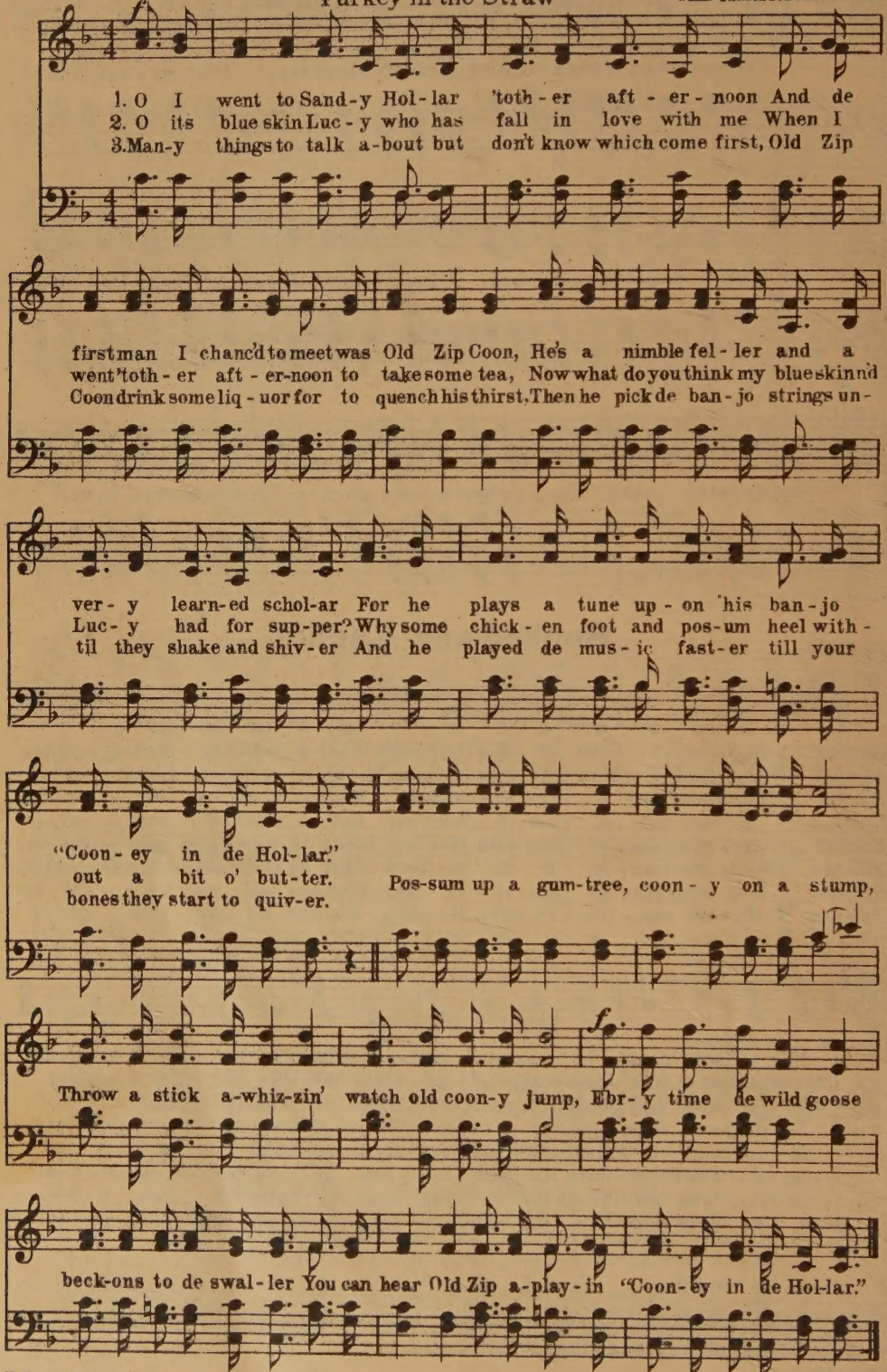
Old Zip Coon

Arr. by WILLIAM M. FELTON

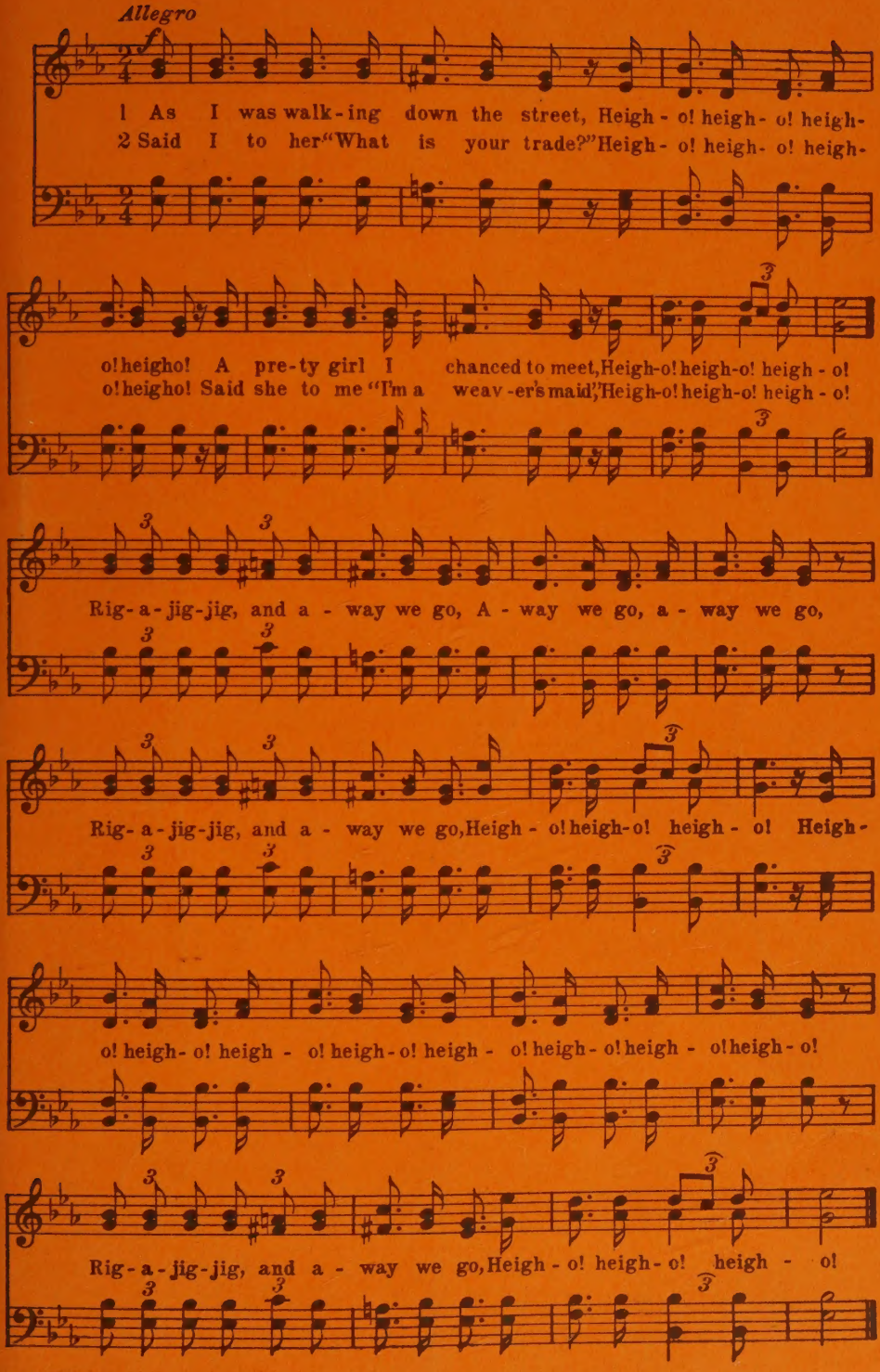
Moderately

Turkey in the Straw

OLD AMERICAN JIG


f
1. O I went to Sand-y Hol-lar 'toth-er aft-er-noon And de
2. O its blue skin Luc-y who has fall in love with me When I
3. Man-y things to talk a-bout but don't know which come first, Old Zip
firstman I chanc'd to meet was Old Zip Coon, He's a nimble fel-ler and a
went 'toth-er aft-er-noon to take some tea, Now what do you think my blue skinn'd
Coon drink some liq-uor for to quench his thirst, Then he pick de ban-jo strings un-
ver-y learn-ed schol-ar For he plays a tune up-on his ban-jo
Luc-y had for sup-per? Why some chick-en foot and pos-um heel with-
til they shake and shiv-er And he played de mus-ic fast-er till your
"Coon-ey in de Hol-lar."
out a bit o' but-ter.
bones they start to quiv-er.
Pos-sum up a gum-tree, coon-y on a stump,
f
Throw a stick a-whiz-zin' watch old coon-y jump, Ebr-y time de wild goose
beck-ons to de swal-ler You can hear Old Zip a-play-in "Coon-ey in de Hol-lar."

Rig-A-Jig


Allegro
f
1 As I was walk-ing down the street, Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh-
2 Said I to her "What is your trade?" Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh-
o! heigho! A pre-ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh - o!
o! heigho! Said she to me "I'm a weav-er's maid," Heigh-o! heigh-o! heigh - o!
Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, A - way we go, a - way we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o! heigh-o! heigh - o! Heigh-
o! heigh-o! heigh - o! heigh-o! heigh - o! heigh-o! heigh - o! heigh-o!
Rig-a-jig-jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o! heigh-o! heigh - o!

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For Assembly Singing and Rural Schools

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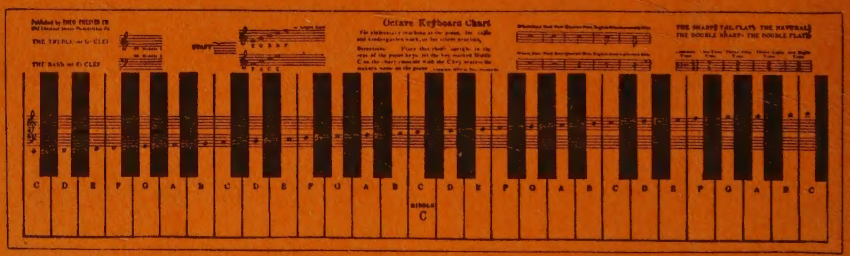
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THE BASS or F CLEF
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